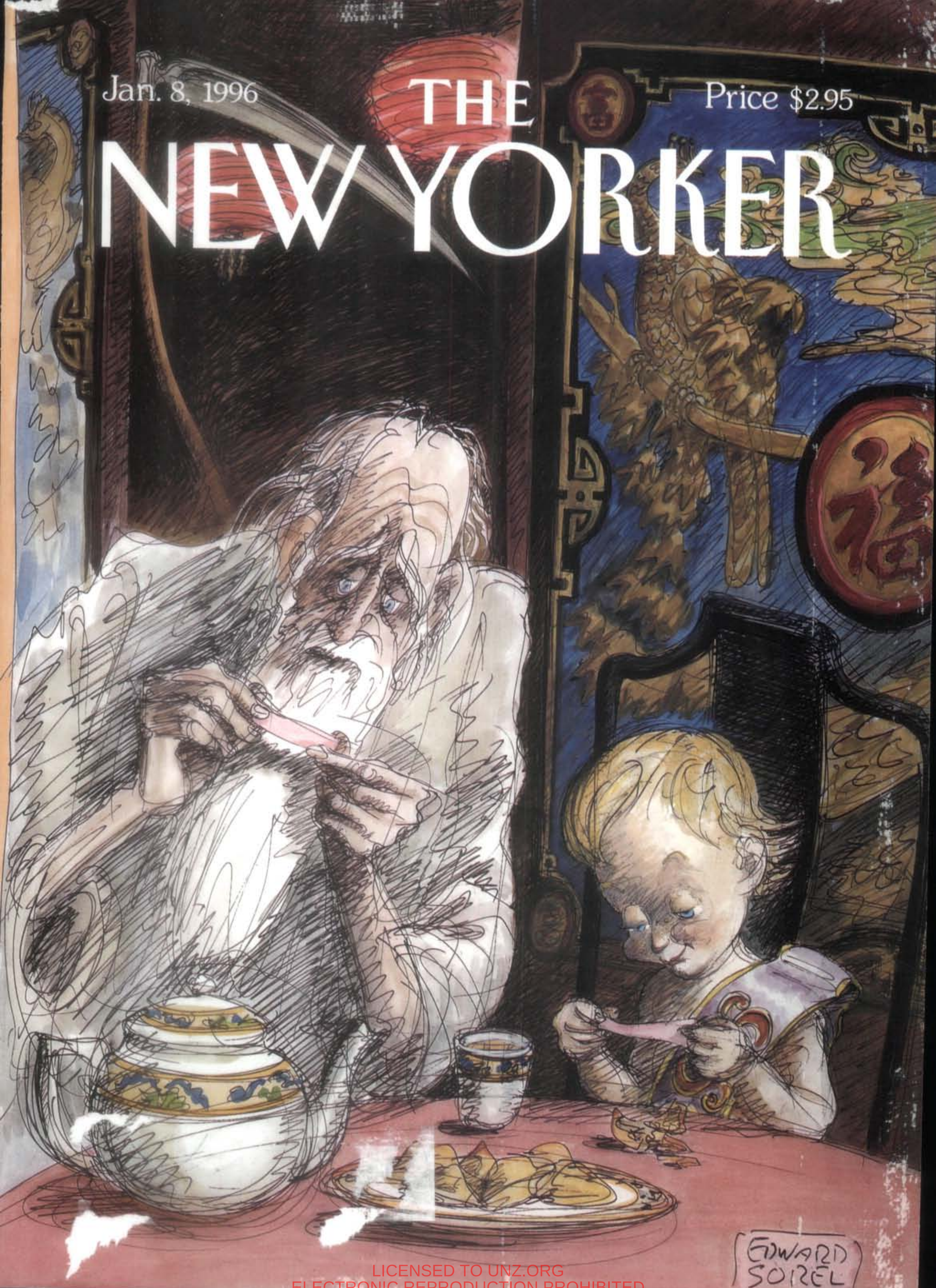
Jan. 8, 1996
THE
NEW YORKER
Price $2.95


EDWARD
SOREL

IF YOU JUST CAN'T GET ENOUGH OF THE ALL-NEW TAURUS, HERE'S MORE.

The wagon that redefined the category has itself been redefined. For those whose needs go beyond a sedan, here's a new wagon that goes beyond conventional wagons. It's everything you like about the new Taurus...and more.

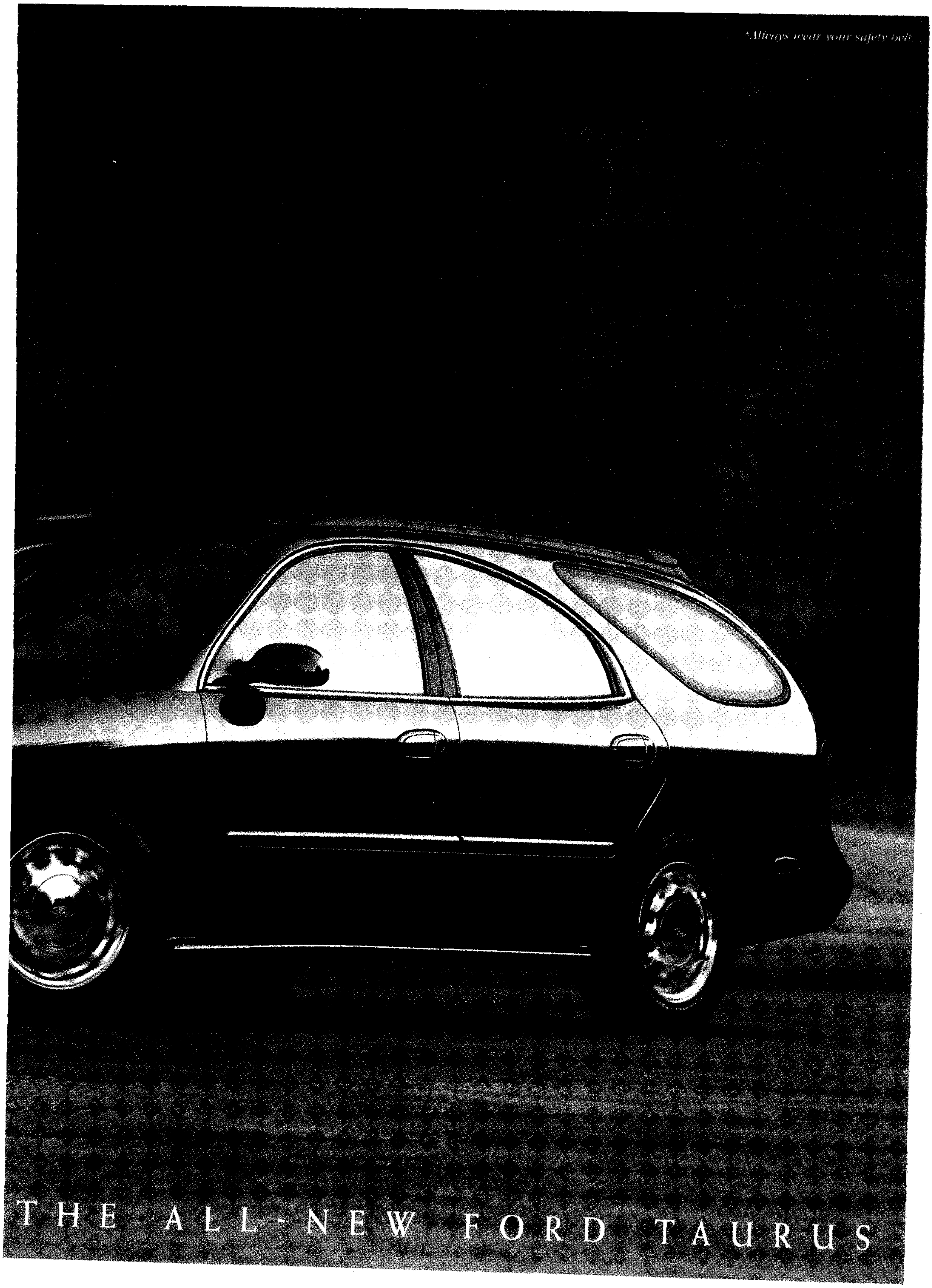
The new Integrated Control Panel that's easy to use and easy on the eyes is a good example of the new Taurus' innovative design.

Standard dual air bags, dynamic side impact protection and available ABS are just part of the comprehensive safety package you'll find on Taurus.*

Taurus Wagon has the most cargo room in its class.

Ford

HAVE YOU DRIVEN A FORD LATELY?


*Always wear your safety belt.
THE ALL-NEW FORD TAURUS

Los Angeles
Carlsbad
La Jolla
San Diego

INTRODUCING VACATIONS DESIGNED FOR PEOPLE WHO ASK FOR THE WORLD.

$185* PER PERSON ULTIMATE RESORT ESCAPE

Welcome to La Costa. Where the best the world has to offer is wrapped in one beautiful package. It includes:

18 Holes of Golf Daily

One Hour Spa Service Daily with Unlimited Use of Spa Facilities

Tennis Lessons, Clinics and Unlimited Tennis Court Time

Courtyard Accommodations

La Costa Resort & Spa

LA COSTA
RESORT AND SPA

WORLD CLASS. BUT NOT A WORLD AWAY.

800-854-5000
OR CALL YOUR TRAVEL PROFESSIONAL.

*Rates are per person, double occupancy, per weekday night. Weekend rates $220 per person. Two night minimum. Tax, gratuities not included. Call for package details. Meal option available. Subject to availability. Not applicable to groups. Offer valid through 12/31/96.

A member of
The Leading Hotels of the World

THE NEW YORKER

JANUARY 8, 1996

COMMENT Stoned Again . . . . *Hendrik Hertzberg* 4
The Nixon who's still missing.

IN THE MAIL 6

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN 8

THE TALK OF THE TOWN 23
The future Mme. Aristide; the House, the home-wrecker; Anjelica Huston directs; etc.

DEPARTMENTS

Dispatch from Arkansas Hope Against Hope . . . . *Peter J. Boyer* 27
A small town produces a President, and everyone's under suspicion.

A Critic at Large Jane's World . . . . *Martin Amis* 31
Why are we suckers for Austen time and time again?

PERSONAL HISTORY How Nazis Are Made . . . . *Ingo Hasselbach with Tom Reiss* 36
The son of an East German Communist tells how he became a neo-Nazi, and what he learned from America's radical right.

SKETCHBOOK New Year's Irresolution . . . . *Ronald Searle* 49

LIFE AND LETTERS English Lessons from Stephen Spender . . . . . *Joseph Brodsky* 58
The author remembers a literary friendship.

THE CRITICS

The Current Cinema Sean Penn's smart move . . . . *Terrence Rafferty* 68
Dancing Mark Morris at BAM . . . . *Arlene Croce* 73
Books- The four lives of Fernando Pessoa . . . . *George Steiner* 76
Gordon Bowker's life of Malcolm Lowry . . . . *Mark Rudman* 80
Briefly Noted 81
Image World "Nico Icon" . . . . *Hilton Als* 82

POEMS

"Still Life" . . . . *Robert Mazzocco* 41
"Hands of a Farmer in Co. Tyrone" . . . . *Robin Robertson* 53
"Six O'Clock" . . . . *Eamon Grennan* 60

SHOUTS & MURMURS 1996: The Year in Headlines . . . . *Christopher Buckley* 84

COVER *Changing Fortunes, by Edward Sorel*

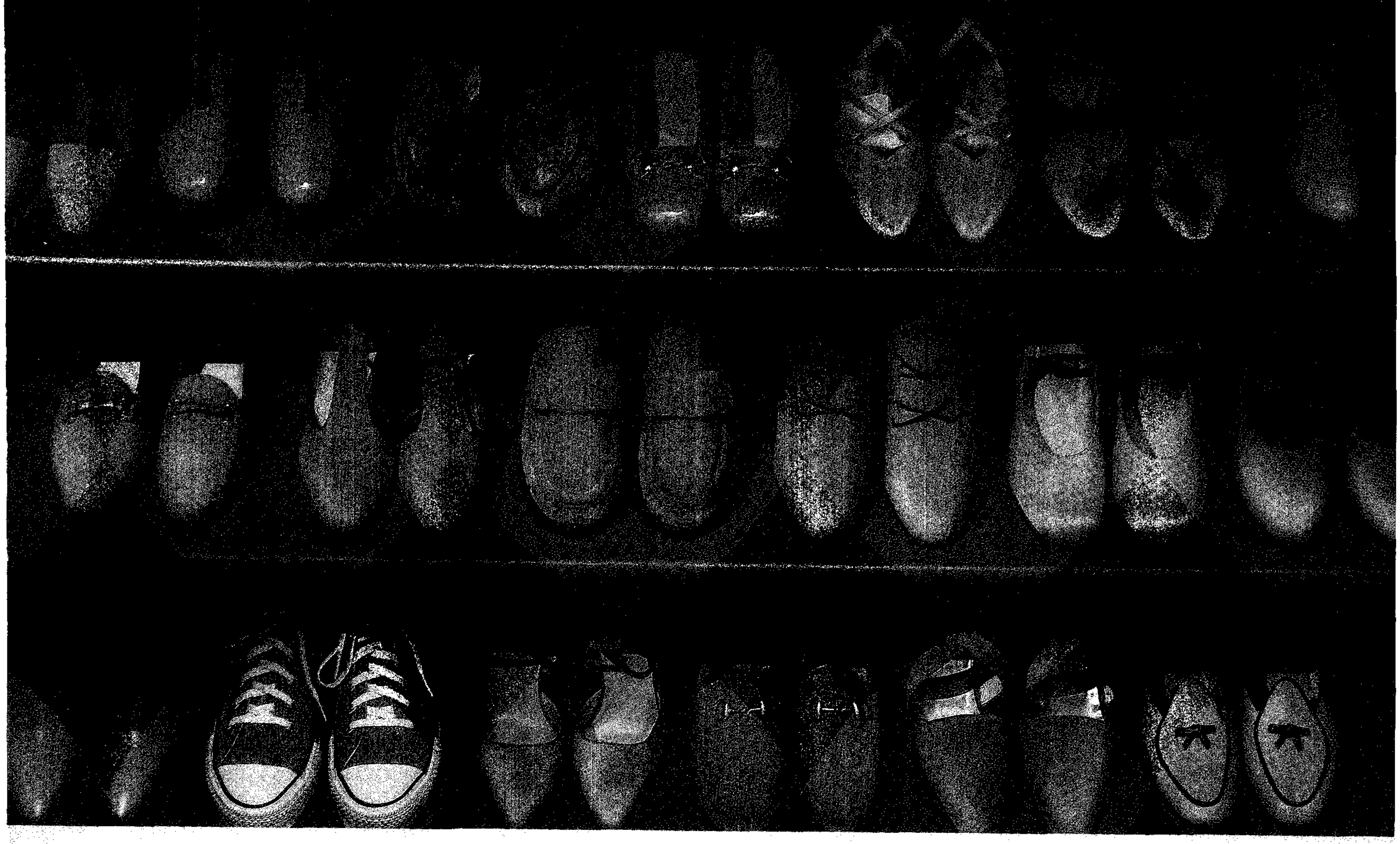
DRAWINGS *Arnie Levin, Mick Stevens, Danny Shanahan, Robert Mankoff, Frank Cotham, Frank Modell, Edward Koren, William Hamilton, Leo Cullum, George Booth, Jack Ziegler, Roz Chast, Bruce Eric Kaplan, Richard Cline, Sam Gross*

THE NEW YORKER (ISSN 0028-792X), published weekly (except for six combined issues: the last week of February and the first week of March, the last week of April and the first week of May, the last week of June and the first week of July, the last week of August and the first week of September, the last two weeks of October, and the last two weeks of December) by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 20 W. 43rd St., N.Y., N.Y. 10036. Vol. LXXI, No. 43, January 8, 1996. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash. Canadian Publication Mail Sales Product Agreement No.190969. Canadian goods-and-services-tax registration number R123242885. Registered as a newspaper at the British Post Office. Subscription rates: In U.S. and possessions, one year, $39.95; two years, $72.00. In Canada, one year, $83.00 (includes G.S.T.). In Germany, one year, DM290. Mail orders to: IP Internationle Presse, Distribution & Marketing GmbH, Waldstr. 70, D-63128 Dietzenbach, Germany. Other foreign, one year, $91.00, payable in advance.

POSTMASTER: Send address changes to The New Yorker, Box 56447, Boulder, Colorado 80322. PRINTED IN U.S.A.

Was it a

fetish?



All right, earning miles was probably never the *sole* inspiration for a collector's fervor. But earning one AAdvantage® mile on American Airlines® for every dollar spent with the Citibank AAdvantage card sure has inspired a lot of enthusiasm for collecting miles.* And why not? They add up fast. Not to mention they don't take up any closet space.

American Airlines
CITIBANK
AAdvantage
4128 0012 3456 7890
02/94 01/31/97 CV
L WALKER
MEMBER SINCE 94
VISA

The Citibank AAdvantage card.

To apply, call 1-800-FLY-4444, ext. 33.

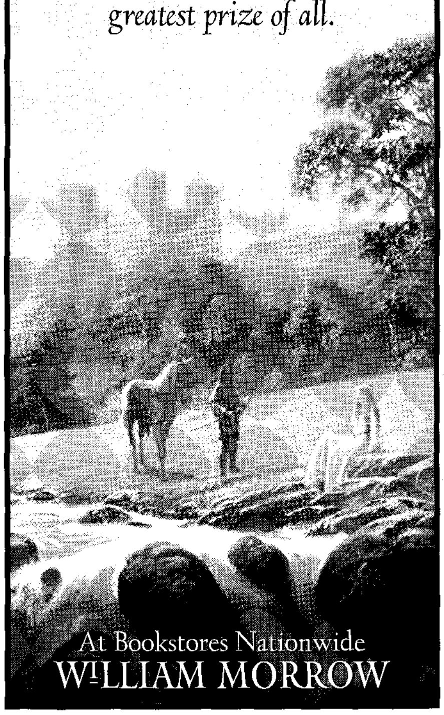
or was it the miles?

*The maximum number of AAdvantage miles you can earn with the Citibank AAdvantage card is 60,000 miles per calendar year. American Airlines AAdvantage Platinum® and AAdvantage Gold® members are excluded from this limit. American Airlines, AAdvantage, AAdvantage Platinum and AAdvantage Gold are registered trademarks of American Airlines, Inc. American Airlines reserves the right to change AAdvantage program rules, regulations, travel awards, and special offers at any time without notice, and to end the AAdvantage program with six months notice. The Citibank AAdvantage card is issued by Citibank (South Dakota), N.A. © 1996 Citibank (South Dakota), N.A.

MARY
STEWART
AUTHOR OF
THE CRYSTAL CAVE
THE HOLLOW HILLS
THE LAST ENCHANTMENT

THE
PRINCE
AND THE
PILGRIM
A NOVEL

Nationally bestselling author Mary Stewart returns to Camelot with this spellbinding tale of a young prince in search of revenge, who finds instead what he is truly seeking: love, the greatest prize of all.



At Bookstores Nationwide
WILLIAM MORROW

COMMENT

STONED AGAIN

An undeniable fact on the ski-nosed face of it.

NOT long before his coronation as *Time's* Man of the Year, Newt Gingrich found himself addressing the annual convention of Concerned Women for America, a quasi-evangelical, antifeminist pressure group. Basking in the adoration of nine hundred well-coiffed ladies, the Speaker of the House played the jovial, expansive professor. "Don't just laugh and applaud," he mock-scolded. "Come on, now. I'm a teacher." His lecture, a furniture-busting attack on "the liberals," reached its climax with an extraordinary encapsulation of recent history. "We have had, since Lyndon Johnson created the Great Society, a thirty-year experiment in destroying America," he said. "For thirty years, we have liberated prisoners, tolerated drug dealers, put up with violence, accepted brutality—and done it all in the name of some kind of bleeding-heart liberalism which always had one more excuse, one more explanation, one more rationale." Later, at the Western States Republican Leadership Conference, in Las Vegas, Gingrich offered a similarly selective sketch of the historical roots of the nation's difficulties. "In 1965," he said, "Lyndon Johnson and the Democrats had a tremendous amount of pride—so much pride, they felt so invincible, that they committed two great acts of hubris. One was that they tried to win in Vietnam without using all of our military power, and the other was that they tried to change America by centralizing power in Washington. Both failed. It was clear by 1968 that unless you were prepared to use a massive amount of military power we were not going to drive out the North Vietnamese, and the country said, 'Look, either win the war or get out, but don't keep losing people without winning'—and it was clear by 1968 to most Americans that the Great Society wouldn't work."

Say what you will about Oliver Stone, he's a better historian than Newt Gingrich. In "Nixon," the three-and-a-quarter-hour psychopolitical epic now packing them in at multiplexes across the country, Stone has his subject do a number of things that, as far as Stone or anyone else knows, he didn't do—from making stilted conversation with hookers at a party thrown by a sinister Texas millionaire to breaking down in moments of weepy marital catharsis. But then Gingrich's account of the thirty-year experiment in destroying America—the experiment that presumably began in 1965 with Johnson's inauguration as an elected President and ended in 1995 with Gingrich's accession

THE NEW YORKER, 20 WEST 43RD STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10036. Thomas A. Florio, president; Pamela Maffei McCarthy, senior vice-president/deputy editor; Diane M. Silberstein, senior vice-president/publisher; Pamela H. Older, vice-president/manufacturing director; Peter Armour, vice-president/circulation director; Rhonda Pinzer Sherman, vice-president/special-projects director; Maurie Perl, vice-president/public-relations director; Robert A. Silverstone, vice-president/business manager; Richard Levine, vice-president/human-resources director; Carmen Lopez, associate publisher; Cindy Schreibman, creative-services director; Gretel Schneider, marketing director. THE NEW YORKER is not responsible for the return or loss of submissions, or for any damage or other injury to unsolicited manuscripts or artwork. Any submission of a manuscript or artwork must be accompanied by a self-addressed envelope of appropriate size, bearing adequate return postage. The magazine does not consider unsolicited photographs or transparencies. © 1996 by *The New Yorker* Magazine, Inc. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of THE NEW YORKER. The periodical's name and logo, and the various titles and headings herein, are registered trademarks of Advance Magazine Publishers, Inc., published through its division *The New Yorker* Magazine, Inc.

SUBSCRIPTION SERVICE: To inquire about a subscription, to change an address, or to purchase a back issue, please write to THE NEW YORKER, Box 56447, Boulder, Colorado 80322, or telephone 1 800 825-2510. Outside of North America, call (303) 678-0354. For a change of address, subscribers should give four weeks' notice. If possible, please send the address label from a recent issue.

to the Speakership—has some special-effects wizardry of its own: instead of splicing in imaginary events, it air-brushes out real ones. For example, in Gingrich's script the fact that the White House was occupied by Republicans for twenty of those thirty years doesn't make the cut. Nor does Gingrich mention the fact that for five of *those* twenty years—the five years after 1968—the United States neither won nor ended the war in Vietnam but, rather, let itself "keep losing people" until the thirty thousand American soldiers killed there under Johnson's auspices were joined by twenty-eight thousand killed under Richard Nixon's.

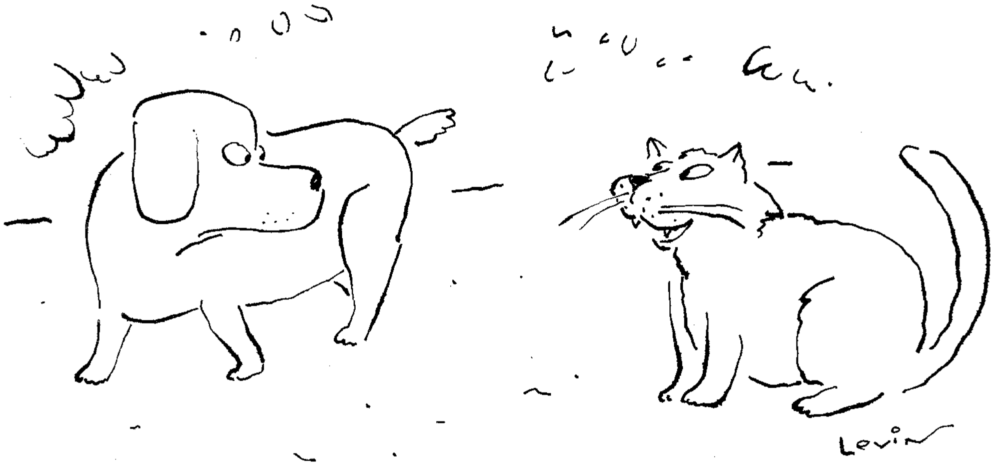
By comparison, Stone's film is a model of evenhanded historical accuracy—a useful corrective to the Nixonless past preferred by the current political dispensation. Stone gives Vietnam its due, and Watergate; but he also gives Nixon his due. As a number of the film's reviewers have noted, "Nixon" is a far more sympathetic rendering of the liberal élite's old bogeyman than one might have expected from the writer-director of "Platoon," "Salvador," "Wall Street," and "Born on the Fourth of July." On reflection, though, the affinity between subject and director makes sense. It is not exactly news that Stone tends to take the conspiratorial view. This habit of mind led him disastrously astray in "JFK," a bug-eyed compendium of mutually exclusive assassination theories. But in "Nixon" Stone's paranoid aesthetic, this time kept more or less under control, enables him and his star, Anthony Hopkins, to see their title character from the inside out as well as from the outside in. The result is a psychological portrait that credits Nixon's awkward humanity without hiding his meretricious cruelty—no easy trick.

There is an aspect of Nixon that is slighted in both the Stone and the Gingrich versions of history, however, and it happens to be one that is highly pertinent to the politics of the present moment. It was President Nixon who established the Environmental Protection Agency and the Occupational Safety and Health Administration; who quietly dismantled the dual, segregated public-school systems of the South and made affirmative action a central part of civil-rights enforcement; who signed the landmark Clean Air Act of 1970; who indexed Social Security payments to the cost of living; who greatly expanded the Food Stamp Program and federal support for the arts and the humanities; who instituted mandatory wage and price controls; who proposed a comprehensive health plan based, like President Clinton's, on employer mandates; and who proposed to replace the welfare system not with stingy "block grants" but with a vast Family Assistance Plan, which would have tripled the number of recipients, mostly by extending aid to the working poor. Some of these things Nixon did enthusiastically, others reluctantly. But he did them. He may have had the ego of a Cesare Borgia and the id of a Lavrenty Beria, but there were days when he had the superego of a Theodore Roosevelt. When he wasn't bombing villages or bugging "enemies," he was an exponent of that now oxymoronic political philosophy, progressive Republicanism.

When Nixon finally immolated himself in the furnace of his own hatreds and suspicions, he took progressive Republicanism into the flames with him. His legacies are mostly negative. Newt Gingrich carries on the Nixonian tradition of politics as all-out warfare. Bob Dole—who served a political apprenticeship as a Nixon hatchetman, if you can imagine such a thing—shares some of his old mentor's partisanship, some of his pragmatism, and some of his bitterness. (Dole, though, is not a true hater, and his famous wisecrack about former Presidents Carter, Ford, and Nixon standing together—"See No Evil, Hear No Evil, and Evil"—inoculated him against the Nixon bacillus.) Nixon's contributions to public cynicism and political incivility remain as fresh as ever. It's ironic that his saddest bequest—the near-disappearance of the progressive tradition in his own party—is a reflection of his better nature.

Nixon, a devotee of the cult of toughness, made triumph over adversity his lifelong hallmark. He overcame a hardscrabble childhood, a charmless personality, and a truly remarkable lack of physical grace. He overcame Dwight Eisenhower's quadrennial efforts to drop him from the ticket. He overcame the slush-fund episode, the Hughes Tool loan episode, the "last press conference" episode. He overcame the dull-edged, dull-witted anti-Communism he had earlier done so much to promote. Watergate was a setback, to be sure, but the recluse of San Clemente systematically remade himself into the sage of Saddle River and, ultimately, into the statesman eulogized by President Clinton, among others, at a dignified and well-attended funeral. And Nixon was never one to let a little thing like death keep him down for long. Now, courtesy of Oliver Stone, he has reëmerged as a tragic hero. (*Newsweek*, in a cover story on the movie, used the adjective "Shakespearean" no fewer than four times.) In truth, Nixon's life was the stuff of pathos and comedy, not of tragedy: a tragic hero must understand his own undoing and face the full horror of it, and that is something Nixon never did. But you have to hand it to the guy. He keeps coming back.

—HENDRIK HERTZBERG



"Hey, you! Doggie breath!"

HENRY PETROSKI
contemplates
the great bridge builders
and the spanning
of America

ENGINEERS *of* DREAMS

The new book
by the inimitable author
of *The Pencil* and
The Evolution of Useful Things

"Fascinating and lively"
—Witold Rybczynski
New York Review of Books

"A wonderful book on a wonderful subject"
—Gay Talese

Published by Knopf

Jacket art by Chris Ware

Québec
Get the scoop on your neighbours

QUÉBEC '95/'96
WINTER VACATION PACKAGES
1 800 363-7777

Ask for your
FREE brochure

on Québec and get
the scoop on
all the activities next door.

For information, call toll free
1 800 363-7777
Ask for operator 938

Bonjour! Québec
Closer than you think

IN THE MAIL

ART AND LIFE

Will Crutchfield's reassessment of the Callas myth ("The Story of a Voice," November 13th) was long overdue. But I was disappointed that, in the end, he settled for his subject's self-dramatizing pose. At the height of her powers, what Maria Callas could do with her voice was unsurpassed. Had she mustered enough grace to relinquish center stage without fuss when her voice could no longer deliver, the cheap theatrics of her later life would never have detracted from her singular contributions.

LORENZO PECSON
Mountain Pine, Ark.

As a singer turning fifty, I have little patience with people who tell me that my voice will not do what it did ten years ago because I am "nervous." Actually, I am nervous *because* my voice cannot always do what it did with ease ten years ago. In Callas's case the decline began so early, progressed so rapidly, and was so obvious that every engagement must have become a terrifying event for her. In the late fifties, Callas found herself doing interviews in which she claimed to have no rivals, though she knew that was no longer true. What a bizarre position in which to find oneself—and especially for Callas, an artist so uncompromising that the one thing she could not tolerate was dishonesty in her art. In this condition, she must have welcomed any escape from performing, even at the cost of her professional reputation.

IRA SIFF
(A.K.A. MME. VERA GALUPE-BORSZKH)
Artistic Director, La Gran Scena Opera Company
New York City

During a break from reading Mr. Crutchfield's article, I listened to a Callas aria recorded in the glory days of the fifties. He is right that it is "chilling." And he makes it clear that Callas's fatal flaw was that she sang with abandon; if she had not, neither the artistry nor the notes would have been there, but because she did she literally gave to her public something of herself that she could never get back.

MARK F. WRIGHT
Winston-Salem, N.C.

It was difficult for me to read the last paragraph of Julian Barnes's Veteran's Day story "Evermore" (November 13th), because I was reading through tears that are still fresh after nearly fifty years. All I have left of my late fiancé is a pencilled last testament: "It is very cold here, but we hope to be home for Christmas." I have yet to visit the Korean War Veterans Memorial, but there is one name etched in my heart: "Pfc. James Evans, United States Army, Dec. 1950, Age 19."

JOANNA PENDLEY
Paradise, Calif.

Lawrence Weschler's discussion of Vermeer's work and its relationship to violence past and present ("Inventing Peace," November 20th) brought to mind my anthropological research in southern Mexico, in which I document how indigenous peoples cope with change. In their own ways, each of my informants paints a canvas that attempts to organize the chaos of a changing world. What better time to read this piece than around the holidays? Weschler's message that "in moments of crisis one mustn't allow the storm to enter oneself but should, instead, find peace inside oneself and then breathe it out" seems particularly fitting.

JEFFREY COHEN
Bryan, Texas

Letters should be as brief as possible, and sent with the writer's name, address, and daytime phone number to "In the Mail," The New Yorker, 20 West 43rd Street, New York, N.Y. 10036. They may be edited for length and clarity.

WE KNOW IT'S PERFECT, BUT WE TAKE ANOTHER 1000 HOURS JUST TO MAKE SURE. MASTER DATE.

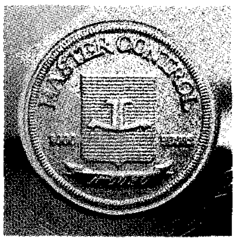
GGK Basel

AMBASSADOR UNIVERSITY
LIBRARY

PO Box 111
Big Sandy, TX 75755

MASTER WATCHES. MADE IN THE TRADITIONAL SCHOOL. THE GOLD SEAL ON THE CASEBACK OF YOUR MASTER DATE CONFIRMS IT'S A WATCH YOU CAN RELY ON. COMPLETED TO PERFECTION BY JAEGER-LECOULTRE'S MASTER-WATCHMAKERS, EACH WATCH HAS BEEN THROUGH 1000 HOURS – SIX CONTINUOUS WEEKS – OF TEMPERATURE EXTREMES, INTENSE MAGNETIC FIELDS AND CALCULATED SHOCKS. THE 300 HAND-FINISHED PARTS OF THE CALIBRE 891/447 AUTOMATIC MOVEMENT PERFORMED FLAWLESSLY, THEN AS THEY DO NOW, TO TELL YOU THE DATE, DAY, MONTH AND TIME TO THE SECOND. JAEGER-LECOULTRE'S MASTER WATCHES – MADE FOR THOSE WITH NOTHING MORE TO PROVE.

JAEGER-LECOULTRE
AUTOMATIQUE
MON
AUG



THE NUMBERED GOLD SEAL CERTIFIES THAT YOUR MASTER DATE HAS PROVED ITS RELIABILITY IN 1000 HOURS OF ENDURANCE TESTING.

JAEGER-LECOULTRE

JAEGER-LECOULTRE'S WATCHMAKING MASTERPIECES AND THEIR HISTORY ARE REVEALED IN THE COMPANY'S 200-PAGE LUXURY CATALOG. FOR A FREE COPY, CONTACT: JAEGER-LECOULTRE, P.O. BOX 1608, WINCHESTER, VA 22604, TELEPHONE (800) JLC-TIME.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			3	4	5	6
7	8	9				

THE THEATRE

OPENINGS AND PREVIEWS

(Please call the phone number listed with the theatre for timetables and ticket information.)

Dark Ride—Len Jenkins' 1981 play, about a group of misfits united by a common quest, gets a revival at Soho Rep, where it was produced originally. Opens Jan. 4 at 8 and continues through Feb. 3. (46 Walker St. 334-0962.)

The Father—A new adaptation, by Richard Nelson, of Strindberg's 1887 tragedy, starring Frank Langella and Gail Strickland. Directed by Clifford Williams. In previews. (Roundabout, Broadway at 45th St. 869-8400.)

The Grey Zone—Tim Blake Nelson's drama deals with the complicity of the Auschwitz *Sonderkommando*, which consisted of Jews selected to assist in the camps. Previews begin Jan. 5. (MCC, 120 W. 28th St. 727-7765.)

The Hope Zone—Olympia Dukakis plays Countess Wilhelmena Deach, an A.A. adherent and the owner of a run-down Maryland resort, in this play by Kevin Heelan. In previews through Jan. 7. Opens Jan. 9 at 8. (Circle Repertory Company, 159 Bleecker St. 239-6200.)

The Imposter—A drama by J. Dakota Powell, starring Austin Pendleton and Calista Flockhart, in which an alleged rape by a famous writer shakes up the brass of the New York publishing world. Opens Jan. 3 at 8. (Workhouse, 41 White St., between Broadway and Church St. 967-0400.)

Measure for Measure—Theatre for a New Audience presents Shakespeare's play, under the direction of Barry Kyle. Previews begin Jan. 9. (St. Clement's, 423 W. 46th St. 279-4200.)

Molly Sweeney—Brian Friel's newest drama, about a woman whose vision is restored after a lifetime of blindness, stars Catherine Byrne and Jason Robards. Mr. Friel is the director. In previews through Jan. 6. Opens Jan. 7 at 7:30. (Laura Pels, Broadway at 45th St. 869-8400.)

Shut Up I Tell You—The latest work by the performance group Elevator Repair Service combines slapstick, horror tales, dance, and a fascination with outdated technology, among other elements. Opens Jan. 4 at 7:30 and continues through Jan. 28. (P.S. 122, 150 First Ave., at 9th St. 477-5288.)

The Universe—Richard Foreman's Ontological-Hysteric Theatre presents the final work in his trilogy. Opens Jan. 4 at 8. (St. Mark's In-the-Bouwerie, Second Ave. at 10th St. 533-4650.)

Wonderful Time—Josh Hamilton has the lead in a new romantic comedy by Jonathan Marc Sherman. In previews. (WPA, 519 W. 23rd St. 206-0523.)

OPENED RECENTLY

Bring In 'da Noise/Bring In 'da Funk—In attempting not only to return tap to black culture but to give black culture back to tap, director George C. Wolfe and dancer-choreographer Savion Glover have made a drama that charts, with heroic energy, the evolution of the African-American beat from its rural Southern beginnings to its Northern urbanization and on to its present hip-hop incarnation in the choreography of Glover and his homeboy hoofers. (Reviewed in our issue of 12/4/95.) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 260-2400. Closes Jan. 28.)

Chicago City Limits—The improv company presents "What You Said," a revue featuring its ever-popular five-minute musical. (Chicago City Limits Theatre, First Ave. at 61st St. 888-5233.)

Dick Gregory Live—The comic makes his Off Broadway début. Presented by the Negro Ensemble Company. (Samuel Beckett, 412 W. 42nd St. 307-4100. Closes Jan. 21.)

Double Identity—The message in this Yiddish musical comedy (based on a Sholom Aleichem story) is clear: it's hard to be a Jew. The actors perform with conviction, especially Zypora Spaisman—the matriarch of Yiddish theatre—whose uncomplicated gestures say a great deal. In Yiddish. (Simultaneous English or Russian translation is available.) (Folksbiene Playhouse, 123 E. 55th St. 755-2231.)

The Food Chain—The situations in Nicky Silver's new play are familiar and sitcomish, but the writing is tangy and memorably funny, and the actors—especially Hope Davis, as a dithery poet, and Phyllis Newman, as a long-suffering Jewish matron whose idea of listening is to talk—give smart, wonderfully fresh performances. Robert Falls directed. (9/11/95) (Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 307-4100.)

Fool Moon—Clowning and music with Bill Irwin, David Shiner, and North Carolina's Red Clay Ramblers. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 239-6200. Closes Jan. 7.)

Hello, Dolly!—There is much to like about Carol Channing: the comic timing, the speaking voice, the star quality (though perhaps it would be more accurate to call what Channing has star quantity). However, you may find yourself so busy disentangling yourself from the sticky netting that she drops over the audience as she trawls for love that you don't notice. The evening is one long curtain call, and a bit of a strain on the nerves, as Channing attempts to prove over and over that she can do it all as well in her seventies as she could in her forties. Lee Roy Reams directed. (11/27/95) (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 307-4100.)

Holiday—This very enjoyable production of Philip Barry's 1928 classic, starring Laura Linney as the rich but principled Linda Seton and Tony Goldwyn as the up-and-coming Johnny Case, follows a too often botched rule of romantic comedy: the wit springs from delayed satisfaction. Reg Rogers contributes a hilarious turn as Linda's bibulous brother. David Warren directed, resourcefully. (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 239-6200. Closes Jan. 14.)

Jam On the Groove—Ten loose-limbed numbers—including a slapstick shadow dance, a martial-arts fantasia, a dance-noir detective story, and a shirtless six-man undulation that could serve as a master class on abdominal development—show off the impressive range of hip-hop choreography. All the dancers get the chance to flaunt their patented wiggles and spins, and the house rocks with a sort of call-and-response encouragement from the audience. (Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta Lane, east of Sixth Ave., between W. 3rd and Bleecker Sts. 420-8000.)

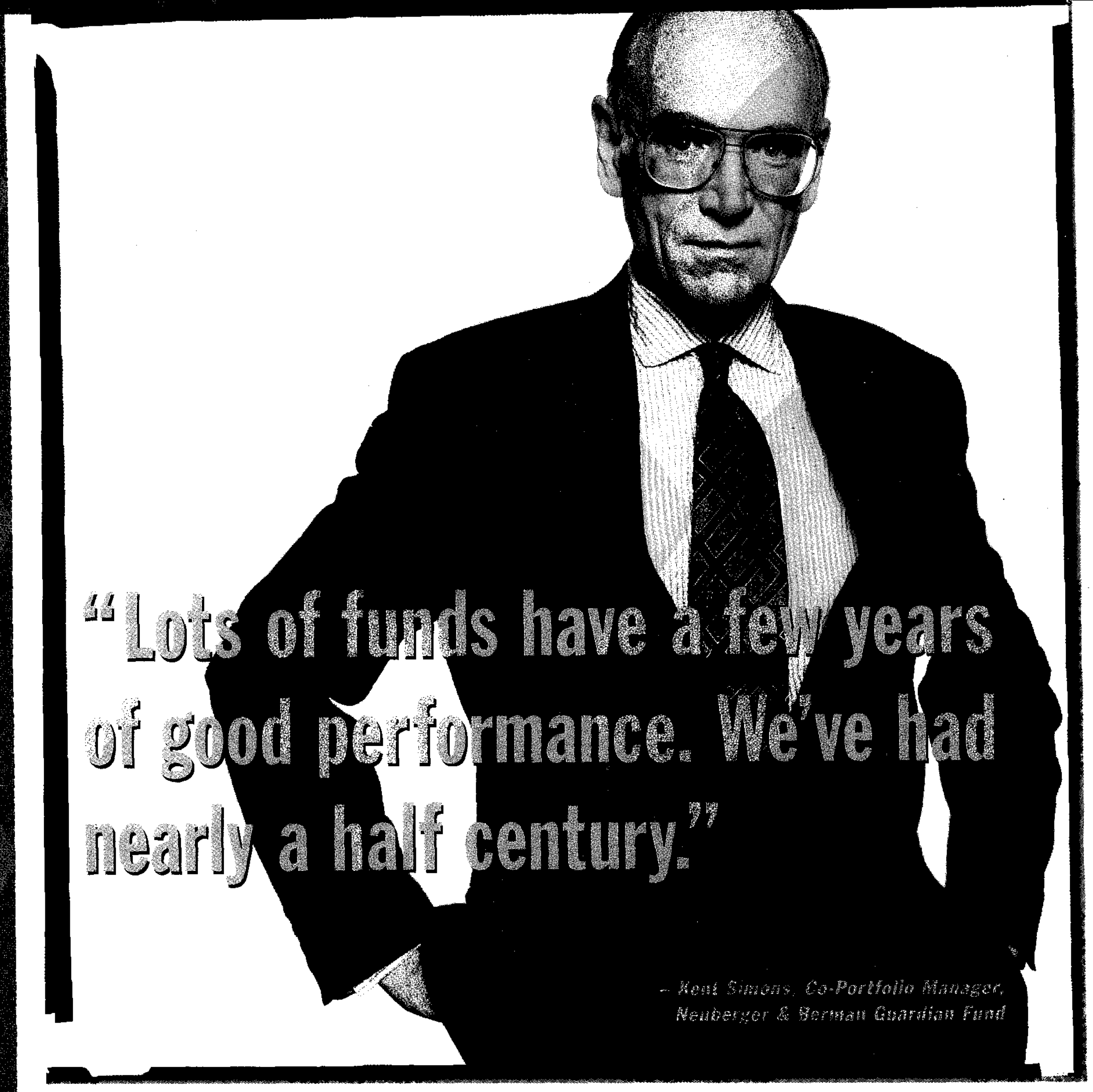
Jean Cocteau Repertory—Presenting Ibsen's 1888 drama, "The Lady from the Sea," in rotating repertory with a solid staging of Beckett's "Waiting for Godot." (Bouwerie Lane Theatre, 330 Bowery, at Bond St. 677-0060.)

Master Class—Terrence McNally's new play draws on the master classes that Maria Callas gave at Juilliard in the early seventies as a way of exploring the great singer's psyche. Zoe Caldwell plays Callas with steely, divaesque conviction—she gives her students (two sopranos and a tenor) and the audience a run for their money. But the Callas here is merely the sum of all the clichés that have been in circulation for years; the Callas who was a consummate professional and an inspired teacher—and a human being—is missing. Leonard Foglia directed the production, which also features David Loud, Karen Kay Cody, Jay Hunter Morris, and not enough of Audra McDonald. (11/27/95) (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

Mrs. Klein—Two London psychoanalysts—the famous Melanie Klein (Uta Hagen) and her less renowned daughter, Melitta (Laila Robins)—face off in a murderous argument and proceed to browbeat each other with theory. Nicholas Wright's smart though schematic drama dissects Klein's tempestuous relationship with her high-strung daughter and shrewdly explores the autobiographical parallels to Klein's seminal thesis on the effects of parental neglect. Robins is excellent; Hagen is brilliant. (11/20/95) (Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. 239-6200.)

Moon Over Buffalo—Carol Burnett, whose last Broadway appearance was thirty years ago (Carol, please don't let that happen again), and Philip Bosco star as husband-and-wife actors in Ken Ludwig's backstage farce, set in a small Buffalo theatre in the early fifties. The play is as forgettable as Burnett is not—our reigning redheaded queen of comedy is delightful to behold. Bosco gives good support as

DANIEL MAIA


"Lots of funds have a few years of good performance. We've had nearly a half century."
– Kent Simons, Co-Portfolio Manager,
Neuberger & Berman Guardian Fund

Guardian Fund Average Annual Total Returns For Periods Ended 9/30/95

1 year	5 year	10 year	Life of Fund*
32.25%	22.32%	16.15%	13.14%

*Investment returns and principal fluctuate. Past performance is no guarantee of future results. Redemption proceeds may be higher or lower than original cost. Performance before the Fund's August 1993 reorganization is for its predecessor.

©1996 Neuberger & Berman Management Inc., Distributor.

Since 1950, Neuberger & Berman Guardian Fund has delivered an average annual rate of return of **13.14%.** That's 45 years of consistent performance. And while returns fluctuated from year to year, the Fund's long-term record is a good reason why the owners and employees of Neuberger & Berman and their families have over $100 million of their own money invested in the mutual funds we manage. Call Neuberger & Berman Management Inc. for a prospectus containing more information. Please read it carefully before you invest.

Call 1-800-877-9700, ext. 3610.

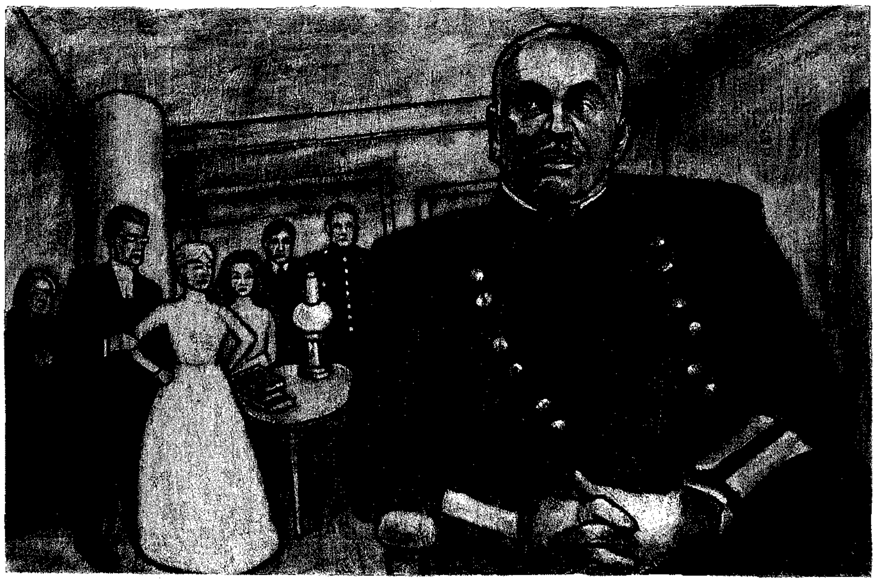
Or, on AOL, keyword: Neuberger.

Neuberger & Berman
GUARDIAN FUND℠

If we don't invest in it, why should you?

her bluff, egotistical hubby. Also with Jane Connell (who has the thankless job of playing a character whose only function is to be hard of hearing), Randy Graff, and Dennis Ryan. Tom Moore directed. (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

Murder at Minsing Manor: A Nancy-Boys Mystery—Another broad, antic romp by the Ridiculous Theatrical Company, in which an aging temptress (Everett Quinton) may or may not have dispatched her sugar daddy. The satire of church, state, and the Hardy Boys is right on target. (Actors' Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S. 239-6200. Closes Jan. 14.)



Frank Langella, in "The Father."

JAMES BURRIS

Northeast Local—Tom Donaghy's play, which begins in the early sixties and ends in the early nineties, stars Mary Elizabeth Mastrantonio and Anthony LaPaglia as a working-class couple who come together and then break apart. (The terrific period costumes, by Jane Greenwood, indicate the march of time with great accuracy.) Both the writing and the performances make for an uneven evening. The wan Mastrantonio plays an open-minded woman who comes across as almost simpleminded (lines like "Everything's changing, Mick—the whole world is changing" don't help). LaPaglia, on the other hand, is becoming one of those actors who never make a wrong move and yet are totally alive, and he gives the play an authenticity it wouldn't otherwise have. Also with Terry Alexander and Eileen Heckart, who is dead on as Mickey's acid mother. Gerald Gutierrez, who performed such magic as the director of "The Heiress," didn't quite pull the rabbit out of the hat this time. (Mitzi E. Newhouse, Lincoln Center. 239-6200. Closes Jan. 7.)

Oblivion Postponed—It's hard not to be cynical about a drama that merely rounds up the usual suspects: two gay men (one jaded and sarcastic, the other sweet and tolerant) from New York, and a middle-aged married pair (he's an angry, closed-off jerk, and she's a wounded bird, vulnerable yet open to new experiences) from that good-for-a-gag state Ohio. In this first play by Ron Nyswaner, who wrote the screenplay for "Philadelphia," the two couples meet in Rome, and guess what happens? Pesto, chango—they're all transformed into wiser, more loving human beings. Some very good actors (John Glover, Mary Beth Hurt, David Aaron Baker, Tony Gillan, and James Rebhorn) do the best they can with this recycled material, which is directed by Nicholas Martin. (Second Stage, Broadway at 76th St. 873-6103. Closes Jan. 6.)

Picasso at the Lapin Agile—Steve Martin's comedy, set in a Paris bar in 1904, is not so much a play of ideas as a play of notions, about art, science, the twentieth century (oh, *that* old thing); it features two wild and crazy guys—Einstein and Picasso—sittin' around talkin' about how they're going to change the world, and contains a satisfying amount of Martin's coolly absurdist humor. Mark Nelson is a delightful, sparky Einstein, but Tim Hopper's Picasso is a big bore—The Artist Who Came to Dinner. The secondary characters are well drawn and, under the direction of Randall Arney, well played by, among others, Peter Jacobson, John Christopher Jones, Rondi Reed, and Harry Groener. Yet there's a sourness to the proceedings which may put you off, unless you happen to believe, as Martin seems to, that the arrival of rock and roll ruined everything. Say it ain't so, Steverino. (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 239-6200.)

The Principality of Sorrow—Two men (Robert Sean Leonard and David Lansbury) spend a lifetime under the spell of a woman (Joanna Going), in Keith Bunin's drama, which is set in the garden of a Belgian castle. (Theatre Row Theatre, 424 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Closes Jan. 13.)

Repertorio Español—Performances of "Café con Leche," a comedy by Gloria Gonzalez, run in repertory with "Botánica," Dolores Prida's play about cultural differences between the generations in an immigrant family. Simultaneous English translation is available. (Gramercy Arts Theatre, 138 E. 27th St. 889-2850.)

The Revenger's Tragedy—In Cyril Tourneur's 1607 drama, which is guided by the dictate "When the bad bleed is the tragedy good," Vindice (Brian Frailey), a much abused gentleman, takes his revenge on a depraved, corrupt court. The Independent Theatre Company's feverish production seems to borrow elements from a Halloween spook house: torn velvet curtains, makeshift set, streams of blood, and shrill screams. In piling on the gore, it gives new meaning to the phrase "bad blood." Paul Todaro directed. (House of Candles Theatre, 99 Stanton St. 353-3088.)

Swinging on a Star—A stylish, heartfelt showcase for Johnny Burke's songs, which include "Pennies from Heaven," "Misty," and "Thank Your Lucky Stars and Stripes." The cast and band are nearly perfect; the show was written and directed by Michael Leeds and choreographed, brilliantly, by Kathleen Marshall. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

Too Jewish?—Avi Hoffman sets about reviving Yiddish in this mixture of songs and stories. (Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 307-4100.)

True Crimes—The Smoky Mountains are the setting for Romulus Linney's new work, about a man seduced into committing a murder. (Theatre for the New City, 155 First Ave., at 10th St. 254-1109. Closes Jan. 21.)

Valley Song—Athol Fugard's first post-apartheid play, set in a rural village in South Africa, is an intimate piece, with only two actors. The author himself (who also directed) plays two parts, a white Afrikaaner and a colored tenant farmer, and Lisa Gay Hamilton plays the farmer's young granddaughter, who has a gift for singing and wants to go to Johannesburg. The play tells a simple story—the grandfather faces the prospect of losing the only family he has as well as the patch of land he has farmed all his life—but its glimpses of the new South Africa are subtly, richly resonant. It shows the fear and the heartbreak that come with change, and reminds us that change doesn't always deliver on its promises. Hamilton gives a radiant, openhearted performance; Fugard is solid, though his role-shifting causes some confusion. (Manhattan Theatre Club, at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-1212. Closes Jan. 21.)

Victor/Victoria—Julie Andrews, Tony Roberts, and Michael Nouri star in a theatrical version of the 1982 movie. The score (by Henry Mancini) is generic, and the book (by Blake Edwards, who also directed) is patchwork. The leggy Rachel York, as a blond bimbo, at least enjoys herself—and the audience enjoys her, too. (11/20/95) (Marquis, Broadway at 45th St. 307-4100.)

Wasp and Other Plays—Steve Martin, Off Broadway's most recent hot prospect, bats .250 in this evening of four short plays. Emotional disconnectedness isn't an achievement in and of itself—it's what you do with the affliction that counts, and only in the last of the four offerings does Martin get to the heart of any matter. "Wasp," which features Carol Kane and Don McManus, is an angry and funny dissection of an "ideal" fifties family, with scenery changes performed by bustling, efficient Cub Scouts, and it shows what Martin is capable of when he loses his cool. But it's a long wait—the first three pieces are too intent on wowing you with magic tricks (levitation has never seemed so unbreathtaking as it does in "Patter for the Floating Lady"), and the tedium becomes the message. Barry Edelstein directed; Laura Cunningham did the terrific costumes. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 260-2400. Closes Jan. 7.)

When Ladies Battle—Eugène Scribe and Ernest Legouvé's 1851 romantic farce, in a new translation by Michael Feingold. (Pearl, 80 St. Marks Pl. 598-9802.)

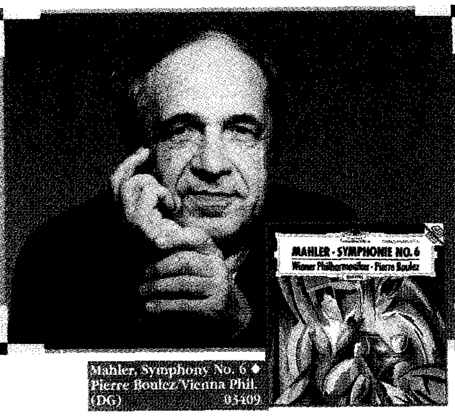
LONG RUNS

AFTER-PLAY: Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 239-6200. . . . **BEAUTY AND THE BEAST:** Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 307-4100. . . . **BLUE MAN GROUP/TUBES:** Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. 254-4370. . . . **CATS:** Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. . . . **CRAZY FOR YOU:** Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. (Closes Jan. 7.) . . . **DEATH DEFYING ACTS:** Variety Arts, Third Ave. at 14th St. 239-6200. . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. . . . **GRANDMA SYLVIA'S FUNERAL:** SoHo Playhouse, 15 Vandam St. 691-1555. . . . **GREASE!:** Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 239-6200. . . . **HOW TO SUCCEED IN BUSINESS WITHOUT REALLY TRYING:** Richard Rodgers, 226 W. 46th St. 307-4100. . . . **LES MISÉRABLES:** Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. . . . **MISS SAIGON:** Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. . . . **PARTY:** Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321. . . . **PERFECT CRIME:** Duffy, 1553 Broadway, at 46th St. 695-3401. . . . **THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA:** Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200. . . . **ROB BECKER'S DEFENDING THE CAVEMAN:** Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 307-4100. . . . **SHOW BOAT:** Gershwin, 51st St. west of Broadway. 307-4100. . . . **SMOKEY JOE'S CAFÉ:** Virginia, 245 W. 52nd St. 239-6200. . . . **STOMP:** Orpheum, 126 Second Ave.,

BMG. What You Want Music to Be!

CLASSICAL MUSIC SERVICE

Horowitz: The Private Collection, Vol. 2 ◆ Works by Barber, Kabalevsky and Poulenc. (RCA Victor Red Seal) 03259



Mahler, Symphony No. 6 ◆ Pierre Boulez/Vienna Phil. (DG) 03409

Cecilia Bartoli
mozart portraits

Cecilia Bartoli: Mozart Portraits ◆ (London) 04923

The Incomparable Alfredo Kraus ◆ Arias from Faust, Der Rosenkavalier & more. (Philips) 00018

Claude Bolling: Enchanting Versailles ◆ (Milan) 00064

Grieg, Peer Gynt - Suites 1 & 2 ◆ S.F. Sym./Blomstedt (London) 00074

Beethoven, "Moonlight" Sonata ◆ Maurizio Pollini, piano. (DG) 00096

Mozart, Symphonies Nos. 1, 4, 5 & 36 "Linz" ◆ Hans Graf conducts. (Capriccio) 00266

Brahms, Symphony No. 3; Alto Rhapsody ◆ Levine, Von Otter/Vienna Phil. (DG) 00269 C

The Early Josquin ◆ Featuring the Capella Alamire (Discovery Music) 00270

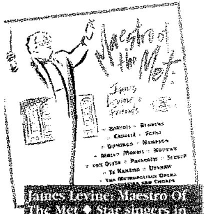
Itzhak Perlman: Bits And Pieces ◆ (EMI Classics) 00278

Anonymous 4: Love's Illusion ◆ (Harmonia Mundi) 00281

American Dreamer ◆ Thomas Hampson. (Angel) 00285 C

Chopin And Champagne ◆ Arrau, Magaloff, ect. (Philips) 00311

Mozart, The Flute Quartets ◆ Starring James Galway (RCA) 00430 C



James Levine: Maestro Of The Met ◆ Star singers in a 25th anniversary celebration. (DG) 03410

The Reiner Sound ◆ With the Chicago SO. (RCA Living Stereo) 00433

The Voices Of Living Stereo, Vol. 1 ◆ Milanov, Bjorling, Price, etc. (RCA Living Stereo) 00526

Lorin Maazel Conducts Richard Strauss ◆ Also Sprach Zarathustra, Don Juan & more. (RCA Victor Red Seal) 00549 C

Rimsky-Korsakov, Scheherazade ◆ N.Y. Phil./Temirkanov. (RCA) 00653 C

Cecilia Bartoli: If You Love Me - Arie Antiche ◆ (London) 00862 C

Barber, Adagio For Strings ◆ Baltimore SO/Zinman. (Argo) 00864

BMG
CLASSICAL MUSIC SERVICE

YOUR MUSIC RESOURCE

CMS 914

Handel, Water Music (Complete) ◆ Orpheus Chamber Orchestra. (DG) 00865 C

Rodrigo, Concierto de Aranjuez ◆ Christopher Parkening, guitar. (EMI Classics) 01212

Rachmaninov, Vespers ◆ Robert Shaw Festival Singers/Shaw. A Grammy® winner! (Telarc) 01303

Bach, Violin Concertos ◆ Itzhak Perlman & Pinchas Zukerman. (EMI Classics) 01384

Schubert, "Trout" Quintet ◆ Hagen Quartet/Schiff. (London) 01541

Stravinsky, The Firebird ◆ Chicago SO/Pierre Boulez. (DG) 01700 C

Pärt, Passio ◆ Hilliard Ensemble. (ECM New Series) 01757

Sax Drive ◆ John Harle, saxophonist in 3 concertos. (Argo) 02264

Sibelius & Glazunov, Violin Concertos ◆ Jascha Heifetz (RCA Victor Red Seal) 02325

White Nights: Romantic Russian Showpieces ◆ 1812, more. Kirov SO/Valery Gergiev. (Philips) 02342

Rachmaninov, Piano Concerto No. 2 ◆ Starring Artur Rubinstein (RCA Victor "Basic 100") 02368 C

Chopin, Préludes, Op. 28 ◆ Vladimir Ashkenazy, piano. (London) 02410 C

Mozart, Requiem ◆ Neville Marriner conducts. (Philips) 02571

Rachmaninov, The Complete Préludes ◆ Alexis Weissenberg, piano. (RCA Victor Gold Seal) 02716

Berlioz, Messe solennelle (World-première recording) ◆ John Eliot Gardiner conducts. (Philips) 02949

Chant: The Benedictine Monks of Santo Domingo de Silos ◆ (Angel) 02957 C

Bach, Famous Choruses from the Sacred Cantatas ◆ Nikolaus Harnoncourt & Gustav Leonhardt. (Teldec) 02966

Sensual Classics II ◆ Music of Satie, Chopin, Debussy, others. (Teldec) 03038

Chopin, Piano Sonatas Nos. 2 & 3 ◆ Van Cliburn. (RCA) 03107

Mahler, Symphony No. 1 "Titan" ◆ Chicago SO/Klaus Tennstedt. (EMI Classics) 03109

Bartók, Concerto For Orchestra ◆ 4 Orchestral Pieces. CSO/Boulez. (DG) 03116

Beethoven, Piano Sonatas, Op. 10, Nos. 1-3 ◆ Richard Goode, piano. (Nonesuch) 03122

The Poetry Of Nature ◆ Works by Grieg, Debussy, Delius and more. (Angel) 03182

Mad About Angels ◆ Choral classics. (DG) 03188

Handel, Suites For Keyboard ◆ Keith Jarrett, piano. (ECM New Series) 03189

Bach For Breakfast ◆ Leisurely way to start your day. (Philips) 03236

Schumann, Piano Concerto; Prokofiev, Piano Concerto No. 3 ◆ Van Cliburn, piano. (RCA Living Stereo) 03246

Bach, 3 Concerti ◆ Trevor Pinnock conducts. (Archiv) 03271

Hovhaness, Magnificat ◆ Donald Pearson conducts. (Delos) 03510

Villa-Lobos, String Quartets Vol. 1, Nos. 1, 6, 17 ◆ Cuerteto Latinoamericano. (Dorian) 03511

Stephen Burns: Telemann For Trumpet ◆ (Dorian Discovery) 03513

11 Classical CDs FOR THE PRICE OF 1

With Nothing More To Buy, Ever!

Selected titles also available on cassette.

Schubert, Symphony No. 2; Rosamunde Ballet Music ◆ Riccardo Muti conducts. (EMI Classics) 03192

Vivaldi, Chamber Concertos "La Pastorella" ◆ Six intimate concertos. (Harmonia Mundi) 03193

Beethoven, Symphony No. 9 in D Minor, Op. 125 "Choral" ◆ Daniel Barenboim conducts. (Erato) 03194 C

Adams, The Chairman Dances ◆ CBSO/Rattle. (EMI Classics) 03211

The Elisabeth Schwarzkopf Christmas Album ◆ With Julian Bream et al. (EMI Classics) 03375

Mendelssohn, String Symphonies Nos. 9, 10, 12 ◆ Budapest Strings (Capriccio) 03391

Thomas Hampson: German Opera Arias ◆ Music by Wagner, Korngold, Humperdinck & others. (EMI Classics) 03420

Fritz Reiner: Vienna ◆ A Strauss Fest. (RCA Living Stereo) 03428

Tchaikovsky & Sibelius, Violin Concertos ◆ The dazzling new prodigy, Leila Josefowicz. (Philips) 03594

Bach, Organ Blaster! ◆ Michael Murray in organ favorites. (Telarc) 03599

Mozart, Famous Opera Arias ◆ Bonney, Popp, Hampson/Harnoncourt (Teldec) 03686

Simple Gifts: Shaker Chants And Spirituals ◆ Joel Cohen/Boston Camerata (Erato) 03689

Rameau, Naïs; Le Temple de la Gloire (Suites) ◆ Nicolas McGegan conducts. A Baroque delight. (Harmonia Mundi) 03693

Berlioz, Symphonie Fantastique ◆ Gardiner/Orch. Révolutionnaire et Romantique (Philips) 03717

LIVING STEREO
BRAHMS
TCHAIKOVSKY
VIOLIN CONCERTOS
HEIFETZ
REINER

Brahms & Tchaikovsky, Violin Concertos ◆ Jascha Heifetz. (RCA Living Stereo) 20592

Bartók, Divertimento; Dance Suite; Hungarian Sketches ◆ Pierre Boulez/CSO. (DG) 03796

Falla, Ritual Fire Dance ◆ Pianist Alicia de Larrocha plays music of her native Spain. (EMI) 03806

Bach, Concerto For 3 & 4 Harpsichords ◆ Christopher Hogwood, conductor & soloist. (L'Oiseau-Lyre) 03809

Gershwin, Piano Rolls, Vol. 2 ◆ A follow-up to the hit Volume One. (Nonesuch) 03817

Beethoven, Piano Sonatas Op. 2, Nos. 1, 2 & 3 ◆ With pianist Alfred Brendel. (Philips) 03821

Mendelssohn, Violin Sonatas ◆ Jean-Jacques Kantorow & Jacques Rouvier. (Denon) 03844

Beethoven, Symphony No. 9 "Ode To Joy" ◆ Georg Solti conducts. (London) 03847

Vivaldi, Seven Concerti For Woodwind & Strings ◆ Trevor Pinnock/English Concert (Archiv) 03871

Franck, Sym. In D Minor; Roussel, Sym. No. 3 ◆ Bernstein/Orch. National de France (DG) 03889

Brahms, Symphony No. 4; Tragic Overture ◆ Leonard Bernstein/Vienna Phil. (DG) 03890

Shostakovich, Symphony No. 8 ◆ André Previn/London Symphony Orch. (DG) 03891

Speak Low: Songs By Kurt Weill ◆ Mezzo-soprano Anne Sofie von Otter. (DG) 03892

Clair de Lune: Debussy Piano Works ◆ Featuring Alexis Weissenberg. (DG) 03893

Vivaldi Concertos ◆ Angel Romero, guitar. (RCA Victor Red Seal) 03909

Kathleen Battle In Concert ◆ Purcell, Handel, Mozart, Strauss & Sprituals. (DG) 03920

Mozart, Piano Concertos Nos. 21 & 27 ◆ Rudolf Serkin. (DG) 03924

Kodaly, Hary Janos Suite; Bartók, Hungarian Sketches ◆ Antal Doráti conducts. (Philips) 03953

Kiri Te Kanawa: The Sorceress—A Handel Celebration ◆ (Philips) 04840

Georg Solti: Mephisto Magic ◆ (London) 04909

Prokofiev, Alexander Nevsky ◆ Yuri Temirkanov, cond. (RCA Victor Red Seal) 04969

Luciano Pavarotti: O Holy Night ◆ (London) 05482 C

Handel, Messiah-Favorite Choruses & Arias ◆ Robert Shaw conducts. (Telarc) 05655 C

Ravel, Bolero ◆ Berlin Philharmonic/Pierre Boulez. (DG) 05680

BMG
CLASSICAL MUSIC SERVICE

NO POSTAGE
NECESSARY
IF MAILED
IN THE
UNITED STATES

BUSINESS REPLY MAIL
FIRST-CLASS MAIL PERMIT NO. 5071 INDIANAPOLIS IN

POSTAGE WILL BE PAID BY ADDRESSEE

BMG CLASSICAL MUSIC SERVICE
PO BOX 91103
INDIANAPOLIS IN 46209-9360

11 Classical CDs FOR THE PRICE OF 1

With Nothing More To Buy, Ever!

Selected titles also available on cassette.

Bryn Terfel: The Vagabond. English Songs ◆ (DG) 03412

Van Cliburn In Moscow ◆ Rachmaninov & Brahms. (RCA Victor Red Seal) 05748 C

Beethoven, Symphony No. 3 "Eroica"; Schubert, Symphony No. 8 "Unfinished" ◆ James Levine. (DG) 05753 C

The Very Best of Erich Kunzel & The Cincinnati Pops ◆ (Telarc) 05917 C

Ofra Harnoy: Vivaldi, Cello Sonatas ◆ (RCA Victor Red Seal) 05918

Orff, Carmina Burana ◆ McNair. St. Louis/Slatkin. (RCA Victor Red Seal) 05954 C

Plácido Domingo: De mi alma latina (From my Latin Soul) ◆ (Angel) 06053 C

Vladimir Horowitz: The Private Collection Vol. 1 ◆ *(RCA Victor Red Seal) 06189* C

Vision: The Music Of Hildegard von Bingen ◆ (Angel) 06215 C

***Canticles Of Ecstasy:* Hildegard von Bingen** ◆ With Sequentia. (DHM) 06292 C

Mozart Overtures ◆ Nikolaus Harnoncourt (Teldec) 06301

James Galway: Bach, Flute Sonatas ◆ (RCA Victor Red Seal) 06354 C

Rachmaninov, Symphonic Dances ◆ Yuri Temirkanov, cond. (RCA Victor Red Seal) 06409

Górecki, *Miserere* ◆ John Nelson, cond. (Nonesuch) 06410 C

Beethoven, "Archduke" Trio ◆ The Chung Trio (EMI Classics) 06417

Shostakovich, Symphony No. 5 ◆ Vienna Phil./Solti (London) 06448 C

Mozart, String Quartets—K. 387, 421 ◆ Emerson String Quartet (DG) 06468

Maria Callas: La Divina 3 ◆ (EMI Classics) 06477

Mozart, Don Giovanni (Highlights) ◆ Starring Samuel Ramey/Von Karajan (DG) 06530

Beethoven-Mozart Quintets ◆ Daniel Barenboim, piano. (Erato) 06542 C

Mozart in the Morning ◆ (Philips) 06555 C

Tchaikovsky, Swan Lake ◆ Charles Dutoit (London) 06723

Schumann, Piano Concerto and Violin Concerto ◆ Martha Argerich & Gidon Kremer (Teldec) 06854 C

Elgar, Enigma Variations ◆ Simon Rattle, cond. (EMI Classics) 06895

Haydn, Symphony Nos. 103 and 104 "London" ◆ Roger Norrington, cond. (EMI Classics) 06897

Russian Overtures ◆ Russian National Orch./ *Pletnev. (DG) 06957*

Chopin, Piano Concerto No. 2 ◆ Maria João Pires, piano. (DG) 06958

Beethoven, Symphonies Nos. 5 & 3 "Eroica" ◆ John Eliot Gardiner, cond. (Archiv) 06963 C

Tchaikovsky, 1812 Overture; Romeo & Juliet; Sym. #2 ◆ Leonard Slatkin conducts. (RCA Victor Red Seal) 06964 C

Robert Shaw: The Power And The Majesty ◆ (Telarc) 06966

Ikos: Górecki, Pärt, Tavener ◆ (EMI Classics) 06968

Meet Bryn Terfel ◆ The music of Mahler, Wagner & Mozart. (DG) 08057

Eduardo Mata: Latin American Ballets ◆ (Dorian) 08084

Mozart, Horn Concertos ◆ Featuring Anthony Halstead. (L'Oiseau-Lyre) 08085

Tchaikovsky, Capriccio Italien ◆ Valery Gergiev, cond. (Philips) 08086

Barbara Hendricks: *Operetta Duets* ◆ *With Gino* Quilico. (EMI Classics) 08095

Luciano Pavarotti: Pavarotti In Central Park ◆ (London) 08096 C

Dvořák, Symphony No. 9 "From The New World" ◆ Fritz Reiner, cond. (RCA Living Stereo) 08097

Mendelssohn, A Midsummer Night's Dream ◆ Seiji Ozawa, cond. (DG) 08100

Best Of Eliot Fisk ◆ Master *guitarist (MusicMasters) 08101*

Kronos Quartet Performs Philip Glass ◆ (Nonesuch) 08150 C

Mozart, Eine Kleine Nachtmusik ◆ Cleveland Orch./ Dohnányi (London) 08228 C

Beethoven, Missa Solemnis ◆ George Solti & the Berlin Philharmonic (London) 03201

Mario Lanza: You'll Never Walk Alone ◆ (RCA Victor) 08261 C

Nyman, The Piano Concerto ◆ Kathryn Stott, piano. (Argo) 08280

De Larrocha & Previn: Mozart: Works For Two Pianos ◆ (RCA Victor) 08293

Opera's Greatest Drinking Songs ◆ (RCA Victor) 08294

Copland, Music For Films ◆ Slatkin/St. Louis Sym. (RCA Victor) 08312 ●

James MacMillan, Seven Last Words From The Cross ◆ (Catalyst) 08350

Lehár, The Merry Widow ◆ Starring Cheryl Studer. (DG) 08351

Mozart, Piano Sonatas ◆ Ivo Pogorelich, piano. (DG) 08352

Hovhaness, The Rubaiyat ◆ Gerard Schwarz, cond.; Michael York, narrator. (Delos) 08353

Katia & Marielle Labèque: Españal ◆ (Philips) 08360

Sylvia McNair: The Echoing Air ◆ Music of Purcell. (Philips) 08361

Schumann, Carnaval & Kreisleriana ◆ Mitsuko Uchida, piano. (Philips) 08362

Mozart, Sacred Music ◆ Nikolaus Harnoncourt, cond. (Teldec) 08363

Robert Shaw: Evocation Of The Spirit ◆ Music of Pärt, Barber & Górecki. (Telarc) 08369

Beethoven, *Piano Trios Nos. 7 "Archduke" & 5 "Ghost"* ◆ Beaux Arts Trio. (Philips) 08417

Brahms & Weber Clarinet Quintets ◆ Richard Stoltzman & Tokyo Quartet. (RCA Victor Red Seal) 08418 C

Chanticleer: Mysteria ◆ (Teldec) 08420

Voices Of Ascension: Chant To Renaissance ◆ Dennis Keene, cond. (Delos) 08491

J.C. Bach, Six Grand Overtures, Op. 18 ◆ William Boughton, cond. (Nimbus) 08493

Beethoven, Piano Sonatas, Op. 13 -"Pathétique," & Op. 14-Nos. 1&2 ◆ Alfred Brendel. *(Philips)* 08496 C

Vaughan Williams, Fantasia On A Theme By Thomas Tallis ◆ Neville Marriner, cond. (Philips) 08497

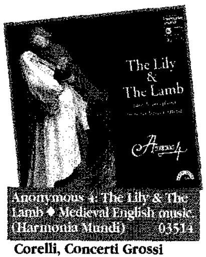
Debussy, La Mer; Nocturnes ◆ Cleveland Orch./Pierre Boulez (DG) 08521

Apollo Saxophone Quartet: *First And Foremost* ◆ *Music* by Chick Corea, Michael Nyman & more. (Argo) 08582

***The Movie Lover's* Beethoven** ◆ Performed by some of the greats. (London) 08584

Anonymous 4: An English Ladymass ◆ Medieval chant. (Harmonia Mundi) 08660

Boccherini, Quintets For String Quartet & Guitar Nos. 1-3 ◆ Artaria Quartet & Richard Savino, guitar. (Harmonia Mundi) 08661


Anonymous 4: The Lily & The Lamb ◆ Medieval English music. (Harmonia Mundi) 03514

Corelli, Concerti Grossi Op. 6, Nos. 1-6 ◆ McGegan/ Philharmonia Baroque Orch. (Harmonia Mundi) 08662

Beethoven & Brahms, Violin Concertos ◆ Jascha Heifetz. (RCA Victor Red Seal) 08664

Dance Mix ◆ Music of Torke, Adams, Bernstein, etc. (Argo) 08669

A Portrait Of Love: Early 18th-Century Music For The French Court ◆ Trio Sonnerie. (Harmonia Mundi) 08676

Zemlinsky, Lyric Symphony ◆ Riccardo Chailly, cond. (London) 08677

Stravinsky, Petrushka; Pulcinella ◆ Chailly/Royal Concertgebouw. (London) 08678

Wagner, Overtures & Preludes ◆ Berlin Phil./Karajan. (DG 4D "Karajan Gold") 08695

Manuel de Falla's Spain ◆ Three-Cornered Hat; Nights in the Gardens of Spain (Delos) 08697

Respighi, The Birds ◆ Antal Doráti conducts. (Mercury Living Presence) 08699

Fritz Reiner: Richard Strauss In High Fidelity ◆ (RCA Living Stereo) 08700

Weber, Symphonies Nos. 1 & 2 ◆ Roger Norrington & the London Classical Players. (EMI Classics) 08784

The Glory Of Purcell ◆ Christopher Hogwood, cond. (L'Oiseau-Lyre) 08786

Los Romeros: Spanish Guitar *Favorites* ◆ *(Philips)* 08790

Anonymous 4: On Yoolis Night-Medieval Carols & Motets ◆ (Harmonia Mundi) 08813

Christmas With The Academy ◆ Neville Marriner. (Philips) 08830

A Celtic Christmas ◆ Harpist & soprano Emily Mitchell. (RCA Victor) 08833

Vienna Choir Boys: Christmas Angels ◆ (RCA Victor Gold Seal) 08834

***Hilliard Ensemble: Codex* Speciálník** ◆ (ECM New Series) 08886

Debussy, Children's Corner ◆ Charles Dutoit, cond. (London) 08891

Pavarotti & Friends 2 ◆ With Bryan Adams, *others. (London)* 08892

Nativitas: American Christmas Carols ◆ Kansas City Chorale (Nimbus) 08893

André Previn: French Chamber Music ◆ Debussy & Ravel. (RCA Victor Red Seal) 08911 C

The Soul Of Chant: The Benedictine Monks Of Santo Domingo de Silos ◆ (Milan) 08938

Claude Bolling, Suite For Flute And Jazz Piano Trio ◆ Jean-Pierre Rampal, flute. (Milan) 08939

Bernard Herrmann Film Scores ◆ "Psycho," "Citizen Kane," " Vertigo." (Milan) 08948

Shostakovich, Symphony No. 10 & Mussorgsky, Songs & Dances of Death ◆ The Philadelphia Orch./Jansons. (EMI Classics) 08961

***Mozart, Wind Serenades,* K. 375 & K. 388** ◆ Orpheus Chamber Orchestra. (DG) 15273 C

Copland, Appalachian Spring ◆ Orpheus Chamber Orchestra. (DG) 15302

Dvořák, Cello Concerto ◆ Plus Haydn. Jacqueline Du Pré, cello. (EMI Classics) 15555

Concerto Köln: Spanish Symphonies ◆ Music of J.C. Arriaga, José Pons, more. (Capriccio) 20708

Schubert, String Quintet In C Major ◆ Emerson Quartet with Rostropovich, cello. (DG) 25035

Debussy, La Mer ◆ Chicago SO/Solti. Also Prélude à l'après-midi d'un faune. (London) 25234 C

Finzi, Parry, Bridge: An English Suite ◆ William Boughton conducts. (Nimbus) 34769

Vivaldi, Guitar Concertos ◆ Eliot Fisk, guitar. (MusicMasters) 34799 C

Carreras, Domingo & Pavarotti: The 3 Tenors In Concert ◆ Mehta conducts. (London) 35078 C

Respighi, Roman Trilogy ◆ New York Phil./Sinopoli. (DG) 35381 C

Purcell, Dido & Aeneas ◆ Les Arts Florissants/Christie. (Erato) 43808

Copland, Rodeo ◆ Baltimore SO/ David Zinman. (Argo) 53352 C

Dawn Upshaw: Canteloube, Songs Of The Auvergne ◆ Kent Nagano conducts. (Erato) 53882

Heigh-Ho! Mozart ◆ Classical meets Disney. (Delos) 63720 C

Plácido Domingo: Opera Classics ◆ (EMI Classics) 64075 C

Schubert, Symphony No. 9 *in C* "Great" ◆ San Francisco SO/Blomstedt. (London) 64157 C

Holst, The Planets ◆ Chicago Symphony/Levine. Fantastic sound! (DG) 64373

Gershwin, Rhapsody In Blue ◆ Chicago SO/Levine plays & conducts. (DG) 64384 C

Sibelius, Symphony No. 2 ◆ Oslo Phil./Jansons. Plus Valse Triste, more. (EMI Classics) 64477

Mozart, Duets For Violin & Viola ◆ Itzhak Perlman & Pinchas Zukerman. (RCA) 73331 C

A Song Of David: Music Of The Sephardim & Renaissance Spain ◆ La Rondinella. (Dorian Discovery) 73383

Sibelius, Symphony No. 1, Karelia Suite & Finlandia ◆ Mariss Jansons conducts. (EMI Classics) 73752

Bach, Goldberg Variations (Trans. For Strings) ◆ Dmitri Sitkovetsky's stunner. (Nonesuch) 73874

Mozart, Syms. 40 & 41 "Jupiter" ◆ English Baroque Soloists/Gardiner. (Philips) 74479 C

Hindemith, *Symphonic* Metamorphoses On Themes By Carl Maria Von Weber ◆ Philadelphia Orch./Sawallisch. (EMI Classics) 83797

Mussorgsky, Pictures At An Exhibition ◆ Philadelphia Orch./Muti. (Philips) 93885 C

Maurice André: Trumpet *Masterpieces* ◆ *Music of* Haydn, Telemann, Handel and Vivaldi. (DG) 03919 ☆

START WITH 7 FREE CDs NOW

BUY ONLY 1 AT THE REGULAR CLUB PRICE WITHIN A YEAR

THEN GET 3 MORE OF YOUR CHOICE, FREE

ENJOY 11 SELECTIONS FOR THE PRICE OF 1

NOTHING MORE TO BUY, EVER!

A shipping and handling charge is added to each selection.

START SAVING! MAIL THIS POSTAGE-PAID CARD TODAY.

1. Please accept my membership in the BMG Classical Music Service and send my 7 selections as indicated. Under the terms *of this offer, I agree to buy just 1 selection at the regular Club price ($14.98 to $16.98 for CDs; $8.98 to $10.98 for cassettes)* within a year. I will then receive 3 more choices FREE! That's 11 for the price of 1, *with nothing more to buy, ever!* I understand that a shipping and handling charge will be billed for each selection.

2. Rush me these 7 selections now (indicate by number):

☆ Designates a 2-CD set (counts as 2 selections).
C Designates selection also available on cassette.

3. ☐ I prefer cassettes.

4. ☐ Mr.
☐ Mrs.
☐ Ms. (Please Print) First Name Initial Last Name

Address Apt.

City State Zip

Phone ( ) Area Code Signature

We reserve the right to request additional information, reject any application, or cancel any membership. Limited to new members. Local taxes, if any, will be added. Offer available in continental USA and under special arrangement in Alaska and Hawaii. Offer not available in Puerto Rico, APO or FPO. Offer and product selection may vary in Canada.

BMG CLASSICAL MUSIC SERVICE

INSTANT 50%-OFF BONUS

You start out as a Preferred Member. From day one, every time you buy a CD or cassette at the regular Club price, you're entitled to buy another of equal or lesser value at half price.

LS FALAE CMS 914

Canadian residents mail reply to:
BMG Music Service
Box 7010
Mississauga ON L5A 4J3

HOW TO GET AMERICA'S BEST CLASSICAL MUSIC OFFER:

FREE 10-DAY TRIAL. First, choose any 7 CDs (or cassettes) from this ad. Enjoy them for 10 days with no obligation. You may also review the accompanying terms of membership. If you're not completely satisfied, you may return your selections at our expense.

THE 7-1-3 FORMULA. The **7** CDs or cassettes are FREE if you choose to keep them. You simply agree to buy **1** selection within a year, at the regular Club price (currently $14.98 to $16.98 for CDs; $8.98 to $10.98 for cassettes). You'll then receive your choice of **3** more free. A total of 11 for the price of 1. You pay only shipping and handling for each selection.

CLUB MAILINGS. About every three weeks, you'll receive *Encore,* the BMG Classical Music Service Guide, filled with hundreds of "best-choice" recordings, plus a Featured Selection. That's 19 shopping opportunities a year.

- If you want the Featured Selection, do nothing. It will be sent to you automatically. If you prefer an alternate *selection, or none at all, simply return the Notification* Card provided, by the date specified.
- We give you at least 10 days to return the card. If you have less time and, as a result, receive an unwanted Featured *Selection, you may return it at our expense.*

NO LONG-TERM COMMITMENT REQUIRED. After you pay for your one regular-Club-price selection, you may cancel your membership simply by writing to us. Or you can stay on and *enjoy the many benefits of membership, such as the convenience* of finding the classical music you want at great savings — as much as 65%!

If the reply card is missing, please write to:

BMG Classical Music Service
P.O. Box 91103
Indianapolis, IN 46291-0025

⚡ Parental Advisory—Contains *explicit lyrics and/or artwork.*
☆ 2-CD set (counts as 2 selections).
C Available on cassette.

Dog and horn are trademarks of General Electric Company, USA. The BMG logo is a trademark of BMG Music. Other trademarks used in the advertisement are the property of various trademark owners.

BMG Music Service
6550 E. 30th St.
Indianapolis IN 46219-1194
© 1996 BMG Direct

BMG CLASSICAL MUSIC SERVICE

at St. Marks Pl. 477-2477. . . . **SUNSET BOULEVARD:** Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 307-4007. . . . **SYLVIA:** John Houseman, 450 W. 42nd St. 239-6200. . . . **TONY N' TINA'S WEDDING:** St. John's Church, 81 Christopher St. 279-4200.

DANCE

New York City Ballet—Jan. 3 at 8: "The Four Temperaments," "Adams Violin Concerto," and "Chaconne." . . . ¶ Jan. 4 at 8: "Donizetti Variations," "Reliquary" (première), and "West Side Story Suite." . . . ¶ Jan. 5 at 8: "Serenade," "2 & 3 Part Inventions," "Calcium Light Night," and "Reliquary." . . . ¶ Jan. 6 at 2: "Walpurgisnacht Ballet," "Firebird," and "Who Cares?" . . . ¶ Jan. 6 at 8: "Serenade," "2 & 3 Part Inventions," and "West Side Story Suite." . . . ¶ Jan. 7 at 3: "Donizetti Variations," "Firebird," and "Chaconne." . . . ¶ Jan. 9 at 8: "Jeu de Cartes," "2 & 3 Part Inventions," and "Who Cares?" (New York State Theatre. 870-5570.)

"Altogether Different"—Three weeks of performances by seven contemporary-dance companies, with programs that, in every case, include a première and at least one seasoned work. Jan. 3 and Jan. 5 at 8, and Jan. 7 at 2: **IRÈNE HULTMAN DANCE,** in "Here I Am," "Tango-Babe," and the première of "Cascade." In last year's "Tango-Babe," the Swedish choreographer says, she explored power plays in the Argentine dance; in "Cascade," she performs with two men, to selections from Prokofiev ("Romeo and Juliet") and Gershwin. "Tango is so stylistic," Hultman says. "It's very held and angular. 'Cascade' has more of a tap-dancing feel to it—looser. I wanted it to be more open and generous, like a celebration." When asked how her version of star-crossed love and untimely death could be open and generous, she laughs. "I am not literal." . . . ¶ Jan. 4 at 8 and Jan. 7 at 7:30: The **KEVIN WYNN COLLECTION,** in "Of Sushi, Collard Greens, and Salsa," "Itapua II," "Begat, Begat," and the première of "Black Clouds Under My Feet." . . . ¶ Jan. 6 at 8: **DOUG ELKINS DANCE COMPANY,** in "Scott, Queen of Marys," "Narcoleptic Lovers," and the première of "The Sky Is Falling (So Bury Me Standing)." . . . ¶ Jan. 9 at 8: **BUGLISI/FOREMAN DANCE,** in "Field of Loves," "Molting," and the première of "Bare to the Wall." (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Through Jan. 21.)

"L'Amour Bleu"—Tenor Thomas Bogdan returns with his musical masque on gay themes, abetted by singer-dancers Kenneth Lockwood, Randolph Curtis Rand, Robert Osborne, and Cliff Townsend, all of them guided by the evening's Terpsichore, choreographer Ching Gonzalez. (Danspace, St. Mark's In-the-Bouwerie, Second Ave. at 10th St. 674-8112. Jan. 4-7 at 8:30. Through Jan. 21.)

Gilbert Dance Ensemble—The choreographer and former Parsons dancer Gail Gilbert performs solo and with her company. (Ohio Theatre, 66 Wooster St. Jan. 5-6 at 8 and Jan. 7 at 3. For more information, call 941-8069.)

Jimmy Slyde—The sixty-seven-year-old Godfather of Tap continues his monthly gig at an out-of-the-way bar with a distinct Left Bank feel. His technique is still sharp, his body loose, and his taps fresh and crisp. (La Place on the Park, 308 W. 58th St., at Columbus Circle. For reservations, call 664-1308. Jan. 4 at 9:30 and 11:30.)

Artemis & the Wild Things Dance Company—The choreographer Artemis Preeshl presents dances with ritual and mythological themes. (Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 924-0077. Jan. 4-6 at 8 and Jan. 7 at 3.)

La Conja—The flamenco dancer performs with her company, Mimbre y Vareta. (Pace Downtown Theatre, Spruce St., between Nassau and Gold Sts. 346-1715. Jan. 4-6 at 8 and Jan. 7 at 2.)

NIGHT LIFE

CONCERTS

Bucky Pizzarelli—Everything this guitarist has done—from his duos with Zoot Sims to his work with Benny Goodman and Benny Carter to his solo performances at various clubs around town—has been easy and swinging and attractive. Calling him the world's greatest seven-string guitarist doesn't do justice to his accomplishments; hybrid instrument aside, he's a mellifluous player whose roots go back to Charlie Christian and Django Reinhardt and whose tone is extraordinarily rich and pleasant. He doesn't twang, he doesn't roar, he doesn't whine: he is the platonic ideal of the electric guitarist. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. 935-2200. Jan. 3 at 12:30.)

JAZZ AND STANDARDS

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which boldface type indicates some of the more notable performers in town. Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives; it is advisable to call ahead to confirm engagements.)

Algonquin Hotel, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—Vocalist **PHILLIP OFFICER** is currently in the midst of an extended run. Dining.

Birdland, 2745 Broadway, at 105th St. (749-2228)—What **TAYLOR'S WAILERS** (Jan. 5-6) will be like without the late Arthur Taylor's whiplash drumming, iron discipline, and indomitable spirit is anyone's guess, but hearing gifted alumni like saxophonist Abraham Burton and pianist Marc Carey playing together again is surely worth the visit. Dining.

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—This blue-on-blue club is an institution and knows it: how many other clubs sell their own belt buckles? Back in 1959, **NANCY WILSON** (through Jan. 7) burst onto the scene with as much force and assurance as if she had sprung fully formed (and fully armored) from the head of some jazz deity—Cannonball Adderley, perhaps, with whom she made a glorious album around that time. She could swing, she could phrase, and she had a thrilling voice, tremendous presence, a brilliant feel for the music, and a smoldering, sexy beauty that was impossible to resist. She just as quickly went the glossy supper-club route, playing the big casinos, making television appearances, and recording lush, uninspired albums. Live, she's still got it. She appears with a trio that features Adderley's longtime drummer, Roy McCurdy. **MIRIAM MAKEBA** takes over on Jan. 9. Dining.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A duskily lit neighborhood bar, where pianists, bassists, and, occasionally, drummers compete for your ear. Truth and beauty usually prevail. Dining.

Cajun, 129 Eighth Ave., at 16th St. (691-6174)—A New Orleans-style restaurant specializing in Dixieland and swing. On Fridays, catch the Canal Street Dixieland Jazz and Blues band. Saturdays belong to the New Atlantic Jazz band.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—The Café Carlyle, a snug, windowless enclave in the doorman district, features discreet waiters, wraparound pastel murals, and—holy hotcakes, Batman—the amazing **EARTHA KITT,** who is still a fierce and funny performer with a feral grip on her audience. She inhabits her songs: when she sings "I Wanna Be Evil," you don't doubt for a second that she could spit tacks. . . . ¶ Pianist **PETER MINTUN** is in charge at Bemelmans Bar. A genuine throwback to a gentler time, this elegant performer specializes in curios from the twenties and thirties like "Kitten on the Keys," but he has also been known to play cartoon theme songs if the mood (or the crowd) warrants it. Agreeable and reassuring without being over-gracious, he's sort of a curio himself.

Fez, 380 Lafayette St. (533-7000)—The **MINGUS BIG BAND**—a fourteen-piece ensemble that concentrates exclusively on the tricky, cacophonous work of its catalyst, the late Charles Mingus—still packs them in every Thursday. Dining.

Fifty Seven Fifty Seven, 57 E. 57th St. (758-5757)—A sleek piano-and-bass room in the Four Seasons Hotel. Dining.

Iridium, 44 W. 63rd St. (582-2121)—Across the street from Lincoln Center, this restaurant and club features a handsome bar upstairs and a surreal performance space downstairs. Through Jan. 7: a double bill featuring the **CHARLES MC PHERSON** quartet and the **DAVID SANCHEZ** quintet. Every postwar alto saxophonist had to absorb the lessons of Charlie Parker, but some, like McPherson, really got the message. He's since moved beyond his Bird fixation, but the bebop avatar's deep soul and expression are still present in every impassioned note McPherson plays. Sanchez is a young tenor player with a burly tone and phrasing that bring Sonny Rollins to mind. Conciseness isn't one of his strengths, but he has the makings of something big. Dining.

• •

RADIO WEST 43RD STREET

Twenty favorites from our 1995 jazz playlist.

Rush Hour, Joe Lovano (Blue Note).
The Complete Capitol Recordings of Duke Ellington (Mosaic).
Rhapsody, Lee Konitz (Evidence).
Getting to Know You, Mulgrew Miller (Novus/R.C.A.).
The Complete Live at the Plugged Nickel 1965, Miles Davis (Columbia/Legacy).
Revenue, the Steve Lacy Quartet (Soul Note).
Conversations, Karl Berger (In & Out).
Reincarnation of a Love Bird, Paul Motian's Electric Bebop Band (Verve).
The Complete Aladdin Sessions, Lester Young (Blue Note).
Dialogues, Jim Hall (Telarc).
The Complete Prestige Recordings, Eric Dolphy (Milestone).
Spirit of the Moment: Live at the Village Vanguard, Joshua Redman (Warner Bros.).
Esquire All-American Jazz Concert 1944 (Jazz Archives).
The Fourth Herd, Woody Herman (Mobile Fidelity Soundlab).
Prelude and Sonata, McCoy Tyner (Milestone).
The Complete Blue Note Sessions, 1963-1966, Andrew Hill (Mosaic).
Songs of New York—Live at the Café Carlyle, Bobby Short (Telarc).
Concord Duo Series, Vol. IX: Michael Moore and Bill Charlap (Concord Jazz).
At the Blue Note, Keith Jarrett (ECM).
The Heavyweight Champion: The Complete Atlantic Recordings, John Coltrane (Rhino).

Knickerbocker, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—An Old New York kind of place, with dark wood panelling, white tablecloths, and brass figurine lamps.

Knitting Factory, 74 Leonard St., between Broadway and Church St. (219-3055)—Jan. 6-7: The **DON BYRON** quintet. The clarinettist has been drawing attention lately with his klezmer music (which he performs here on Jan. 9), but his band for the weekend will concentrate on his own far-ranging take on contemporary jazz.

Match, 160 Mercer St. (343-0020)—This hip SoHo *boîte* is the place to be every Monday night, thanks to the **SHORTY JACKSON LEGACY BLUES BAND.** Dining.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—On Mondays, Woody Allen continues his night job as clarinet player in the **NEW ORLEANS FUNERAL AND RAGTIME ORCHESTRA,** a Dixieland-jazz ensemble. Closed Sundays.

Rainbow & Stars, 30 Rockefeller Plaza (632-5000)—The great cabaret in the sky. Vocalist **LESLEY GORE** is the star-in-residence. It's her party through Jan. 6. . . . ¶ Across the hall, in the Rainbow Room, there's a revolving dance floor, plus swinging big-band music courtesy of the Rainbow Room Orchestra, featuring vocalists Sean Mahony and Claudette Sierra. Closed Mondays.

Red Blazer Too, 349 W. 46th St. (262-3112)—Thursdays belong to Stan Rubin's big band, Fridays to Sam Ulano and the Bourbon Street Swingers, and Saturdays to Bob Cantwell and his Stompers.

Smalls, 183 W. 10th St. (929-7565)—This aptly named club features up-and-coming players jamming late into the night.

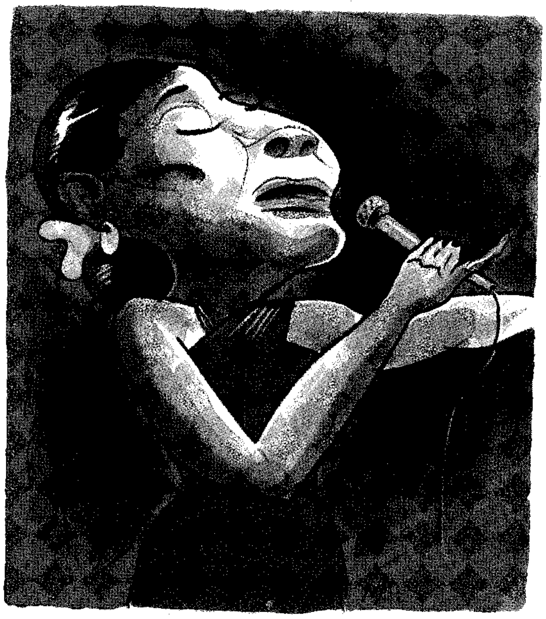
Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—A convivial and crowded jazz club where the musicians are always top-shelf. The **BLUE NOTE ALL-STARS** have the floor through Jan. 7. While no one's about to compare them with the Blue Note sluggers of yesteryear, these young dudes aren't exactly slouches. Pianist Keven Hays and drummer Bill Stewart have spent the past few years honing their musical personalities; saxophonists Javon Jackson and Greg Osby are already two of the most assured players of their generation. Dining.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—The **WESSELL ANDERSON AND WYCLIFFE GORDON** quintet begins a weeklong run on Jan. 9. Spun off Wynton Marsalis's late, lamented septet, trombonist Gordon and saxman Anderson have put together an ensemble whose modal-bop precision is tarted up with a Deep South strut. The **VANGUARD JAZZ ORCHESTRA** holds sway on Mondays.

Visiones, 125 Macdougal St., at W. 3rd St. (673-5576)—Jan. 3-6: The Jim Snidero quintet. Dining.

Zinc Bar, 90 W. Houston St. (477-8337)—Jan. 8: The Ron Affif trio. Saturdays and Sundays feature Brazilian jazz.

Zinno, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—A rarity among jazz clubs: somewhere you'd go to eat even if there were no music. Bassist **RUFUS REID** leads a trio through Jan. 6. Bassist **MICHAEL MOORE,** guitarist **HOWARD ALDEN,** and hornman **KEN PEPLOWSKI,** three of jazz's most faithful and qualified mainstream players, take over on Jan. 8.



Nancy Wilson, at the Blue Note.

MARCELLUS HALL

ROCK, ETC.

Bar d'O, 29 Bedford St. (627-1580)—Low sofas, moderne ottomans, and venetian blinds make this mirrored living room the perfect spot for late-night love. Most nights, the music is up-to-the-minute seventies, but Tuesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays, gender channeller **JOEY ARIAS** sets the ceiling fans awhirl.

Blarney Star, 43 Murray St. (732-2873)—Home to fine Irish music every Friday night.

Continental Divide, 25 Third Ave., at St. Marks Pl. (529-6924)—Hipsters, punks, poseurs, N.Y.U. students, the occasional skinhead—a typical East Village bar. Live music nightly.

The Cooler, 416 W. 14th St. (229-0785)—A lavender and stainless-steel vault deep in the heart of the meat district. The **GROOVE COLLECTIVE** is in the house on Jan. 6.

Don Hill's, 511 Greenwich St. (219-2850)—A tidy little SoHo bar with an above-average P.A. system and topnotch local bands on the docket. Friday night is SqueezeBox, a vinyl-and-velvet gay glamfest, hosted by Mistress Formika.

Duplex, 61 Christopher St., at Seventh Ave. (255-5438)—Everyone is a star here—the pianist, the bartender, the waiters, and the audience. The fabulous **DRESSING ROOM DIVAS** entertain every Saturday night.

Flannery's, 205 W. 14th St. (929-9589)—A well-scrubbed, amiable Irish pub with many of the classic features (pints of Guinness, non-stop TV sports) and a few of the near-classics (a CD jukebox, a portrait of Elvis).

Limelight, Sixth Ave. at 20th St. (807-7850)—The rock-and-roll church. Jan. 7: **MÖTÖRHEAD.** Wednesday night is Disco 2000, a fin-de-siècle blowout.

Ludlow Street Café, 165 Ludlow St. (353-0536)—A modest belowstairs room that looks like a spruced-up tenement apartment. Mondays belong to **BEAT RODEO,** a straight-shooting bar band that plays a mixture of country, blues, Dylan, Byrds, Velvets, and various pop curiosities.

Mercury Lounge, 217 E. Houston St. (260-4700)—**MAGNETIC FIELDS,** in on Jan. 4, is one of New York's most revered underground bands: a spare, deadpan synth-pop combo that brings to mind seventies-era Elton John and Abba. Jan. 6: **BAILTER SPACE.**

Paddy Reilly's Music Bar, 519 Second Ave., at 29th St. (686-1210)—**BLACK 47** usually plays on Saturdays, and Speir Mor (Gaelic for Big Sky) performs for a hearty following on Fridays. Séisiún—a traditional Irish jam—is on Thursday nights.

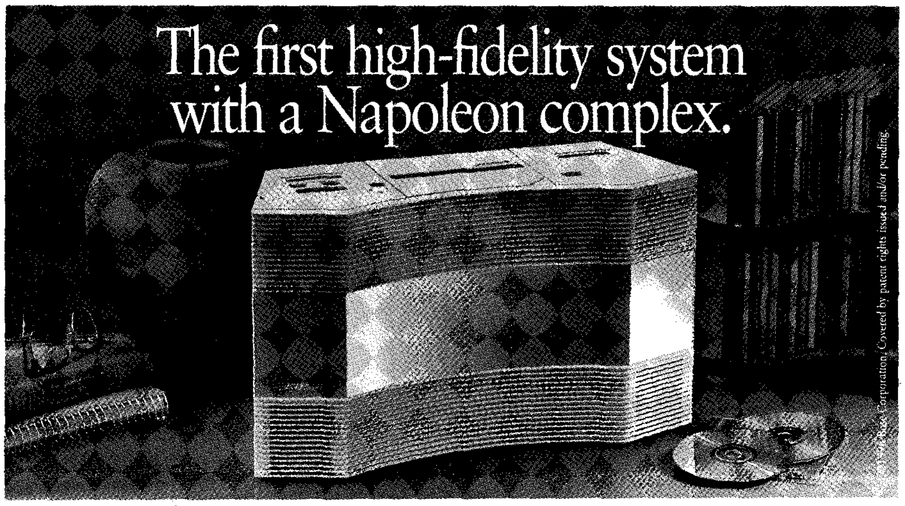
Les Poulets, 16 W. 22nd St. (229-2000)—The name may be French, but the music here is Latin: expect salsa, merengue, and the occasional cha-cha. Dining.

Rodeo Bar, 375 Third Ave., at 27th St. (683-6500)—The walls simulate a log cabin, smoke blows through the nostrils of a buffalo head, a horse trailer has been converted into a bar, and you get peanuts for eating and, sometimes, throwing.

S.O.B.'s, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—A great grass hut with a fruit-and-bamboo motif, dedicated to calypso, reggae, and the bossa nova. Dining.

Webster Hall, 125 E. 11th St. (353-1600)—A byzantine disco wonderland with four floors, a coffee shop, and a wig boutique. Wednesday is drag night. Psychedelic Thursdays feature grunge acts and cheap beer.

Wetlands, 161 Hudson St. (966-4225)—Jan. 3: **BOBBY BYRD.** Once dubbed Soul Brother No. 1½, Byrd first garnered attention in the fifties for his work with James Brown and the Famous Flames; a decade later he came to be revered as the gritty second voice on Brown smashes like "Sex Machine" and "Soul Power." Far more than a backup singer, Byrd played Strayhorn to Brown's Ellington, co-writing, arranging, and producing much of the Godfather of Soul's best work. His own recordings, collected in the anthology "Bobby Byrd Got Soul: The Best of Bobby Byrd," display a formidable entertainer with a powerful voice, and in concert he's truly exciting, tearing through his catalogue with passion and verve.


The first high-fidelity system with a Napoleon complex.
Bose Corporation. Covered by patent rights issued and/or pending.

It may be small. But the Bose® Acoustic Wave® music system is definitely an overachiever. The unit holds a compact disc player (or cassette), AM/FM radio, and Bose's patented acoustic waveguide speaker technology. And produces a rich, natural sound quality comparable to audio systems costing thousands of dollars. We know that's hard to believe. So we're ready to prove it. Call or write now for our complimentary guide to this award-winning system. Because, like the system itself, it is only available direct from Bose.

BOSE®
Better sound through research®

Name ( ) Telephone
Address
City State Zip

Call 1-800-898-BOSE, ext. W349.

Or mail to: Bose Corporation, The Mountain, Dept. CDD-W349, Framingham, MA 01701-9168.

ART

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"Haute Couture." Detail and tailoring are the focus in the Costume Institute's examination of high fashion since 1870, from Worth to Lacroix. Through March 24. . . . ¶ Black-and-white photographs by Hiroshi Sugimoto, chosen from three different series: "Seascapes," "Motion Pictures," and "Hall of Thirty-three Bays." Through Jan. 14. . . . ¶ "Rembrandt/Not Rembrandt." Through Jan. 7. . . . ¶ "John Singleton Copley in America." This exhibition of paintings, pastels, and miniatures by the first American artist to achieve international renown presents works executed before 1774, the year the loyalist Copley departed for England. The consensus is that his plain-spoken, quintessentially American portraits far surpass in quality and psychological acuity the smooth product he later churned out after the manner of Gainsborough and Reynolds. Through Jan. 7. . . . ¶ "Howard Hodgkin: Paintings 1975-1995." Through Jan. 28. (Open Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 8:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—"Piet Mondrian: 1872-1944," a hundred and sixty paintings and drawings, and a re-creation of the artist's last studio. Through Jan. 23. . . . ¶ A small show of works from the seventies to the present by the French Conceptualist Annette Messager, who combines photographed, painted, and drawn images with found and constructed objects and text. Through Jan. 16. . . . ¶ Uta Barth, Joseph Bartscherer, Ulrich Görlich, and Eric Rondepierre have contributed new photographs and site-specific installations to "New Photography 11." Through Jan. 9. (Open Saturdays through Tuesdays, 11 to 6; Thursdays and Fridays, noon to 8:30.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—"Claes Oldenburg: An Anthology." Through Jan. 21. . . . ¶ "Joel-Peter Witkin," a mid-career retrospective of the photographer's astonishing and horrifying œuvre. Through Jan. 14. (Open Sundays through Wednesdays, 10 to 6; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 8.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—"Beat Culture and the New America: 1950-1965," a loving, ambitious tribute to the angry young men of the era that nevertheless doesn't really solve the perennial problem of literature-based exhibitions: books in glass cases have little to say to people who haven't read them. Yet there are lively paintings—doodles, really—by Kerouac and Burroughs and a family-snapshot album of the movement by Ginsberg. Anyone who was a teen-ager during those years will feel the numinous pull of the manuscript of "Howl" and of the Teletype-paper roll on which Kerouac typed "On the Road." Through Feb. 4. . . . ¶ "Robert Frank: Moving Out," a survey of the photographer's career. (See Photography.) Through Feb. 11. . . . ¶ In the lobby gallery, several box constructions and collages by Joseph Cornell are on view. Through March 10. (Open Wednesdays, and Fridays through Sundays, 11 to 6; Thursdays, 1 to 8.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—Aerial photographs of pre-Columbian ruins and other sites in Peru, by Marilyn Bridges. Through Feb. 1. (Open daily, 10 to 5:45, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 8:45.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—"A Slice of Schiaparelli: Surrealism in Fashion." Fifty examples of the stylish inspirations of Elsa Schiaparelli (1890-1973): evening gloves with reptilian scales; a day suit with metallic ladybugs, grasshoppers, and cockroaches creeping across it; a hat of celluloid grapes; and more. Through March 24. . . . ¶ Human figures rise out of root and boulder shapes in Alison Saar's sculptures "Tree Souls" and "Stone Souls." . . . ¶ "Expressionism to Neo-Expressionism: 20th-Century German Prints at the Brooklyn Museum." Through Jan. 14. (Open Wednesdays through Sundays, 10 to 5.)

American Craft Museum, 40 W. 53rd St.—"Craft in the Machine Age, 1920-1945," a host of objects—furniture, textiles, vases, turned bowls, cocktail shakers, crystal—whose creation was influenced by modernist aspects of Scandinavian, French, and Bauhaus design. Through Feb. 25. (Open Tuesdays, 10 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 10 to 5.)

Asia Society, Park Ave. at 70th St.—The second half of "Worlds Seen and Imagined," a loan exhibition of Japanese screens from the Idemitsu Museum of Arts, in Tokyo, is just as handsome as its predecessor. A screen representing the four seasons (circa 1500) links the conventional images of maple, bamboo, chrysanthemum, and plum with elegantly drifting clouds. "Whose Sleeves?," from the mid-seventeenth century, depicts a lady's boudoir, her kimonos piled up in tasteful disarray—but the lady has vanished, evoking the melancholy of a lover's absence. Through Jan. 7. (Open Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 8; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Fashion Institute of Technology, Seventh Ave. at 27th St.—"Paris Modern: The Swedish Ballet 1920-25." The Ballets Suédois was an avant-garde hothouse nourished on the contributions of de Chirico, Picabia, Cocteau, Léger, Cole Porter, René Clair, and many others. The two hundred and fifty objects here—drawings, costume and set designs, stage models, photographs, and two full-size backdrops—admirably document the company's short, fiery history. Through Jan. 13. (Open Tuesdays through Fridays, noon to 8, and Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St.—"The Butterfly and the Bat." James McNeill Whistler's exquisite portrait of the aristocratic ne'er-do-well Comte Robert de Montesquiou-Fezensac is one of the Frick's most famous holdings. This exhibition, devoted to their friendship, turns up a trunkload of trea-

THE SOCIAL REGISTER.

OUR GUEST BOOK.

PEOPLE ARE ALWAYS

GETTING THE TWO CONFUSED.

The Waldorf Towers

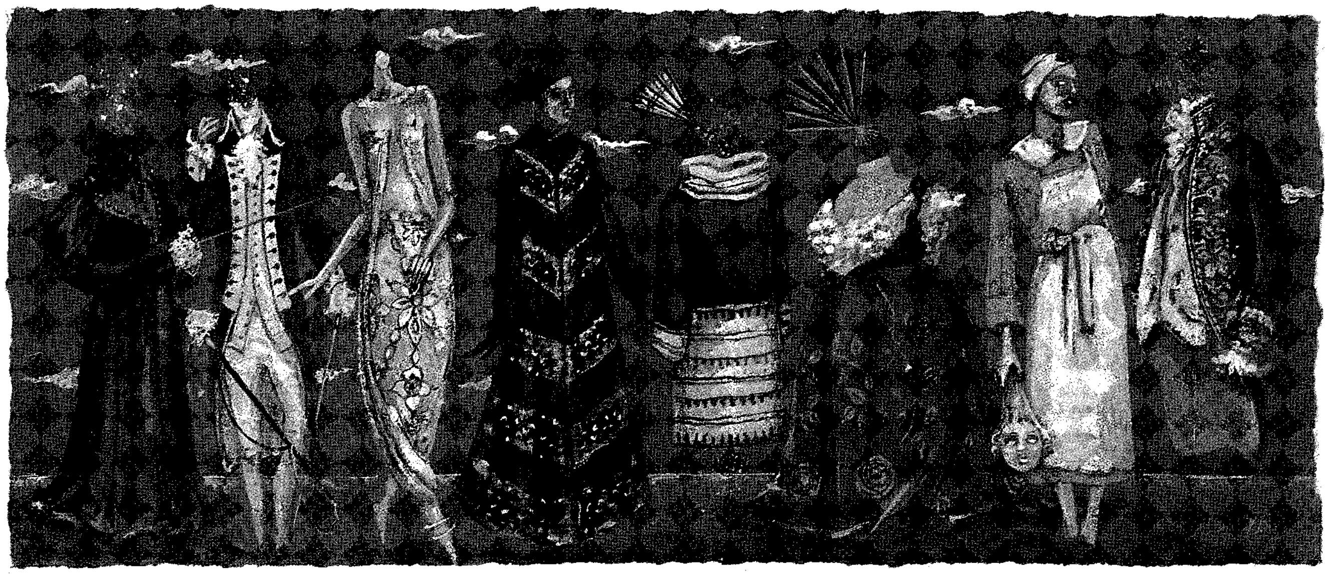
The Waldorf Towers. It offers the ideal setting for a weekend escape. From our private entrance and lobby to our beautifully appointed executive guest rooms and suites to the exclusive benefits of our Astoria Lounge, no detail is overlooked. Experience why living well is indeed the best revenge. For reservations, call your professional travel agent, or call us at 1-800-WALDORF.

$249
per room per night

The Waldorf Towers
100 East 50th Street, New York, NY 10022
A member of
The Leading Hotels of the World

Single or double occupancy. Taxes additional. Rates subject to availability and to change without notice. Valid from 1/01/96 through 4/07/96 on Friday, Saturday and Sunday nights. Thursday night requires a Saturday night stay. Not available to groups, and cannot be combined with any other promotion. The Waldorf Towers is a registered trademark of Hilton Hotels Corp. ©1996 Hilton Hotels

sures: some very amusing caricatures, by Max Beerbohm and others; a brilliantly colored abstraction by Gustave Moreau (loaned by the Musée Gustave Moreau, in Paris) that predates Kandinsky's first abstract paintings by at least four years; an indecipherable sketch of Montesquiou by Marcel Proust, which has never been exhibited before. The painter and the dandy were icons of camp long before Susan Sontag codified the term; among the oddments on display here are Whistler's calling-card case, covered with daintily embossed butterflies, and a copy of the count's chinchilla cape, by Revillon. Through Jan. 28. (Open Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)



"Uncommon Threads," at the Museum of the City of New York.

Japan Society, 333 E. 47th St.—"Refined" doesn't adequately describe the exquisite lacquerware boxes on exhibit: the word is "perfect." Dating from the sixteenth century to the late eighteenth, they depict scenes and symbols from poetry and legend, using porcelain, gold dust, and semiprecious stones to embellish the gleaming lacquered wood. On the lid of an eighteenth-century inkstone box, two porcelain birds wing above a rocky shoreline made from bits of coral, malachite, and mother-of-pearl, against the fathomless lacquered blackness of the night sky. A jaunty headrest, specially designed to accommodate a lady's elaborate hairdo, has a drawer for a little incense burner, to perfume her hair while she sleeps. The objects are lit from above, through frosted glass, which allows them to glow and smolder like the treasures they are. Through Jan. 14. (Open daily, except Mondays, 11 to 5.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—"Fantasy and Reality: Drawings from the Sunny Crawford von Bülow Collection." The forty-six pieces on view, from a small, tightly focussed collection, form a delightful sequence of little masterworks from the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, mostly by French and Italian draftsmen. Through Jan. 7. (Open Tuesdays through Fridays, 10:30 to 5; Saturdays, 10:30 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Museo del Barrio, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—"Amanaplanacanalpanama," an installation by Luis Camnitzer, includes a canal made of resin and a canal lock made of children's construction toys. Through Jan. 7. . . . ¶ "Four Corners/Cuatro Esquinas," recent oil paintings and charcoal drawings by José Morales. Through Jan. 7. (Open Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—After a visit to "Haute Couture" at the Met, stop by "Uncommon Threads: Three Hundred Years of New York Style," a display of seventy-five complete ensembles. In addition to ball gowns and Broadway costumes, there are several pieces with a distinctly democratic air: a "Rosie the Riveter" jumpsuit; a "man's day ensemble," circa 1970 (brushed-denim elephant bell-bottoms with a body-tattoo T-shirt); and the chocolate-brown uniform of James Jarrett, Jr., who served as the doorman at Henri Bendel for more than seventy years. Through Feb. 11. . . . ¶ "Growing Up in New York: The Photography of Arthur Leipzig." Black-and-white pictures, from the forties through the sixties, of children's games, East River diving, sit-ins, opening night at the opera, and more. Through March 31. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

National Academy of Design, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—"Edvard Munch and Harald Sohlberg: Landscapes of the Mind," a conspectus of the work of two turn-of-the-century Norwegian painters. Munch is represented by many of his finest canvases, including the mesmerizing "Madonna," and "Vampire," a lamplit scene of a couple kissing which virtually tingles with horror. "The Scream" is here, too, in lithograph form. Sohlberg's vision was more uplifting than harrowing; he specialized in mountain landscapes at dusk (when the arctic horizon was ablaze) and afterward. Through Jan. 21. (Open Tuesdays through Sundays, 11:30 to 5:30; Friday evenings until 8, with no admission charge after 5.)

New-York Historical Society, 2 W. 77th St., at Central Park W.—Forty maps of New York City and State, from the society's vast collection of Western Hemisphere cartography. Through Jan. 21. . . . ¶ "Clement Clarke Moore of Chelsea and 'A Visit from St. Nicholas.'" The handwritten original, from 1822, is on display along with various illustrated editions and other materials relating to the author and his environs. Through Feb. 4. . . . ¶ An exhibition of posters and photographs from the Second World War. Through Feb. 11. (Open Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5, and Wednesday evenings until 8.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—"Flights of Fancy," thirteen drawings by Charles Addams, most of which appeared in these pages. . . . ¶ Part two of "The Collecting Adventure, 1895-1995" examines the way the library has preserved sacred texts, original manuscripts, and early printed books. Through Feb. 3. (Open Mondays, and Thursdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Tuesdays and Wednesdays, 11 to 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays, from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

Frank Stella—Dizzying, garishly colored medallions painted on molded paper, and fantastically complex screen prints, in as many as ninety-seven colors. They represent the outer limit of technical facility and imaginative sterility. Through Jan. 6. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

E. Ambrose Webster (1869-1935)—American Impressionist paintings of rocky Azores seascapes and scenes of New England in winter. The compositions are closely patterned on Monet, but the palette is unlike anything in French painting: not reds and blues but shrieking cerise, magenta, and puce. Through Jan. 20. (Babcock, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

"Exploring the Unknown"—The title of this well-chosen survey of American surrealism refers as much to the artists as to their murky Freudian subject matter. Some big names are deployed—there's a marvellous Cornell box and manifestly Miró-inspired watercolors by Rothko and Pollock—but the real interest is in the competent hacks who put an American spin on a European idiom. "Eclipse," by Charles Rain (1911-85), is delightfully dated: classical statues and a spooky iron gate tilt in a swirling mist, looking like a Hollywood dream sequence. A smaller room is devoted to the Tanguyesque visions of Boris Margo (1902-95). Through Jan. 27. (Rosenfeld, 24 W. 57th St.)

"Film Posters of the Russian Avant-Garde"—Rodchenko's poster for "Battleship Potemkin" is the jewel of this lot, which also includes work by Vladimir and Georgi Stenberg, Nikolai Prusakov, Grigory Borisov, and Anatoly Belskii. Through Jan. 20. (Ubu, 16 E. 78th St.)

"Streamlined"—This exhibition of Precisionist art in America between the world wars, well curated as it is, shows just how dull American painting was during the period: the pale, painstaking imitations of the exciting work that was being produced in Europe have little to say beyond their generalized and rather didactic love of Progress. Edward C. Tiffin's celebratory "Building a Skyscraper" (circa 1938) now looks hopelessly stodgy; Theodore Roszak's fussy little De Stijl-like constructions have the earnest air of homework assignments. The best pieces are the looming architectural studies by Boutet de Monvel, who was better known as a society portraitist. Through Jan. 6. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 70th St.)

YAN BASELY

GROUP SHOW—Small-scale paintings, drawings, sculptures, and photographs by a large group of artists, including Vincent La Scala, James Rosenquist, Deborah Kass, Sandro Chia, Joseph Beuys, Rocky Schenck, and Philip Taaffe. Through Jan. 20. (Baumgold, 128 E. 72nd St.)

SHORT LIST—**JAMES BARSNESS,** Adams, 50 W. 57th St. Through Jan. 13. . . . **BRUCE HELANDER,** Marisa del Re, 41 E. 57th St. Through Jan. 20. . . . **LEE KRASNER,** McCoy, 41 E. 57th St. Through Jan. 27. . . . **JULES OLITSKY** and **HANS HOFMANN,** Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Through Jan. 6 and Jan. 20, respectively. . . . **ROBERT RYMAN** and **ANTONI TÀPIES,** Pace Wildenstein, 32 E. 57th St. Through Jan. 13.

GALLERIES—DOWNTOWN

JO BAER—Sixties and early-seventies paintings by a second-string minimalist: accomplished, correct, and dourly elegant, but also rather boring—they lack the punch of contemporaneous work by Agnes Martin, Robert Mangold, and Brice Marden. Through Jan. 13. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

FRANCESCO CLEMENTE—A selection of oil paintings and works on paper from the eighties, by the leading Italian exponent of neo-expressionism. The images are unfailingly lovely, regardless of their outré subject matter (polymorphous sexuality, decapitation, vomiting, etc.). Through Jan. 27. (Blum, 99 Wooster St.)

CHUCK CLOSE—New large-scale color and grisaille portraits of the artist and his friends (Roy Lichtenstein and Dorothea Rockburne, among others). The images, composed of a multitude of blobby cells, teeter uneasily between recognizable likenesses and hideous distortions: strong, if by now rather familiar, work. Through Jan. 6. (Pace Wildenstein, 142 Greene St.)

TOM SACHS—"Cultural Prosthetics," an extravagantly weird mixed-medium installation by a young artist with a keen eye for sexy menace. Fashion and firearms are the leitmotivs. The exhibition's highlight: vitrines containing the artist's handmade, fully functional guns. Quentin Tarantino comes to the art world. Through Jan. 14. (Morris Healy, 530 W. 22nd St. Open Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 6.)

FRED WILSON—"Collectibles," an installation of sculptures and photographs of figurines that caricature black stereotypes. Once commonplace, these ceramics have become sought-after kitsch objects (Andy Warhol cherished his large collection of mammy cookie jars). The antiracist gist of this show is all too obvious; more interesting is the way Wilson's strategies and styles parody, perhaps unwittingly, those of other Metro artists, such as Cindy Sherman, Laurie Simmons, and Louise Lawler. Through Jan. 6. (Metro Pictures, 150 Greene St.)

"BEYOND ARS MEDICA"—A delicious show of anatomical artifacts, medical instruments, bones, and other pathological stuff from the Mütter Museum, at Philadelphia's College of Physicians. Also on view are photographs of the collection by contemporary photographers, among them Shelby Lee Adams, Gwen Akin and Allan Ludwig, and Joel-Peter Witkin. Through Jan. 11. (Thread Waxing Space, 476 Broadway.)

"A CHILD'S WORLD"—Paintings, sculptures, and photographs by Vincent Desiderio, Sally Mann, David Levinthal, Maxine Hayt, Susan Bee, and others. Through Jan. 13. (Arstark, 568 Broadway.)

"SILHOUETTES"—Color photograms from Adam Fuss, pinhole photographs from Christopher Bucklow, and drawings by Elliott Puckette. Through Jan. 6. (Kasmin, 74 Grand St.)

SHORT LIST—**MARINA ABRAMOVIC,** Sean Kelly, 43 Mercer St. Through Jan. 13. . . . **LUTZ BACHER,** Hearn, 530 W. 22nd St. Open Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 6; through Jan. 28. . . . **MARY CORSE,** Ace, 275 Hudson St. Opens at 1; through Jan. 27. . . . **TAMARA DE LEMPICKA,** Westwood, 578 Broadway. Through Jan. 13. . . . **JEREMY DICKINSON,** Bonakdar, 130 Prince St. Through Jan. 6. . . . **GEORGE HERMS,** Shafrazi, 119 Wooster St. Through Jan. 27. . . . **JACQUELINE HUMPHRIES,** Greene Naftali, 526 W. 26th St. Open Wednesdays through

The key to security.

This 19th century key is a Prussian masterpiece combining gold and silver inlays. Today's investors find their key to success in the perfect combination of security, performance and risk control, qualities which Swiss Bank Corporation is known for worldwide.

You're doubly secure knowing that you'll be dealing consistently with the same individual—*your* private banker, attentive to *your* goals—who's backed by a global network of on-site analysts in the world's major financial markets.

For more information, in New York City, call Raymond Simon, (212) 574-3374. In San Francisco, call Peter Haeberlin, (415) 774-3324. In Los Angeles, call Richard Schaefer, (213) 625-1926. In Miami, call Daniel Stirnimann, (305) 536-8800.

Swiss Bank Corporation

Your key private bankers.

New York Los Angeles Miami San Francisco Zurich Geneva Basel

Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6; through Jan. 14. . . . **BRICE MARDEN**, Marks, 522 W. 22nd St. Open Thursdays through Sundays, noon to 6; through Jan. 14. . . . **MALCOLM MORLEY**, Klein, 40 Wooster St. Through Jan. 6. . . . **MARTIN SILVERMAN** and **KEVIN WOLFF**, Feature, 76 Greene St. Through Jan. 6.

OTHER VENUES

"SERENISSIMA: THE ARTS OF FASHION IN VENICE"—A survey that covers the thirteenth century through the eighteenth, including dresses, suits, shoes, gloves, veils, masks, and textiles. Through Jan. 20. (Equitable, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. Open Mondays; opens at noon on Saturdays.)

"ART, DESIGN, AND BARBIE: THE EVOLUTION OF A CULTURAL ICON"—The überdoll gets a valise's worth of makeovers here, from the likes of John Baldessari, Zaha Hadid, Kenny Scharf, Robert A. M. Stern, and Andy Warhol. Through Feb. 10. (Liberty Street Gallery, 225 Liberty St., at West St., Battery Park City. Opens Saturdays and Sundays at noon. For more information, call 945-0505.)

AUCTIONS AND ANTIQUES

SOTHEBY'S—A sale of a hundred and fifty pieces, mostly European Renaissance and Baroque works, from the defunct Blumka Gallery. (York Ave. at 72nd St. 606-7000. Jan. 9-10.)

WILLIAM DOYLE—One in an ongoing series of "treasure auctions" of low-end collectibles, some so low-end that the auctioneer begs attendees to haul them away for free. (175 E. 87th St. 427-2730. Jan. 8 at 10 A.M.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Song of Himself

"Moving Out," the survey of Robert Frank's career at the Whitney (through February 11), overflows with assertions of the photographer's visual poetry. Wall texts and catalogue essays supply quotations from Frank about vision and song and hope and despair. It's curious, then, that the show underplays "The Americans" (1958), his chief poetic composition; fewer than forty selections are on view—plainly, even pallidly, installed. The effect is akin to truncating "Leaves of Grass": the heart of the show is a letdown.

But the rest of the work comes out from under the shadow of "The Americans." Frank's early pictures are concise, with deep gray and black tones and a few telling silver highlights: elegant, muted harbingers of the future. More important is the airing of his output from the seventies on—severe autobiographical work steeped in ideas about memory and change. The pictures are composed of several images with text and collaged elements. Painful elegies to the photographer's daughter (who died in 1974, at twenty, in a plane crash) were a longtime obsession; three moving examples are included. Two panoramic coastal landscapes, made on his 1971 move to Mabou Mines, Nova Scotia, are brisk, clear eyed, and happy.

Frank's later photographs are uneven. Much of his eighties work bears out the idea that introspection isn't perception—pain does not always equal meaning. But the last half of the show puts the artist squarely where he wants to be: while he is moving out, as the title has it, to new territory, he has also turned around to survey his wake, to recompose his poetry and his life.

•

CRAIG BARBER / MARSHALL—The photographer, who fought in Vietnam, recently revisited that country, and the results are platinum-print landscapes presented in wide-format diptychs. While Barber was often surrounded by people, the pictures appear eerily unpopulated, since his pinhole-camera exposure times were upward of thirty minutes. / Deep Vandyke-brown photographs of collaged elements meant to evoke Africa: tribal fabrics, grass huts, ceremonial masks. Through Jan. 7. (Rice, 325 W. 11th St. Open Thursdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

JOHN COPLANS—"Self Portrait: Frieze," a series of oversized nude torsos (the artist, as always) in groups of two, three, and four, which runs in a loose band around the gallery walls. Through Jan. 13. (Rosen, 130 Prince St.)

ANDREAS FEININGER—Urban and industrial landscapes, closeups of seashells and plants, and portraits, by the former *Life* photographer. Through Jan. 6. (Benrubi, 52 E. 76th St.)

GERALD SLOTA—Dark, blurred photographs, most containing more than one image (little girls' faces, say, or the shadows of hands which look like guns), with drawings scratched into their surfaces. Enigmatic and disturbing. Through Jan. 20. (Ricco/Maresca, 152 Wooster St.)

"FRIDA UNMASKED"—Portraits of the Mexican painter Frida Kahlo, taken by family members, close friends, and lovers, including Lola and Manuel Alvarez Bravo, Nickolas Muray, and Diego Rivera. Through Jan. 13. (Throckmorton, 153 E. 61st St.)

"KISSING"—More than seventy photographs of wondrous osculation, by such artists as Julia Margaret Cameron, André Kertész, George Hurrell, Ernst Haas, Nan Goldin, Danny Lyon, and Weegee. Through Jan. 6. (Richardson, 560 Broadway.)

"NEW YORK STORIES"—Less familiar views of our metropolis, from the forties through the seventies, by Fritz Neugass, Fred Stein, Marvin Newman, David Attie, Simpson Kalisher, and Donald Blumberg. Through Jan. 13. (Danziger, 130 Prince St.)

"SHOOTING THE MOON"—Lunar photography from 1850 to 1994, including glass plates, stereographs, daguerreotypes, and NASA images. Through Jan. 13. (Saul, 560 Broadway.)

INTERNATIONAL CENTER OF PHOTOGRAPHY, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St.—"Feeling the Spirit: Searching the World for the People of Africa," twenty years of photographs by *Times* staff photographer Chester Higgins, Jr. Through Jan. 7. (Open daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 8.)

INTERNATIONAL CENTER OF PHOTOGRAPHY MIDTOWN, Sixth Ave. at 43rd St.—"Eve Arnold: In Retrospect," black-and-white and color images from the photojournalist's forty-year career: politicians, diplomats, movie stars, religious leaders, artists, and musicians. Through Feb. 11. . . . ¶ "Country Beside Itself," Lars Tunbjörk's colorful, idiosyncratic exploration of Sweden's changing commercial and leisure pursuits. Through Feb. 11. (Open daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 8.)

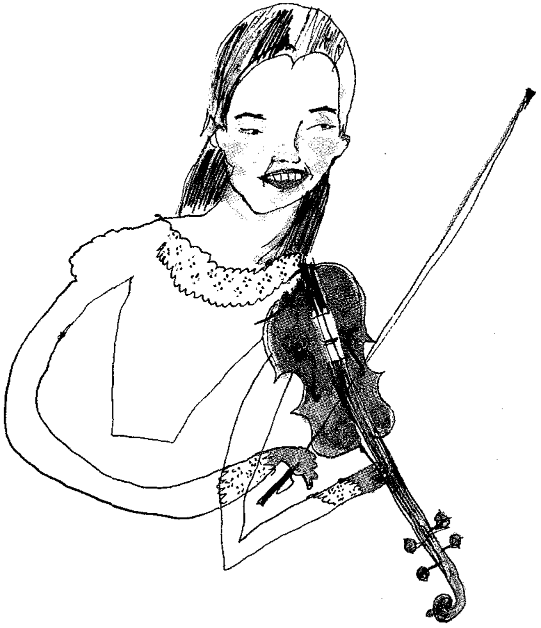
SHORT LIST—**RUDY BURCKHARDT**, De Nagy, 41 W. 57th St. Through Jan. 27. . . . **KEITH CARTER**, Witkin, 415 West Broadway. Through Jan. 20. . . . **JOHN DUGDALE**, Wessel O'Connor, 60 Thomas St. Opens at noon; through Jan. 20. . . . **ELLIOTT ERWITT**, Houk Friedman, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St. Through Jan. 6. . . . **OSAMU KANEMURA**, Yoshii, 20 W. 57th St. Through Jan. 13. . . . **MICHIKO KON**, Mann, 42 E. 76th St. Through March 2. . . . **EL LISSITZKY**, Schickler, 52 E. 76th St. Through Jan. 13. . . . **CONSTANTINE MANOS**, Leica, 670 Broadway. Opens Saturdays at noon; through Jan. 17.

(See the museum listings for photography exhibitions at the Metropolitan Museum, the Museum of Modern Art, the Guggenheim Museum, the American Museum of Natural History, and the Museum of the City of New York.)

CLASSICAL MUSIC

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—**LA BOHÈME**, with Barbara Frittoli, Patricia Racette, Marcello Giordani, and Dwayne Croft; conducted by Carlo Rizzi. (Jan. 3 at 8 and Jan. 6 at 1:30.) . . . With Mary Mills, Ms. Racette, Vladimir Grishko, and Haijing Fu; Mr. Rizzi. (Jan. 9 at 8.) . . . **DIE FLEDERMAUS**, with Cynthia Lawrence, Janet Williams, Jochen Kowalski, Neil Rosenshein, Thomas Allen, and Dom DeLuise; Hermann Michael. (Jan. 4 at 8.) . . . With Ms. Lawrence, Ms. Williams, Joyce Castle, Jon Garrison, Mr. Allen, and Mr. DeLuise; Mr. Michael. (Jan. 6 at 8.) . . . **THE MAKROPULOS CASE**, by Janáček, in the opening performances of a new production, with Jessye Norman, Graham Clark, Håkan Hagegård, and Donald McIntyre; David Robertson. In English. (Jan. 5 and Jan. 8 at 8.) (Metropolitan Opera House. 362-6000.)



Sarah Chang, performing with the New York Philharmonic.

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—Leonard Slatkin conducts the première of Richard Danielpour's "Toward the Splendid City," Lalo's "Symphonie Espagnole" (featuring violinist Sarah Chang), and Vaughan Williams's "Job: A Masque for Dancing." (Avery Fisher Hall. 875-5030. Jan. 4-6 at 8 and Jan. 9 at 7:30.)

EYES TO THE FUTURE—Jan. 6 at 2: A New York Philharmonic Young People's Concert, with Leonard Slatkin conducting Chabrier's "España," the Suite No. 2 from de Falla's "Three-Cornered Hat," and portions of Lalo's "Symphonie Espagnole" (with Sarah Chang). (Avery Fisher Hall. 875-5030.) . . . ¶ Jan. 7 at 2 and 4: The Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center and the Metropolitan Opera Guild offer "Captain Tempo's Fourth Dimension Journey," a fifty-minute classical-music sci-fi adventure. (Alice Tully Hall. 875-5050.)

MUSIC BEFORE 1800 PRODUCTIONS—Music Before 1800 is now in its twenty-first year of presenting the world's notable early-music groups to New York audiences. Every season, the organization allocates at least one spot in its schedule to a production of its own. In this concert, Louise Basbas directs the ensemble in Italian Baroque sacred music, including Monteverdi's six-voiced Magnificat and Domenico Scarlatti's Stabat Mater. (Corpus Christi Church, 529 W. 121st St. 666-9266. Jan. 7 at 4.)

LIZZIE HOLLEY

Jupiter Symphony—Violinist Paul Rosenthal is the soloist in Vieuxtemps' "Fantasia Appassionata," and Leonid Hambro is featured in Chopin's Piano Concerto No. 1. Jens Nygaard conducts. (Good Shepherd Presbyterian Church, 152 W. 66th St. Jan. 8 at 2 and 7 and Jan. 9 at 8. For information about tickets, call 799-1259.)

Clarion Concerts—The current season of Clarion Concerts, which Newell Jenkins founded in 1956 as a forum for little-known music, includes two violin concertos by Giovanni-Battista Sammartini, both of which were composed in the seventeen-sixties and languished until recently in an archive in Wolfenbüttel, Germany. In this program, Linda Quan will be the soloist in his Concerto in B-Flat Major, which shares the bill with works by Gaetano Brunetti, Mozart (vocal works featuring soprano Sharon Baker), and Haydn (his Symphony No. 81). Mr. Jenkins conducts. (Kaye Playhouse, Hunter College, Park Ave. at 68th St. 772-4448. Jan. 8 at 8.)

RECITALS

Bargemusic—Cellist James Kreger and pianist James Winn perform Busoni's "Kleine Suite" (Op. 23); Rolf Schulte joins Mr. Winn for Busoni's Violin Sonata (Op. 36a); and all three play Beethoven's Trios in B-Flat Major (WoO 39) and D Major (Op. 70, No. 1). (Fulton Ferry Landing, Brooklyn. 1-718 624-4061. Jan. 4 at 7:30 and Jan. 7 at 4.)

Romanian Art Songs—This season, the Lincoln Center Library is presenting more than a dozen programs that focus on the performing arts of Romania and on the distinctive personalities of the nation's creative artists. This recital of music by Georges Enescu, Nicolae Bretan, Tiberiu Brediceanu, Mihail Jora, Theodor Rogalski, and Pascal Bentoiu features soprano Michaela Gurevitch, mezzo-soprano Stephanie Houtzel, and baritones Bejun Mehta and Leon Williams, assisted by pianist Cristina Stanescu. (Bruno Walter Auditorium, New York Public Library for the Performing Arts, Lincoln Center. Jan. 6 at 3. No tickets necessary.)

Considering Beethoven—On Jan. 6 at 4:30, three academics (Robert Martin, Scott Burnham, and Richard Kramer) and the jack-of-all-musical-trades Lukas Foss will ponder Beethoven's creative process. At 7, Mr. Foss will perform as pianist in the "Archduke" Trio, in a concert that also includes Beethoven's F-Major Quartet (Op. 18, No. 1). (Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 570-3949. A single ticket provides entry to both events.)

Recalling Chaliapin—By all accounts, the bass voice of Feodor Chaliapin (1873-1938) far transcended the usual limitations of the human instrument. "To describe how Fedya sang is impossible," Rachmaninoff said of his friend. "He sang the way Tolstoy wrote." Largely self-taught, he rose from peasant beginnings to become a Soviet People's Artist—an honor that was rescinded when he emigrated to Paris, in 1922. The bitter obituary in *Izvestia*—"Having lost contact with his native soil, he failed to create a single new character on the stage during his stay abroad. . . . He left nothing behind him after his death"—has been proved dead wrong: nearly sixty years later, his reputation remains undiminished. It will be celebrated in a concert that includes performances by such luminaries as the mezzo-soprano Irina Arckhipova (essentially retired from the stage, but expected to sing all the same) and the bass Paata Burchuladze, in addition to several Slavic singers of regional renown. (Carnegie Hall. 247-7800. Jan. 6 at 8.)

Hermann Prey—Baritone, in an all-Loewe recital; with pianist Michael Endres. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 996-1100. Jan. 6 at 8.)

Ensemble for Early Music—Performing medieval and Renaissance carols and instrumental dances. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. 662-2133. Jan. 6 at 8 and Jan. 7 at 3.)

"Sundays on the Island"—Harpsichordist Rina Dokshitsky performs partitas and suites by Bach, and classical guitarist Kevin Gallagher plays selections by Bach and Manuel Ponce. (Le Refuge Inn, 620 City Island Ave., City Island, the Bronx. 1-718 885-2478. Jan. 7 at noon.)

John Kramar—Baritone, in his New York début recital, performing songs by Purcell, Schubert, Chausson, Roger Quilter, Alva Henderson, and John Duke; with pianist John Keene. (Weill Recital Hall, at Carnegie Hall. 247-7800. Jan. 7 at 2.)

Evangeline Benedetti—The cellist, a member of the Philharmonic since 1967, moves to center stage for a recital consisting of three works that stress fugal writing: Bach's Unaccompanied Suite in C Minor, Beethoven's D-Major Sonata (Op. 102, No. 2), and Brahms's Sonata No. 1. Pianist David Korevaar assists. (West End Collegiate Church, West End Ave. at 74th St. Jan. 7 at 4. No tickets necessary.)

"Stray Dogs"—This concert's title refers to the St. Petersburg café where Russia's turn-of-the-century aesthetes flocked to hear Anna Akhmatova recite her poetry. Akhmatova settings by Prokofiev, Deborah Drattell, and Oded Zehavi stand at the core of the program, which also features Shostakovich's Suite for Voice and Piano (to poems by Marina Tsvetaeva). The roster of performers includes soprano Lauren Flanigan, mezzo-soprano Laura Tucker, tenor Thomas Young, pianist William Lewis, and percussionist Karen Phepimon. (Greenwich House Music School, 46 Barrow St. 242-4770. Jan. 7 at 5.)

Ariel Shamai and Tatiana Goncharova—Violinist and pianist, in sonatas by Fauré and Beethoven, as well as Wieniawski's "Polonaise Brillante." (Hotel Wales, Madison Ave. at 92nd St. Jan. 7 at 6 and 8. No tickets necessary.)

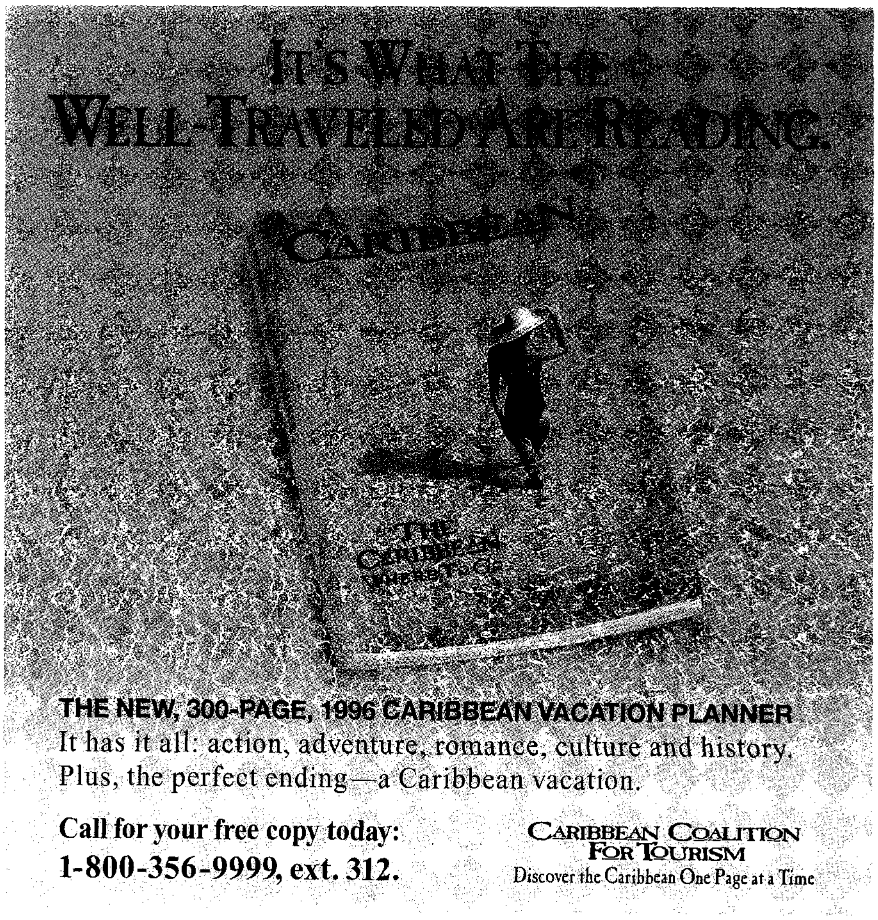
Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—In the opening event of a weeklong Beethoven mini-festival, cellist Gary Hoffman and pianist David Golub perform the composer's five cello-and-piano sonatas. (Alice Tully Hall. 875-5050. Jan. 9 at 7:30.)

ABOVE AND BEYOND

Triple Play—During the holiday scheduling lull that splits the high-school basketball season, the teams stay sharp in exhibition games. At one such showcase this Sunday, three top city squads face their New Jersey counterparts. The games don't count in the high-school-league standings, but you can't tell that from the intensity of the confrontations. At last year's event, Shaheen Halloway, the junior point guard for St. Patrick High School, in Elizabeth, New Jersey, slipped a crossover dribble past Stephon Marbury, a senior at Lincoln High, which made Marbury—then the country's most sought-after recruit—fall squarely on his shorts. The shot missed and Lincoln won, but it scarcely mattered: what the crowd came away talking about was Halloway's deception. In the first of three games this year, St. Patrick and the elusive Halloway face Holy Cross High and its jump-shooting star, Willie Dersch. Watch closely. (Madison Square Garden. 465-6741. Jan. 7; games at 11, 1, and 3.)

Readings—Jan. 3 at 6:30: Poet Samuel Menashe reads from his work. (Jefferson Market Regional Library, Sixth Ave. at 10th St. No tickets necessary.) . . . ¶ Jan. 8 at 7:30: Actress Elzbietza Czyzewska and Columbia University professor Anna Frajlich read the poetry of Wislawa Szymborska, a native of Kraków, in Polish and in English translation. (Manhattan Theatre Club, at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 645-5590, ext. 198.)

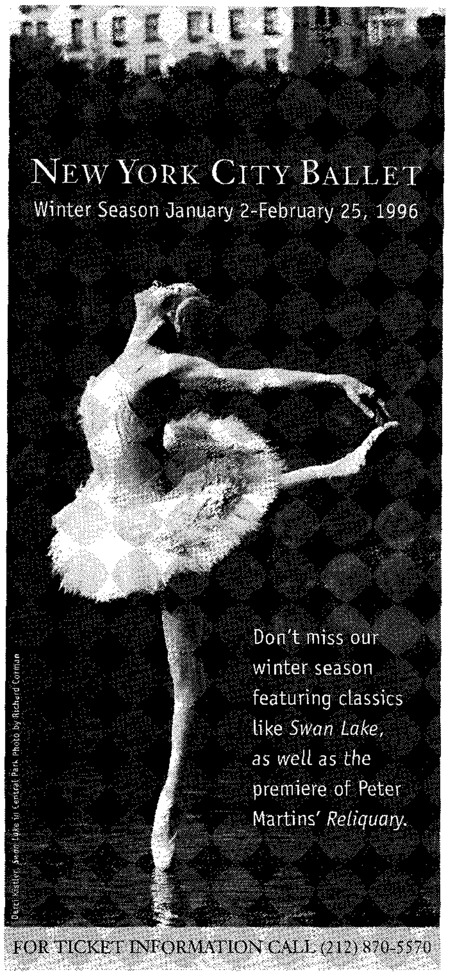
Talks—Jan. 3 at 12:30: Marvin D. Schwartz, of the Metropolitan Museum, compares slides of canvases currently thought to be by Rembrandt with works that are no longer attributed to him. (Donnell Library, 20 W. 53rd St. No tickets necessary.) . . . ¶ Jan. 8 at 6: Frank Rich, former theatre critic for the *Times*, interviews playwright and screenwriter Horton Foote. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 996-1100.)



THE NEW, 300-PAGE, 1996 CARIBBEAN VACATION PLANNER
It has it all: action, adventure, romance, culture and history.
Plus, the perfect ending—a Caribbean vacation.

Call for your free copy today:
1-800-356-9999, ext. 312.

CARIBBEAN COALITION
FOR TOURISM
Discover the Caribbean One Page at a Time


NEW YORK CITY BALLET
Winter Season January 2-February 25, 1996
Don't miss our winter season featuring classics like *Swan Lake*, as well as the premiere of Peter Martins' *Reliquary*.
Darci Kistler, Swan Lake in Central Park. Photo by Richard Corman
FOR TICKET INFORMATION CALL (212) 870-5570

LEONARD BERNSTEIN'S
YOUNG PEOPLE'S CONCERTS
with the NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC

EXCLUSIVE HOME VIDEO OFFER!

At last, the most exciting musical experiences of the century are available on home video. The YOUNG PEOPLE'S CONCERTS — thrilling concerts with commentary for music lovers of *all ages*. Order *What Is Classical Music?* (#8002A) on VHS for only $19.95 (plus $4.95 S&H). Hear, enjoy and *understand* masterpieces by Beethoven, Mozart, Bach, Handel and Haydn. See Leonard Bernstein bring great music to life with wit, charm and passion. This is a richly rewarding experience for everyone who loves music. You'll also receive a FREE illustrated companion guide.

BONUS OFFER!

Order the YOUNG PEOPLE'S CONCERTS Sampler Set (#8003X) — six specially selected programs on three VHS videocassettes: • *What Is Classical Music?* • *What Does Music Mean?* • *What Is Sonata Form?* • *What Makes Music Symphonic?* • *The Sound of an Orchestra* • *What Is a Melody?* All for just $89.95 (plus $7.95 S&H). Includes FREE illustrated guide plus a FREE VIDEO: Bernstein on *Teachers & Teaching* ($25 value).

Call **1-800-514-0011**
or mail orders and checks payable to:
THE LEONARD BERNSTEIN SOCIETY
P. O. Box 3930 (Dept. 0011)
Milford, CT 06460
(All orders add S&H + NY/CT sales tax if applicable)

THE MOVIES

FILMS OPENING THIS WEEK

Delta of Venus—In 1939, a young American writer (Audie England) moves to Paris, where she turns out erotic stories and falls in love with a novelist (Costas Mandylor). Directed by Zalman King. Written by Elisa Rothstein and Patricia Louisianna Knop, based on writings by Anaïs Nin. Opening January 5. (Cinema Village.)

Nico Icon—A documentary written and directed by Susanne Ofteringer, about the late singer and actress Nico, best known for her association with Andy Warhol's Velvet Underground. Opening January 3. (Film Forum.)

CURRENT FILMS

(The signed notes are by Bruce Diones, Sarah Kerr, Anthony Lane, and Terrence Rafferty. If a movie has been reviewed in The Current Cinema, the date of its review is given. Theatre information is listed on page 20.)

Ace Ventura: When Nature Calls—On paper, Jim Carrey's latest smash is just a bunch of strung-together set pieces that make the writing on last season's "Saturday Night Live" look hilarious. But like Jerry Lewis and, to a degree, Steve Martin, Carrey can make the idiotic seem inspired, and his manic mugging creates some big laughs.—B.D. (Movieland 8th Street Triplex.)

Across the Sea of Time—The latest Sony Imax adventure follows a little Russian stowaway (Peter Reznik) through New York. Maybe it's because the technology is so new and still so awesome that it makes people seem like specks; whatever the reason, the city looks strangely tense and lonely. Directed by Stephen Low.—S.K. (Lincoln Square.)

The American President—In Rob Reiner's romantic comedy, the Chief Executive (Michael Douglas) is a widower—a lonely guy in the White House. The script, by Aaron Sorkin, wastes no time setting him up with a nice girl (Annette Bening), who is lobbying him for tougher environmental laws. This dopey premise creates enough crises to keep the lovers from achieving their destined bliss until an hour and fifty minutes has passed; but if contrivance this monumental is what it takes to put over an "old-fashioned" romantic comedy these days, the genre is in big trouble. The picture benefits from hilarious bits by some of the supporting players—notably David Paymer, Richard Dreyfuss, and Michael J. Fox. It's a shame that the movie whose coattails these wonderful actors are attached to is such an empty suit.—T.R. (11/20/95) (Village Theatre VII, 19th Street East 6, 34th St. East, Baronet, Orpheum VII, Lincoln Square, and Criterion Center.)

Balto—An animated adventure about the sled dogs who delivered medicine to Alaskan children during a 1925 diphtheria epidemic; their feat was the precursor of the Iditarod cross-country dogsled race. With the voices of Kevin Bacon, Bridget Fonda, and Phil Collins. (First & 62nd Cinemas, Orpheum VII, Waverly, Chelsea Cinemas, and Lincoln Square.)

Carrington—The life and loves of the Bloomsbury painter Dora Carrington, as recreated by writer-director Christopher Hampton. She was an average artist with a first-class libido. Emma Thompson's Carrington looks mournful and besieged (as well she might), and Hampton allows the period detail and lazy pacing to muffle his natural Wildean gift for good lines. Jonathan Pryce (in a beard like a bramble hedge) rescues the movie as Lytton Strachey, who was Carrington's long-term love rather than short-order lover. Strachey's manner was all effeteness, but thanks to Pryce you sense the steeliness of purpose behind it. If only Hampton's movie could boast the same.—A.L. (11/27/95) (Quad Cinema and Angelika 57.)

Casino—Martin Scorsese's movie about Las Vegas in the seventies and early eighties clocks in at close to three hours, and the epic running time is absurdly disproportionate to the stature of the main characters: a mob-connected casino manager (Robert De Niro); his wife (Sharon Stone), a former hustler; and a vicious gangster (Joe Pesci). Scorsese certainly hasn't forgotten how to make a movie; what he appears to have forgotten is why.—T.R. (12/4/95) (Waverly, Chelsea Cinemas, Ziegfeld, and Lincoln Square.)

The City of Lost Children—A dark fantasy written and directed by Jean-Pierre Jeunet and Marc Caro ("Delicatessen"), in which a mad scientist (Daniel Emilfork) kidnaps children in order to steal their dreams. With Ron Perlman. In French. (Angelika Film Center and Carnegie Hall Cinemas.)

The Convent—Manoel de Oliveira directs John Malkovich and Catherine Deneuve in a drama about a professor who visits a Portuguese monastery with his wife in order to study Shakespeare's origins. Written by the director. In English, French, and Portuguese. (Quad Cinema.)

The Crossing Guard—Writer-director Sean Penn's story of a grief-stricken man (Jack Nicholson) bent on killing the drunk driver (David Morse) who ran down his daughter is brooding, contemplative, and rather colorless. Nicholson and Anjelica Huston, who plays his ex-wife, give performances that lift the film, here and there, above its earnestness; and Penn shapes the scenes of Nicholson drowning his sorrows in strip clubs with a sad, gritty lewdness. But ultimately all that melancholy stifles the characters.—B.D. (Carnegie Hall Cinemas.)

Cry, the Beloved Country—James Earl Jones and Richard Harris star in Ronald Harwood's adaptation of Alan Paton's 1948 novel, which centers on two bereaved fathers, one black and one white, in South Africa. Darrell James Roodt is the director. (Village East Cinemas, Eastside Playhouse, and Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

Cutthroat Island—Geena Davis plays a pirate's daughter in search of her late father's lost treasure, in an adventure directed by Renny Harlin. With Matthew Modine and Frank Langella. (19th Street East 6, 34th Street Showplace, First & 62nd Cinemas, Art Greenwich Twin, 84th Street Sixplex, and Criterion Center.)

Dead Man Walking—Susan Sarandon is a nun and Sean Penn the convicted murderer she tries to save, in a drama written and directed by Tim Robbins. (Reviewed this week in The Current Cinema.) (Village Theatre VII and Lincoln Square.)

Dracula: Dead and Loving It—Leslie Nielsen as a vampire, in a new Mel Brooks comedy. (Village East Cinemas, 19th Street East 6, First & 62nd Cinemas, Orpheum VII, 84th Street Triplex, and Embassy 2.)

Father of the Bride Part II—A remake of "Father's Little Dividend" (1951), in which Dad (Steve Martin) struggles to deal with the simultaneous pregnancies of Mom (Diane Keaton) and their happily married daughter (Kimberly Williams). Aside from Keaton, who is warm and subtly hilarious, the most compelling players are table settings, floral arrangements, and Dad's sleek black convertible. With Martin Short as a fey party consultant. Written by Nancy Meyers and Charles Shyer; directed by Shyer.—S.K. (Village East Cinemas, 19th Street East 6, Sutton, 86th Street East Twin, 84th Street Sixplex, and Embassy 1.)

Four Rooms—One movie from four writer-directors—Allison Anders, Alexandre Rockwell, Robert Rodriguez, and Quentin Tarantino—whose individual segments share only a setting (a Los Angeles hotel on New Year's Eve) and an actor (Tim Roth as an overworked bellhop). The cast also includes Antonio Banderas, Jennifer Beals, Marisa Tomei, and Madonna. (Angelika Film Center, Gemini, 84th Street Sixplex, and Embassy 3.)

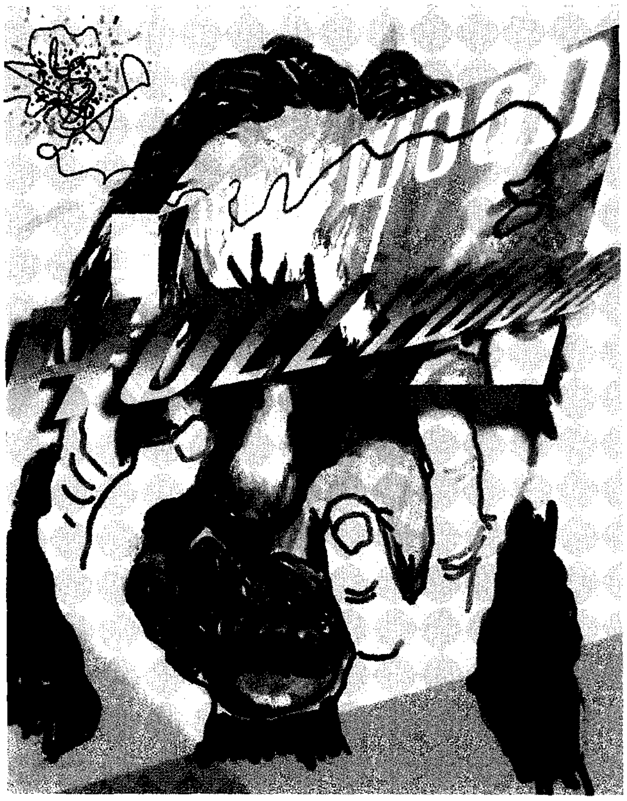
Georgia—The definition of "downer." Mare Winningham and Jennifer Jason Leigh star as a pair of sisters; one sings, the other doesn't, although both try to make a living from their voices. Leigh displays her habitual skills but no longer seems to take any pleasure in them—her banshee wail turns every song into mild torture. The film, which was directed by Ulu Grosbard, has plenty of integrity and gallons of rain.—A.L. (12/11/95) (Angelika Film Center and Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

Get Shorty—John Travolta plays Chili Palmer, a small-time Miami loan shark who winds up in Hollywood, where he discovers his true métier and fulfills his destiny: he becomes a movie producer. Scott Frank's screenplay is based on an Elmore Leonard novel. The director, Barry Sonnenfeld, doesn't have the dexterity to trap the story's tiny, quick ironies; he works too strenuously for laughs. But Travolta's no-sweat acting—which deftly captures the dry comic tone of Leonard's prose—keeps the movie watchable. Also with Rene Russo, Gene Hackman, Danny DeVito, Delroy Lindo, and Dennis Farina.—T.R. (10/23/95) (Movieland 8th Street Triplex and 59th Street East Cinema.)

GoldenEye—Pierce Brosnan assumes the mantle of 007; Bond's boss, M (Judi Dench), accuses him of being a sexist dinosaur, while his latest love, Natalya (Izabella Scorupco), has to stroll along in a white bikini under a vulgar sunset. (Although much of the action unfolds among grubby Mafia types in post-Soviet St. Petersburg, Martin Campbell, the director, can't resist Caribbean hideaways.) Jeffrey Caine and Bruce Feirstein's script promises more fun than it delivers. Brosnan will never recapture the amused cool of the young Sean Connery, but he does overcome the handicap of looking like a humorless male model.—A.L. (11/27/95) (Village Theatre VII, First & 62nd Cinemas, Orpheum VII, 23rd St. West Triplex, 84th Street Sixplex, and Criterion Center.)

Grumpier Old Men—Jack Lemmon and Walter Matthau reprise their roles as feuding codgers, in a sequel to their 1993 comedy, joined this time around by Sophia Loren. Directed by Howard Deutch. (Village East Cinemas, Murray Hill Cinemas, First & 62nd Cinemas, Orpheum VII, Chelsea Cinemas, 84th Street Sixplex, and Criterion Center.)

Heat—Incredibly cool characters pull off violent yet debonair crimes in the heart of a supermodern American city: yes, it's a Michael Mann film. The moving spirit behind "Miami Vice" has turned his attention to Los Angeles, where an anguished cop (Al Pacino) goes head-to-head with a troubled villain (Robert De Niro). The movie looks happiest at night, but the feline grace of the camera's moves is betrayed by the portentous script; Diane Venora, as the detective's wife, has some particularly gruesome lines to deliver. The film, which runs on and on for nearly three hours, yearns to be much more than a thriller—it wants to diagnose the sickness of men's souls and convey the nobility of their pain. The irony is that *as* a thriller it works just fine; the set pieces, including an unstoppable gun battle outside a bank, are adrenaline dreams. The taciturn De Niro and the braying Pacino share a flawless scene over a cup of coffee, but the real honors go to Val Kilmer and Ashley Judd as a warring, loving couple. Kilmer can blow you away, with or without a gun.—A.L. (12/25/95-1/1/96) (Village Theatre VII, 19th Street East 6, Murray Hill Cinemas, New York Twin, Orpheum VII, Lincoln Square, and Criterion Center.)



Self-portrait by Terry Gilliam, the director of "12 Monkeys," who is appearing at the American Museum of the Moving Image.

ROBERT DEMICHIELL

Jumanji—Just the kind of blithe, accelerated nonsense that we need after the holidays. The title refers to an ancient board game with groovy powers; Robin Williams plays Alan, who was sucked into the Jumanji board as a boy and emerges twenty-six years later when a couple of kids (Kirsten Dunst and Bradley Pierce) open up the game and roll the dice. Cue all manner of special effects: spiders the size of hubcaps, elephants in the hallway. There's a touch of Spielberg in the way the director, Joe Johnston, makes these images work dramatically. He gets full comic mileage out of his monkeys and mosquitoes, but he rarely lets them swamp the actors. Williams seems, thank heaven, to be pulling out of his weepy, puffy period. Bonnie Hunt has a pleasing turn as a fey psychic; Jonathan Hyde is cast both as Alan's father and as his murderous nemesis inside the game—a neat, "Wizard of Oz"-like twist. The movie takes time to warm up, it weakens into soppiness at the end, and the game itself, if you think it through, makes very little sense. Most of the time, however, you don't have to think at all.—A.L. (12/25/95-1/1/96) (Village Theatre VII, Murray Hill Cinemas, Gemini, Orpheum VII, Chelsea Cinemas, Lincoln Square, Olympia, and Criterion Center.)

Lamerica—A drama by Gianni Amelio, about an Italian con man in post-Communist Albania. In Italian. (Angelika Film Center and Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

Leaving Las Vegas—In Mike Figgis's startlingly beautiful new movie, Nicolas Cage gives a great performance as a failed writer who is consciously drinking himself to death. Figgis tells the story as a series of vivid, intense moments; the sole trace of conventional drama is the hero's affair with a kindhearted young hooker (superbly played by Elisabeth Shue). But the possibility that love will rescue him from his fate vanishes quickly, like a mirage. Although the movie is terribly, crushingly sad, its honesty is invigorating: it names its poison and downs it, neat.—T.R. (11/6/95) (Village East Cinemas and Plaza.)

Mighty Aphrodite—Woody Allen stars in his latest picture as Lenny, a New York sportswriter bored by his wife (Helena Bonham Carter) and attracted to a hooker (Mira Sorvino) who happens to be the mother—though she doesn't know it—of his adopted son. The movie treads enjoyably over old ground, though rather than cruising along with the ease of Allen's best work it tends to hobble, and it closes in a flurry of undecided endings. Sorvino's comic momentum rescues it. She offers the alarming prospect of sexual comedy without neurosis; you don't see *that* too often in a Woody Allen film.—A.L. (10/30/95) (Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

Money Train—Another "Lethal Weapon"-type buddy picture, filled with competitive energy and smart-ass retorts. This one stars Wesley Snipes and Woody Harrelson, and the director, Joseph Ruben, has polished it to a high gloss. Ruben spends more time on token character development than this fluff requires, but when the movie gets to the sensational robbing of an armored New York City subway train, the audience may feel that it's a token well spent.—B.D. (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 23rd St. West Triplex, 84th Street Sixplex, and National Twin.)

A Month by the Lake—The era is the nineteen-thirties. Vanessa Redgrave is amazing as Miss Bentley, a spinster photographer who has travelled to Lake Como to find love; the actress avoids all the repressed-schoolmarm clichés of the role and plays it as a loud, slightly infantile tomboy. Edward Fox is equally touching, and eccentric, as a lonely major. Trevor Bentham wrote the oddly suspenseful script, based on a novella by H. E. Bates; John Irvin directed. Also with Uma Thurman.—S.K. (Carnegie Hall Cinemas.)

Nixon—Anthony Hopkins stars as the thirty-seventh President, in Oliver Stone's new film. (Village East Cinemas, Cinema I, Cinema II, Chelsea Cinemas, and Lincoln Square.)

Othello—Oliver Parker's version of Shakespeare's tragedy has the distinction of being the first filmed "Othello" in which the Moor of Venice is played by a black actor (Laurence Fishburne). Unfortunately, Parker's screenplay, following the familiar-quotations principle of Shakespearean adaptation, reduces the dramatic poem to a tattered collection of one-liners, and the hero's role suffers the most. By sacrificing the volcanic flow of language that conveys Othello's pride, confusion, and anguish, the movie leaves Fishburne stranded: his performance is tentative, mysteriously uncharismatic. Kenneth Branagh, who plays Iago, has a surer grasp of Shakespearean technique than anyone else in the cast, and his bold, confident interpretation manages to cut through the muddle that Parker has made of the play. Who steals this picture, though, steals trash. Also with Irene Jacob (as Desdemona), Nathaniel Parker, and Anna Patrick.—T.R. (12/18/95) (Paris.)

Persuasion—The young British director Roger Michell has made a Jane Austen movie that is never pretty and only occasionally charming; instead, it is troubled, astringent, and touched with melancholy—not unlike the novel. Amanda Root plays Anne Elliot, who once turned down Frederick Wentworth (Ciaran Hinds) and has regretted it ever since. They come together again—in the country, by the sea, and on the streets of Bath—and you can guess the outcome, but Michell somehow tenses a simple narrative into suspense. With Sophie Thompson as Anne's sister, Corin Redgrave as their monstrous father, and Fiona Shaw as the worldly wife of an admiral.—A.L. (9/25/95) (Quad Cinema and Cinema 3.)

Restoration—Michael Hoffman's film starts in the year 1660, when, as a caption informs us, "Charles II was restored to the throne and England awoke." It takes moviemaking on a scale such as this to put England firmly back to sleep; the film is long, resplendent, and dead. The most suggestive scene comes within the first ten minutes, when a young doctor named Merivel (Robert Downey, Jr.) places his hand on the beating heart of a living man. The pulse then slows as we follow Merivel through his epicurean excesses at court, his purgative sojourn among the Quakers, his selfless struggle against the plague, and his own restoration to royal favor. Downey kicks hard to keep the story going, but Hoffman's pacing is so weird and willful (he tends to interrupt scenes before you know what's going on) that your interest slumps irrevocably. The sets and costumes are a dream, but the performers—Sam Neill as the ineffectual king, Meg Ryan as an Irish madwoman (i.e., a woman with a screwy voice and unbrushed hair), and Hugh Grant as a foppish painter—are given no room to breathe; only David Thewlis, playing Merivel's Quaker colleague, delivers any real pathos. All in all, a boost to the Cromwellian cause. Adapted by Rupert Walters from Rose Tremain's novel.—A.L. (68th St. Playhouse.)

Richard III—A version set in the twentieth century, directed by Richard Loncraine and starring Ian McKellen as Shakespeare's vicious monarch. (Village East Cinemas and First & 62nd Cinemas.)

Sabrina—Sydney Pollack's rehash of the Billy Wilder comedy, scripted this time by Barbara Benedek and David Rayfiel, both updates and downgrades the original, running dangerously low on style and completely short of fun. The role that Audrey Hepburn made famous goes to Julia Ormond, who looks fabulous enough but doesn't strike sparks off anyone; the two Larrabee brothers, who vie alternately for Sabrina's affection, are played by Harrison Ford (as Linus the lump) and Greg Kinnear (as David the swell). What laughs there are blow in from the supporting roles: Sabrina's father (John Wood), the elder Mrs. Larrabee (Nancy Marchand), and Linus's secretary (Dana Ivey). If you arrive half an hour late, you'll manage to miss the early Parisian scenes, which are unspeakable. The Sydney Pollack who made "Tootsie" is strangely absent from this picture; the Sydney Pollack who ground us down with "The Firm" is much in evidence.—A.L. (12/25/95-1/1/96) (Village Theatre VII, 34th Street Showplace, Tower East, East 85th Street, Chelsea Cinemas, Lincoln Square, and Astor Plaza.)

Sense and Sensibility—The director, Ang Lee, and the screenwriter, Emma Thompson, turn Jane Austen's first published novel into a gracious and unfailingly pleasant entertainment. Thompson also plays the very sensible heroine, Elinor Dashwood, and gives a restrained, appealing performance: she carries the movie without overwhelming her fellow actors. (Alan Rickman and Kate Winslet are especially good; the only clinker is a grotesquely mannered performance by Hugh Grant as Elinor's suitor.) The picture is determinedly minor, but, slowly and surely, it persuades us to settle for the small delights of engaging storytelling, warm humor, pretty scenery, and pretty people. If it pressed its temperate charms on us any harder, they would be much easier to resist. Also with Gemma Jones, Imogen Stubbs, and Greg Wise. Cinematography by Michael Coulter.—T.R. (12/18/95) (Village Theatre VII, 19th Street East 6, Coronet, and Lincoln Square.)

Shanghai Triad—A real disappointment from the Chinese director Zhang Yimou. After the startling, primary-color shocks of his early movies and the pecking, inquisitive roughness of such later works as "The Story of Qiu Ju," he has lapsed into a grand style of stultifying beauty—a parody of the exotic. When a shot rings out in a dusty loft and frightened pigeons flap across the haze, you feel as if you're watching a Ridley Scott movie. Zhang's idea of sophistication is, in fact, far less mature than his attempts at low naturalism. The plot involves a group of nineteen-thirties Shanghai mobsters who wrestle for power and, especially, for possession of the famous singing hooker, Xiao Jinbao. Played by Gong Li, Zhang's unerring muse, she livens up a floor show, but she can't rescue the movie. There are ravishing moments, of course, and the sequences on "an island nobody knows" have a wonderfully haunted, lunar air; but to Western audiences hoodlum godfathers in big suits are old hat. The glummest element is the young servant boy (Wang Xiaoxiao) who acts as our dramatic peephole on the action. If he can't be excited by the lushness and slaughter around him, what hope is there for the rest of us? In Mandarin.—A.L. (Angelika Film Center and Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

Sudden Death—A thriller directed by Peter Hyams, starring Jean-Claude Van Damme as a father who must save his children from terrorists who have seized them (and Pittsburgh's Civic Arena) during the Stanley Cup finals. (34th Street Showplace, Manhattan Twin, Park & 86th Street Cinemas, Art Greenwich Twin, Chelsea Cinemas, 62nd & Broadway, Metro Cinema, and National Twin.)

Tom and Huck—Jonathan Taylor Thomas and Brad Renfro, respectively, take the title roles in Peter Hewitt's adaptation of Mark Twain's "The Adventures of Tom Sawyer." (Village East Cinemas, Sutton, Orpheum VII, 23rd St. West Triplex, Lincoln Square, Metro Cinema, and Embassy 4.)

Toy Story—A team effort by the computer-animation company Pixar and Disney. The easy-to-follow screenplay, about the rivalry between two toys—cowboy Woody and spaceman Buzz Lightyear—should excite young children; teen-agers and parents can enjoy the brilliantly executed action sequences. The filmmakers have gotten around the coldness of so much computer animation by using the warm and friendly voices of Tom Hanks and Tim Allen. Yes, it's a come-on for Disney products, but all their children's films are about marketing; at least this one—unlike "Pocahontas"—has some zip.—B.D. (Village Theatre VII, Murray Hill Cinemas, Cinema 3rd Avenue, 86th Street East Twin, Chelsea Cinemas, Guild, and Lincoln Square.)

12 Monkeys—In Terry Gilliam's thriller, set in the twenty-first century, Bruce Willis travels back in time in order to save humanity from a deadly virus. With Brad Pitt and Madeleine Stowe. (Beekman.)

Waiting to Exhale—Whitney Houston, Angela Bassett, Loretta Devine, and Lela Rochon star in Forest Whitaker's adaptation of Terry McMillan's 1992 novel. (Gotham Cinema, Park & 86th Street Cinemas, Waverly, Chelsea Cinemas, Regency, Olympia, and Criterion Center.)

When Night Is Falling—Writer-director Patricia Rozema's drama centers on a college professor (Pascale Bussières) forced to choose between her boyfriend (Henry Czerny) and the circus performer (Rachael Crawford) she has fallen in love with. (Angelika Film Center.)

White Man's Burden—The America we see here is ruled by a classy black élite, with a despairing white underclass way down below. Desmond Nakano wrote and directed this clever, speedy little thriller; some of his jokes are sly and sharp, but the main plot could have come from anywhere: the poor, unemployed nobody (John Travolta) seeks revenge on the wealthy citizen (Harry Belafonte), only to find his plans spinning out of control. The brush of dramatic styles—Travolta's short fuse versus Belafonte's poise—is cool and convincing, and there's no mistaking Nakano's ambitions. If only they had stretched a little further.—A.L. (12/11/95) (Movieland 8th Street Triplex.)

ALSO PLAYING

BABE (reviewed in our issue of 9/4/95): Worldwide Cinemas. . . . **THE BROTHERS MC MULLEN:** Worldwide Cinemas. . . . **CRUMB** (5/1/95): Worldwide Cinemas. . . . **GOLD DIGGERS: THE SECRET OF BEAR MOUNTAIN:** Worldwide Cinemas. . . . **MORTAL KOMBAT:** Worldwide Cinemas. . . . **NOW AND THEN:** Worldwide Cinemas. . . . **THE POSTMAN:** Quad Cinema. . . . **A SHORT FILM ABOUT LOVE:** Cinema Village. . . . **SMOKE:** Quad Cinema. . . . **TO DIE FOR:** Worldwide Cinemas. . . . **UNDER SIEGE 2: DARK TERRITORY:** Worldwide Cinemas.

THEATRE ADDRESSES

•

(For show times, call 777-FILM, except where noted.)

EAST SIDE

Angelika Film Center, 18 W. Houston St.
Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 36 E. 8th St.
Village Theatre VII, Third Ave. at 11th St.
Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th St.
Village East Cinemas, Second Ave. at 12th St.
19th Street East 6, Broadway at 19th St.
Murray Hill Cinemas, 160 E. 34th St.
34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th St.
34th St. East, 241 E. 34th St.
Eastside Playhouse, Third Ave. at 55th St.
Sutton 1 and 2, Third Ave. at 57th St.
Gotham Cinema, Third Ave. at 58th St.
Plaza, 42 E. 58th St.
Manhattan Twin, Third Ave. at 59th St.
59th Street East Cinema, 239 E. 59th St.
Baronet and Coronet, Third Ave. at 59th St.
Cinema I, Cinema II, and Cinema 3rd Avenue, Third Ave. at 60th St.
First & 62nd Cinemas, 400 E. 62nd St.
Gemini 1 and 2, Second Ave. at 64th St.
Beekman, Second Ave. at 66th St.
New York Twin, Second Ave. at 67th St.
68th St. Playhouse, Third Ave. at 68th St.
Tower East, Third Ave. at 71st St.
East 85th Street, First Ave. at 85th St.
Park & 86th Street Cinemas, 125 E. 86th St.
Orpheum VII, Third Ave. at 86th St.
86th Street East Twin, Third Ave. at 86th St.

WEST SIDE

Film Forum, W. Houston St. west of Sixth Ave. (727-8110).
Waverly 1 and 2, Sixth Ave. at 3rd St.
Art Greenwich Twin, Greenwich Ave. at 12th St.
Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th St.
Chelsea Cinemas, 260 W. 23rd St.
23rd St. West Triplex, 333 W. 23rd St.
Guild, 33 W. 50th St.
Worldwide Cinemas, 50th St. between Eighth and Ninth Aves.
Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th St.
Carnegie Hall Cinemas, Seventh Ave. between 56th and 57th Sts.
Angelika 57, 225 W. 57th St.
Paris, 4 W. 58th St.
Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th St.
62nd & Broadway, 62 W. 62nd St.
Lincoln Plaza Cinemas, Broadway at 63rd St. (757-2280).
Regency, Broadway at 67th St.
Lincoln Square, Broadway at 68th St.
84th Street Sixplex, Broadway at 84th St.
Metro Cinema 1 and 2, Broadway at 99th St.
Olympia I and II, Broadway at 107th St.

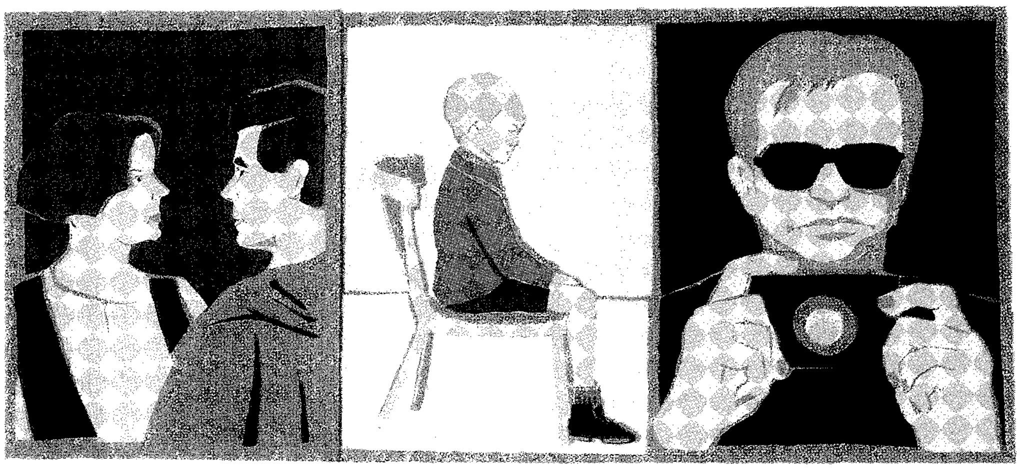
TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Center, Broadway at 44th St.
Embassy 1, Broadway at 46th St.
Embassy 2, 3, and 4, Seventh Ave. at 47th St.
Astor Plaza, 44th St. at Broadway.
National Twin, Broadway at 44th St.

REVIVALS

(The following notes are by Pauline Kael and Michael Sragow. Theatre addresses and phone numbers appear with the listings following these notes.)

Brazil (1985)—Terry Gilliam presents a retro-futurist fantasy (like "A Clockwork Orange" or "Blade Runner")—a melancholy, joke-ridden view of the horribleness of where we are now and the worse horribleness of where we're heading. It's like a stoned, slapstick "1984," a nightmare comedy in which the comedy is just an aspect of the nightmarishness. Visually, it's an original, bravura piece of moviemaking, with a weirdly ingenious vertical quality: the camera always seems to be moving up and down, rarely across. You get the feeling that people live and work squashed at the bottom of hollow towers. The central character (Jonathan Pryce) is a lowly clerk, a drone; in pursuit of the girl (Kim Greist) he has glimpsed in his dreams, he runs afoul of the state apparatus. The episodes lack dramatic definition, just as the gags do; they all run together and blur. And the film is both torpid and frantic. Yet Gilliam's vision is an organic thing on the screen—and that's a considerable achievement. Also with Robert De Niro as a freedom fighter (chomping on a cigar and all revved up, he's the life of the party) and Katherine Helmond as a woman obsessed with plastic surgery.—P.K. (American Museum of the Moving Image; Jan. 7.)



At MOMA, Genevieve Picot and Russell Crowe, Jeffrey Walker, and Hugo Weaving in "Proof."

MARK GAGNON

The Last Emperor (1987)—Bernardo Bertolucci tells the story of Pu Yi, who was not quite three when, in 1908, he was set on the Dragon Throne in Peking's Forbidden City and became the titular ruler of a third of the people on earth. After being deposed and then enthroned again in Japanese-occupied Manchuria, he was in Soviet custody for five years, and then spent ten years being "reëducated" in a Chinese war-criminals prison. The movie doesn't have the juicy absurdity that seems to pour right out of the historical story. And it suppresses the drama. But it has pictorial grace and a dull fascination. Bertolucci and Mark Peploe, who wrote the script with his assistance, want us to believe that Pu Yi (John Lone) became a model citizen through the ministrations of the kindly prison governor (Ying Ruocheng), and that in his later years, when he worked as an under-gardener, he experienced freedom for the first time. They want us to believe that what some might disparage as Communist brainwashing actually cleaned away his decadence and healed him. With the gifted Joan Chen as the empress, the likable Wu Jun Mimei as the No. 2 wife, Peter O'Toole as Pu Yi's tutor, and Maggie Han as the lesbian spy.—P.K. (Walter Reade Theatre; Jan. 7-9.)

Proof (1992)—The notion of a blind photographer may sound precious (except as a con man's ploy), but what the writer-director, Jocelyn Moorhouse, does with it in this Australian art film is ingenious. Hugo Weaving plays the sightless shutterbug Martin, who gets people to summarize each photo for him so he can label the prints properly. The process gives him proof that his aural and tactile impressions are accurate; it also allows him to test the honesty of his helpmates. The movie is engaging when it depicts acts of perception (and obfuscation) but turns sour as it digs deeper into the emotional manipulations among Martin, his infatuated housekeeper (Genevieve Picot), and a newfound friend (Russell Crowe). Martin's insistence on absolute truth and clarity throws everyone off kilter; luckily, Crowe keeps his balance as an actor, supplying an ease and warmth that humanize what could have been a cold concept movie.—M.S. (Museum of Modern Art; Jan. 4-5.)

The Sheltering Sky (1990)—Published in 1949, Paul Bowles's semiautobiographical account of his marriage fascinated readers by its Olympian closeted tone. Under the novel's vaporousness is a pop theme: what happens to a modern, dissatisfied woman—a New York artist-intellectual—if she's in the Sahara, her husband dies, and she's enslaved in a harem? Bernardo Bertolucci's attenuated film version filters out the pop element that gives the book its bit of kicky horror. The movie is about Kit (Debra Winger) giving over to another way of seeing; it's about the shift in her psyche as she becomes a contented love slave and moves away from the verbal, from definitions and categories and neuroses. Bertolucci appears to have lost interest in pace and excitement and verve; he goes deep into monotony. (The whole thing has the impressively decadent look of an Armani ad.)—P.K. (Walter Reade Theatre; Jan. 8.)

Tarzan, the Ape Man (1932)—Johnny Weissmuller of the body beautiful—making his movie bow in a loincloth—and pretty, likably coy Maureen O'Sullivan. There is something irresistibly funny about the predicament of a ladylike young lady abducted by a man who has lived like an ape, and who pokes and pummels her with the gestures of an ape. The picture, which is (and always was) great, parodistic fun, doesn't attempt to be realistic about jungle life; it's an entertaining romantic adventure—lighthearted and agreeable. W. S. Van Dyke directed this M-G-M film, based on Edgar Rice Burroughs' durable kitsch.—P.K. (Walter Reade Theatre; Jan. 6-7.)

Trash (1970)—Absurdist porno-comedy about an impotent junkie (Joe Dallesandro) who drags himself around while various women try to arouse him. His sort-of-wife is played by a goofy female impersonator, Holly Woodlawn, whose intensity amidst the general dejection is crazily—and entertainingly—incongruous. The picture is steeped in a sense of grotesque parody, though most of the time it's as enervated and limp as its hero. The knocked-out couple do their put-on of marriage, and we are invited to laugh at their outcast status and their meaningless lives and to feel sorry for them. This Andy Warhol production was directed by Paul Morrissey, who lingers over needles going into flesh and puts a nimbus around the messiest head of hair. With Jane Forth, as the indolent housewife in the modern apartment that the hero tries to burglarize.—P.K. (Film Forum 2; Jan. 5-7.)

LATE RUNS, CLASSICS, ETC.

(Titles with a dagger are reviewed above.)

Film Forum 2 and 3, W. Houston St. west of Sixth Ave. (727-8110)—**theatre 2:** Films directed by Paul Morrissey. Through Jan. 4: "Madame Wang's" (1981)....Jan. 5-7: "Trash" (†)....Jan. 8-9: "Flesh" (1968)....**theatre 3:** Films directed by Satyajit Ray; all in Bengali, with English subtitles. Jan. 3 and Jan. 5-7: "Pather Panchali" (1955), "Aparajito" (1958), and "The World of Apu" (1959)....Jan. 4: "Devi" (1960), "Charulata" (1964), and "Two Daughters" (1961)....Jan. 8: "The Middleman" (1975), "The Music Room" (1959), and "Big City" (1963)....Jan. 9: "The Music Room," "Pather Panchali," and "Devi."

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480)—A series of films from Australia. Jan. 4 at 2:30 and Jan. 5 at 8: "Proof" (†)....Jan. 4 at 6: "Celia" (1989, Ann Turner)....Jan. 4 at 8 and Jan. 7 at 2: "Monkey Grip" (1982, Ken Cameron)....Jan. 5 at 2:30 and Jan. 9 at 6: "The Night the Prowler" (1979, Jim Sharman)....Jan. 5 at 6 and Jan. 6 at 2: "Unfinished Business" (1986, Bob Ellis)....Jan. 6 at 5 and Jan. 8 at 2:30: "Dead to the World" (1991, Ross Gibson)....Jan. 7 at 5: "Backroads" (1977, Phillip Noyce)....Jan. 8 at 6: "Only the Brave" (1994, Ana Kokkinos) and "Eternity" (1994, Lawrence Johnston)....Jan. 9 at 2:30: "Bingo Bridesmaids and Braces" (1989, Gillian Armstrong).... ¶ Jan. 4 at 3 and 6: "James B. Conant: Harvard/New Hampshire and the Atomic Bomb" (1995, Fritz Wetherbee and Ted Conant) and "Dr. Frank: The Life and Times of Frank Porter Graham" (1994, John B. Wilson, Jr.).... ¶ Recent films from Germany; all in German, with English subtitles. Jan. 5 at 6 and Jan. 7 at 2:30: "Outside Time" (Andreas Kleinert)....Jan. 5 at 8 and Jan. 6 at 2:30: "Brother of Sleep" (1995, Joseph Vilsmaier)....Jan. 6 at 5: "The Break" (Lars Becker)....Jan. 7 at 5: "To Live Now—Jews in Berlin" (Helma Sanders-Brahms).... ¶ Jan. 8 at 6:30: "The Mysterious Women," a new film by Birgit Hein, who will be present.

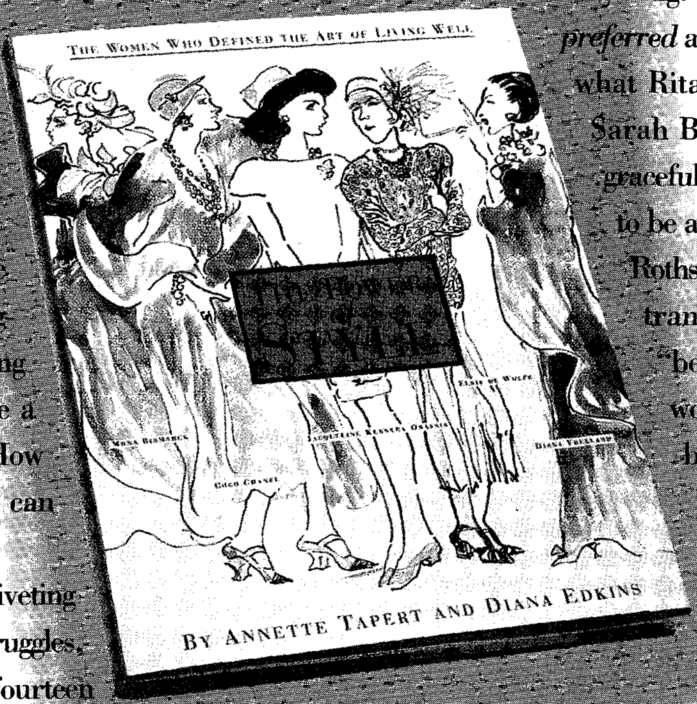
Walter Reade Theatre, Lincoln Center, 165 W. 65th St., plaza level (875-5600)—Films by Bernardo Bertolucci. Jan. 3 at noon, 3, 6, and 9, and Jan. 5 at 6 and 9: "1900" (1977)....Jan. 4 at 2 and 7, Jan. 6 at 4, and Jan. 7 at 7 and 9:15: "Tragedy of a Ridiculous Man" (1981)....Jan. 4 at 4:15 and 9:15, Jan. 5 at 2, and Jan. 6 at 6:15 and 9: "Luna" (1979)....Jan. 7 at 4, Jan. 8 at 6, and Jan. 9 at 2: "The Last Emperor" (†)....Jan. 8 at 2 and 9: "The Sheltering Sky" (†).... ¶ Weekend showings for children. Jan. 6-7 at 2: "Tarzan, the Ape Man" (†).

American Museum of the Moving Image, 35th Ave. at 36th St., Astoria (1-718 784-0077)—Jan. 6 at 2: "12 Monkeys" (1995, Terry Gilliam), with Bruce Willis....Jan. 6 at 5: Mr. Gilliam will be present to discuss his career....Jan. 7 at 2 and 5: "Brazil" (†).

What gives a woman style?

"I'M NOTHING TO LOOK AT," the Duchess of Windsor admitted. Rita de Acosta Lydig paid no attention to what was "in fashion." Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis had none of the attributes of the ideal American girl, and Diana Vreeland never had money. Yet each of these women had a personal magnetism and allure so strong that she could "dominate a room from a footstool." How did they do it? And what can you learn from them?

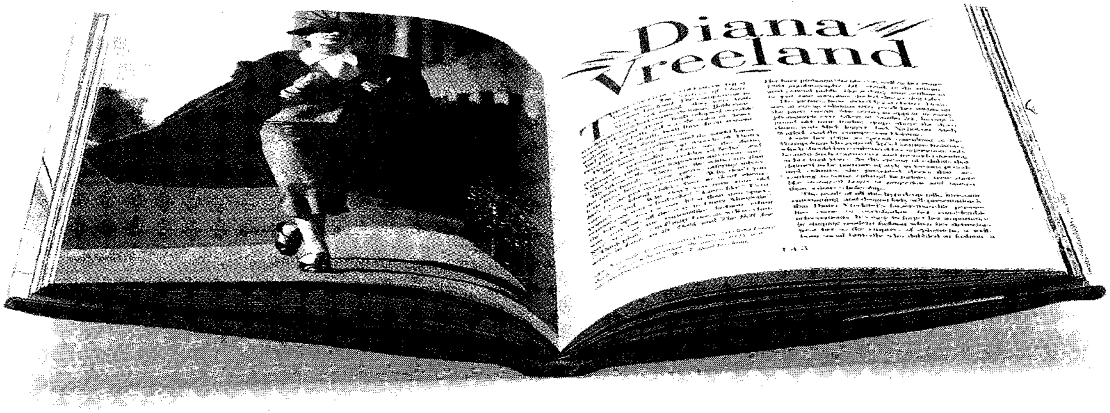
The *Power of Style* is a riveting examination of the lives, struggles, secrets, and triumphs of fourteen women who came to represent the epitome of style during the 20th century.


The Women Who Defined the Art of Living Well
The Power of Style
Mona Bismarck
Coco Chanel
Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis
Elsie de Wolfe
Diana Vreeland
By Annette Tapert and Diana Edkins

In 192 handsome pages (with over 200 color and black-and-white illustrations), you'll learn everything: from why Daisy Fellowes *preferred* affairs with married men to what Rita de Acosta Lydig taught Sarah Bernhardt about walking gracefully…from what it was like to be a house guest at Pauline de Rothschild's to Mona Bismarck's transformation into the first "best-dressed woman in the world." Discover the women behind the legends: Coco Chanel…Babe Paley…C.Z. Guest…Elsie de Wolfe…Slim Keith and many more.

It's the most talked about book of the fashion year. And…

(Sh-sh-sh-it's 20% off for you!)


Diana Vreeland

As a Condé Nast reader, you are entitled to a special 20% savings when you order *Power of Style* direct. To order, send check or money order for $32* (20% off the cover price of $40), plus $3 for shipping and handling to:

The Condé Nast Collection • P.O. Box 10214 • Dept. 310037-031 • Des Moines, IA 50336

CREDIT-CARD ORDERS CALL TOLL-FREE: 800-438-9944

* Residents of CA, CO, GA, IA, IL, KY, MA, MI, NJ, NY, OH add appropriate sales tax. Please allow up to 4 weeks for delivery.

THE NEW YORKER

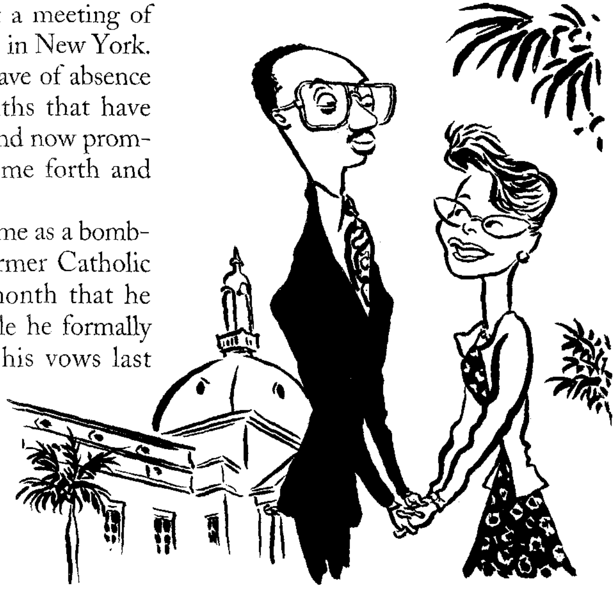
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

LOVE IN HAITI

MILDRED TROUILLOT is a hometown girl. She grew up in the Bronx. She went to St. Barnabas High School for girls and then C.C.N.Y. After graduating from the University of Pennsylvania law school, she lived in Queens and became an associate at Robinson, Silverman, Pearce, Aronsohn & Berman. The last thing on her mind was marrying a head of state.

But when Haiti's generals ousted Jean-Bertrand Aristide, the country's first democratically elected President, in September, 1991, history began to flow in Trouillot's direction. Soon afterward, she was recruited for the team of American lawyers serving Aristide's government in exile, in Washington. "It was a lot more appealing than doing foreclosures," says Trouillot, who is thirty-three, and who comes from a well-known Haitian family of judges and lawyers. The President himself had spotted the doe-eyed Trouillot at a meeting of Haitian-American lawyers in New York. She took a four-month leave of absence from her job—four months that have stretched into four years and now promise to go on from this time forth and forevermore.

To most Haitians, it came as a bombshell when Aristide, a former Catholic priest, announced last month that he had plans to marry. While he formally asked to be relieved of his vows last year (for political reasons, his relations with the Church have been stormy at best), the Haitian people continued to see the forty-two-year-old Aristide as *ti pè nou-an* ("our little father"), an image effectively shattered by the vision of him as a family man. It seems that most Haitians are also not thrilled with Aristide's intended, about whom they know little but have firm opinions. Some have even compared the upstanding and hardworking Trouillot to one of her less appealing predecessors, the flamboyant, high-living, tight-faced, do-nothing Michèle Bennett Duvalier. And many see marriage to the light-skinned, professional Trouillot as a class betrayal by Aristide, who comes from dark-skinned peasant stock. No matter how powerful he may be, Aristide will be perceived by Haitians as marrying up.


Jean-Bertrand Aristide and Mildred Trouillot

ILLUSTRATIONS BY MICHAEL WITTE

IN any case, it is unlikely that Aristide, whom most Haitians view as their country's savior, will lapse into house-husbandhood anytime soon. Though in February he is to be succeeded in office by one of his closest friends, the businessman René Préval, Aristide will probably run the Haitian show for years to come. And since this fabled perpetual-motion machine is not the type to work behind the scenes, some have even speculated that Préval will appoint his patron Prime Minister.

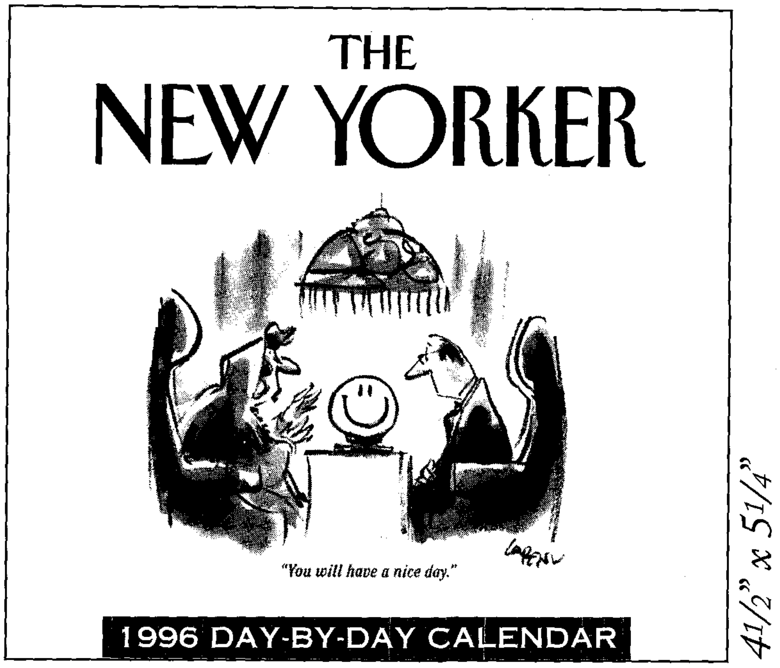
The house where Aristide and Trouillot will live, which he designed years ago, is built around a vaulted circular space that is deliberately more like a reception hall than like a living room. Trouillot says that the wedding will be "low-key," and that she herself wants to keep a low profile. But she's not going to have an easy time of it: as Aristide's wife, she is certain to be Haiti's unofficial First Lady, eclipsing the wife of any titular President. It comes with the territory, but it's worth it for her. "He is my hero," Trouillot says, sounding like so many Haitians who have never even met Aristide. "I admire him more than any other person."

IS THERE A FATHER IN THE HOUSE?

DURING the recent triathlon of legislative maneuvering in Washington, Representative Frank R. Wolf, a Virginia Republican and the father of five, found time to host a film for House members, a sort of refresher course on parenting called "Where's Dad?" The viewing took place in the Congressional Family Room, a modest but handsome split-level affair in the Capitol, with big blue wing chairs, American flags, jelly doughnuts, and holiday candy canes. The invitation stressed the imperative of putting family first. "If each member of the House saw this film," it read, "I know conditions would improve dramatically."

The "Where's Dad?" screening was

LAUGH YOUR WAY THROUGH 1996, ONE DAY AT A TIME


THE NEW YORKER
"You will have a nice day."
Lorenz
1996 DAY-BY-DAY CALENDAR
4 1/2" x 5 1/4"

Now, get THE NEW YORKER 1996 Day-by-Day Calendar, available where Hallmark products are sold.

Hallmark

Available at participating stores. Hurry, supplies are limited.

© 1995 The New Yorker Magazine, Inc. The New Yorker is a registered trademark of Advance Magazine Publishers, Inc. All Rights Reserved. Used Under License.
© 1995 Hallmark Cards, Inc. All Rights Reserved.

sponsored by the Congressional Family Quality of Life Advisory Committee, which Wolf has chaired ever since Newt Gingrich established it, as one of his first acts as Speaker, to help deal with a serious absentee-parent problem among legislators. More than a year ago, Gingrich raged about how "very destructive" life in the House was, with an intense pace that "brutalizes and damages families." A more efficient House, he said, would be "good for the country and good for families." Among early recommendations made by the committee were biannual programs that would walk families through the pitfalls of congressional life, a system of separate phone lines exclusively for family use, a pen-pal plan for congressional children, and a regular newsletter full of tips on how to stay in touch. But beyond two issues of *Family Friendly Times* and the designation of the Congressional Family Room, little has materialized. In fact, Gingrich's Congress has become even more of a chamber of workaholics, forcing its members, in the words of one Republican congressman, to "raise children by memo."

"THE Contract with America has been hell on the family," says Chris Mehl, who is the press secretary for Tim Roemer, an Indiana Democrat. In this notably young Congress (the majority of the eighty-six freshmen are under forty-five), many members have young children. Yet, in the legislative session that just ended, the House took some three hundred and fifty more recorded votes, logged about five hundred more hours, and bloated the *Congressional Record* with some four thousand more in-session pages of bluster than in the previous session. Dick Armey, the House Majority Leader, defends the punishing pace on the ground that "you have to think that you're working for the children of the future." That's easy for him to say: the youngest of his five children is twenty-five. (Senate Majority Leader Bob Dole's daughter is middle-aged, and Gingrich's daughters are grown as well, so for them the issue doesn't exactly hit home, either.)

Gingrich, of all people, should be cynical about the idea of addressing Congress's family-values problem by forming a new committee. It should not surprise him that only about six dads made it

HUSTON CHRONICLE

FERVOR and excitement on a movie set at the start of shooting are par for the course, but the fervor and excitement of Anjelica Huston a few weeks ago when she began her first job as a director—with the movie version of Dorothy Allison's novel "Bastard Out of Carolina," in the Carolinas—were over the top. She is now in her early forties, about the same age that her director-actor father, John Huston, was when he began shooting "The Red Badge of Courage." I wrote a series of articles about that movie—its making and its adventures and its Hollywood milieu—for this magazine in 1952 which became the book "Picture." Thereafter, the moviemaking lives of John, who died in 1987, and his family somehow became delightfully intertwined with mine, and I continued writing about him, including a piece about him in Brooklyn in 1984 making "Prizzi's Honor," which starred Jack Nicholson and Anjelica.

Anjelica Huston

"It's scary as hell," Anjelica told me on her set, looking confident and energetic and happy as hell. She was directorially clad in an oversized parka and bluejeans and twenty-year-old cowboy boots. Her good-natured husband, the artist Robert Graham—gray-bearded and sleepy, eyes closed, side of face resting on the palm of one hand (they get up at 4 A.M. in this business)—sat on a canvas folding chair that said:

ANJELICA HUSTON
DIRECTOR

Tony Richmond, the director of photography, looked through the camera at two actors on a dilapidated porch in what was supposed to be the bleak, impoverished rural South. One was the leading character, Anney (Jennifer Jason Leigh)—pretty, desolate, abused, tragic. In a rocking chair nearby sat her granny (Grace Zabriskie), chewing tobacco—cynical, resigned, but still with humor, with spirit. The first assistant director yelled "Rolling!" Anjelica, studying the video monitor, said, with even authority, "And action!" The actors spoke their lines. Anjelica called "Cut!" Then she added "Beauty!" and gave a joyous Huston laugh. In fact, after almost every "Cut!" she would add "Beauty!" and give that joyous laugh.

"I've got the best of the young actresses in Jennifer," Anjelica said exuberantly, between takes. "I've got a great D.P. I've got Julie Hoyt, my key makeup person, who worked with me on 'The Grifters.' I've got that good actress Susan Traylor, whose mother, Peggy Furey, was my old acting teacher. I've got Nava Sadan, my dresser for years. I've got my good personal assistant, Daniella Milton. I've got a great story. It's about people. I've never been interested in special effects, in explosions, except human explosions. I like making a movie for television. Everything moves faster. I like the budget—five million instead of thirty-five million. If you drop dead, the show will go on. I like not having the luxury to dabble around. Total freedom gets you in trouble. We're making the movie for TNT, but we're making it for theatrical release simultaneously. I like to learn on my feet. You're responded to. You're listened to. It's a pretty elevated position you find yourself in. Ready, Tony?"

Richmond motioned to her to look at the actors on the video monitor for the shot. She looked, and then, glancing up, she smiled at him. They exchanged nods of mutual approbation. Richmond said that he wasn't accustomed to working with women directors. Then he grinned at Anjelica and said, in an earthy North London accent, "I *like* it."

Another "Cut!" Another "Beauty!" Anjelica rejoined me. "This certainly beats doing a prequel or a sequel to 'Prizzi's Honor,' which they wanted me to do," she said. "I didn't want to do more 'Prizzi's Honor.' 'Prizzi's Honor' belongs to Dad. I want to do something of my own." —LILLIAN ROSS to the first screening of "Where's Dad?" and that no one at all showed up for the second.

PRETTY POISON

PETER ASHTON, the former director of Harvard University's Arnold Arboretum, noticed the couple almost as soon as he arrived at the Brooklyn Botanic Garden's recent costume benefit. "Uh-oh," he remarked to those with him. The invitation had suggested that guests dress up as "wild things," since the event was being held to support "wild things," botanically speaking. The couple Ashton had noticed were wearing headdresses—halos of berries topped by oversized green leaves that stood up behind their heads like fans. "I wonder if they know that those leaves they're wearing are poisonous?" Ashton asked. "Castor-oil leaf. Put a colleague of mine in the hospital for three months."

The gentleman in the headdress was carrying a handkerchief, with which he occasionally touched his brow. "He's sweating," one of Ashton's friends said. "Maybe he's on the way out. Shouldn't we do something?" At first, Ashton wasn't sure that the couple's evening should be disturbed—the chances were slim that there would be a problem. "It's the sap that causes the trouble," he explained. But then he nodded. Accompanied by the friend who had noticed the brow-mopping, he worked his way through the crowd, which was thick and festive: many of the women were wearing dresses with floral designs; a few wore large hats done up with flower arrangements and twigs. A few floral boas. All harmless, Ashton noted.

Ashton himself, wearing a gray suit with a tie, was not in costume. He and his friend introduced themselves to the couple—Earl and Gina Weiner, of Brooklyn, a very cheerful, outgoing pair. Earl Weiner, a partner in the law firm of Sullivan & Cromwell, turned out to be the vice-chairman of the Garden. After a few pleasantries, which included admiring comments about the headdresses, Ashton broke the news. "Oh dear," said Gina, who is a contributor to the Garden quarterly. Earl did not seem put out. He took a sip of his cocktail and announced that he had a floral substitute in case he felt ill and was forced to discard the headdress: he flung back his suit coat to reveal a pair of suspenders decorated with animals standing in a sea of flowers.

Somewhat to Ashton's surprise, the Weiners kept their headdresses on during cocktails and the dinner that followed, in the Palm House. Gina's castor leaf wilted and fell forward over her head like a skullcap.

ASHTON'S friend was curious enough to call the Weiners the following day. Gina answered the phone. Quite happily, she announced that all was well: "Our heads are still attached to our shoulders." She said that on the afternoon of the party she had gone to her neighborhood florist, a longtime acquaintance, and with her help had put together the wreaths—berries and some bittersweet sprays. She continued, "I saw these big, fanlike leaves, and I thought how neat they would look sticking up behind our heads. When Mr. Ashton told us about the poison sap, I taped up the end of Earl's stem so it wouldn't brush his neck."

She added that in the men's room toward the end of the party a fellow-guest who hadn't bothered with a costume had admired her husband's headdress and marvelled, "I wish I had your guts."

"If he only knew," Gina said with a laugh.

THINK AGAIN

SO much these days is counterintuitive: car phones and quarks, derivatives and Danny Bonaduce. Sending faxes from a handheld device and Bill Clinton sending troops to Bosnia are both counterintuitive. Casting Sharon Stone in "Casino" was counterintuitive. A writer makes the counterintuitive argument that educational programming is more harmful to children than cartoons. The Speaker of the House contends, counterintuitively, that governmental compassion hurts the people it is designed to help. The world, it seems, grows ever more counterintuitive.

A Nexis search of publications reveals that in 1985 the word "counterintuitive" was used twenty-seven times. In 1995, the word appeared three hundred and seventy-three times. People are even starting to apply the word to individuals—those who expect the unexpected, who find the counterintuitive to be, well, intuitive. In that sense, "counterintuitive" simply means "smart." It's seeing the true face of things, not the mask. If intuition is a hunch, counterintuition is not trusting your hunches. In other words, think. Intuitive is prospective; counterintuitive is retrospective. Intuitive is sophistic; counterintuitive is scientific. Intuitive is illusion; counterintuitive is reality. Julia Ormond is intuitive; Audrey Hepburn is counterintuitive. Oprah was counterintuitive when she started; she's intuitive today.

In the nineteen-sixties, being intuitive was indispensable. Hipsters were in touch with their intuitive side; bankers and bourgeois suburbanites were not. Being intuitive meant that one had a gift of insight, a kind of natural perceptiveness that was not derived from experience. Intuition was better than knowledge.

In the nineties, "intuitive" is no longer a term of unmixed approbation. The word has come to suggest a certain vague primitiveness, instinct unleavened by experience, a false prophet. Evolutionary psychologists have reminded us that the inherited intuitions of the human animal can be pretty appalling, that our intuitions have their roots in the jungle. In an age when every businessman reads "The Art of War," intuition seems like a minor sense, something to be consulted briefly when plotting strategy and then discarded. Go with your gut and get fired.

But ultimately "counterintuitive" is a baby-boomer word, a sign that for the generation that once thought it would get everything it wanted, life is proving to be less accommodating. Whereas baby boomers were taught to trust their intuition, that first voice turns out to be a chimera, not an angel. First marriages are intuitive; second ones are counterintuitive. Raising a family means constant counterintuitiveness. The increased use of the word is the sign of a sobering lesson. What you get is not what you expect. Life is counterintuitive. ♦

"Love in Haiti," Amy Wilentz; "Is There a Father in the House?," Betsy Dance; "Pretty Poison," George Plimpton; "Think Again," Rick Stengel.

Wonder Foam™
A Revolutionary Concept in Sitting & Sleeping Comfort...

This revolutionary type of foam was developed for NASA to absorb pressure. Realizing its benefits, we have developed a family of stress-free products for health and comfort, both day and night.

Our Wonder Foam™ Mattress Top

- Turns conventional mattress into a support system.
- Lets shoulders and hips sink in, supports lower back.
- Aligns spine, eliminates painful pressure points for a good night's sleep. You awake refreshed.
- One of our exclusive products

Free Catalog
1-800-251-2225
BackSaver

Give Galápagos to Your Valentine
February 12-22
510-420-1550
Inca Floats, Inc.
1311-YV 63rd St.
Emeryville, CA 94608

SANDCASTLE
REALTY INC.
SIMPLE TO ELEGANT VACATION HOME RENTALS ON MARTHA'S VINEYARD
EDGARTOWN ◆ 508 627-5665

Factory Direct • Handcrafted • Elegant
WOOL CAPES
Classically tailored. Top quality pure woolens. Three styles. Jewel colors. Long, regular, petite sizes. People love the warmth - and the romance - of our capes. Brochure and Free swatches.
(800) 788-9842 or write:
Casco Bay Fine Woolens,
34 Danforth St., Box 25NY, Portland, Maine 04101

LA CUCINA AL FOCOLARE
Florence, Italy
Immerse yourself into the breadth of Tuscan cuisine.
Hands-on cooking, Wine Courses
1-800-988-2851 • Free brochure

DISPATCH FROM ARKANSAS

HOPE AGAINST HOPE

What could be dandier for a small town than to have one of its own become President of the United States?

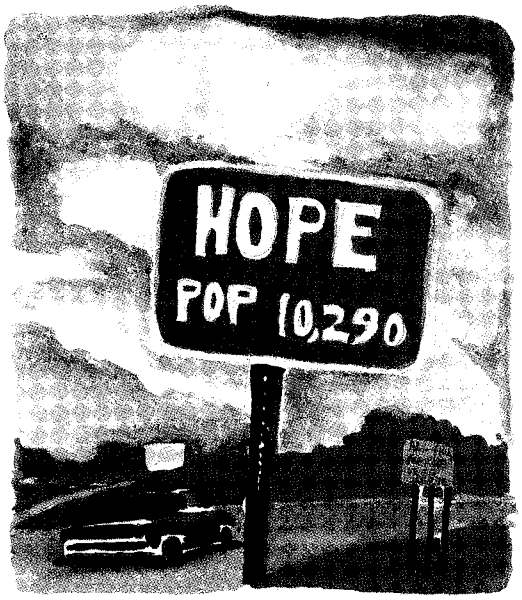
BY PETER J. BOYER

DURING a recent visit to Arkansas, I drove from Little Rock to Bill Clinton's birthplace, a hundred and ten miles away, passing the towns of Friendship and Amity before I reached the place called Hope. There is no Arkansas town called Ambivalence, but in regard to Bill Clinton, I learned, that name could describe the entire state.

In Hope, I talked to a retired newspaperman named C. M. (Pod) Rogers, Jr. A natural promoter, he had the lifelong (and perhaps overlarge) ambition that Hope (pop. 10,290) would someday reach the size of Little Rock (pop. 180,590). Long before the town became known as the place where the President was born, Pod Rogers had managed to make it famous as the home of the world's largest watermelons, with one reigning champion tilting the scale at two hundred and sixty pounds. Rogers is a dapper man in snakeskin boots and ascot-style tie, and one might suppose that he would express only delight at Hope's Presidential celebrity. But one of the first things he told me was that the town is vociferously divided on the subject of its illustrious son.

To the outsider's eye, Hope appears eager to exploit its Clinton connection. Cherry's Olde Tyme Soda Fountain has Clinton postcards and campaign buttons for sale in a glass case near the cash register. Preservation work is under way on various of the modest homes that Clinton occupied during his unsettled childhood: his first house; the house he lived in with his grandparents while his mother attended nursing school; and so on. But it is easy to find the doubts about Clinton, as I did when Rogers and I walked into the office of Keith N. Wood, a lawyer who is about Clinton's age and has been Hope's representative in the state legislature for much of his adult life. Wood, a conservative Democrat, had a near-perfect record of opposition to Clinton when Clinton was governor, and believes that his own political philosophy is the common philosophy in Hope. "I haven't talked to anybody that's for sending these troops over to Bosnia," Wood said. "I think that your average working person, especially your white male adult, is not supporting Bill Clinton in Hope, Arkansas." He went on, "I don't know how he got elected in the first place, except that he has the charisma. Bill Clinton could sit in this room right here, and if we didn't know better he could talk Pod and me into just about anything."

A number of Hope natives followed Clinton to Washington, and the roll call of their names underscored the elegiac quality of my visit. "This little town of ten thousand plus had people from Hope ruling the world—have you



"The only thing Arkansas has got out of the Clinton Presidency," the saying goes, "is a subpoena."

STEPHEN LACK

"Face it—in this town, either you're a star or you're just another brown dwarf."

thought of that?" Rogers remarked. "They had President Clinton, they had Mack McLarty, they had Vincent Foster, they had Vincent's sister, Sheila Anthony, as an Associate Attorney General. Then, they had Davo Watkins—I coached ol' Davo in baseball. And then, on top of that—we don't brag about it too much, but Joycelyn Elders was born just in the next county. Now, this will never happen again, no matter if the world turns square, or stays round, or what."

With Rogers, I visited both of Hope's cemeteries: Rosehill, where Clinton's mother, Virginia Kelley, is buried beside the President's father, William Blythe, and where Mack McLarty recently buried his mother; and Memory Gardens, where Vince Foster is buried. His grave, situated next to his father's, at the edge of the cemetery near the woods, is marked by a stone bearing the simple inscription "Vincent Walker Foster, Jr. January 15, 1945–July 20, 1993." The day I visited, a fresh rose had been placed on his grave.

As we left, I remarked upon the obvious—that Clinton's ascent has brought a measure of sorrow to Hope. Foster, Clinton's deputy counsel, killed himself six months after leaving Arkansas. McLarty, hired as the White House chief of staff, was criticized for playing out of his league and then was demoted. Watkins, the White House director of administration, was fired in May of 1994 after he took a Presidential helicopter on a golf outing. "It's a different ballgame up there," Rogers said, in reference to Washington. "When you're in state politics, well, you're with the home folks."

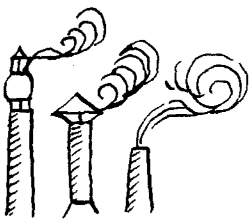
THERE is a sour observation in Arkansas about Bill Clinton's rise and its effect on the state. "The only thing Arkansas has got out of the Clinton Presidency," the saying goes, "is a subpoena." There is truth in that jest. In Little Rock, I met a woman named Mindy Stewart, who runs an expensive-gifts boutique, catering to the town's more prosperous citizens. Stewart, a friendly soul and a sharp-eyed businesswoman, is not particularly political, except on days when Mrs. Hugh Rodham (Hillary Clinton's mother) or some other member of the Clinton inner circle comes in to shop. "I'm a Democrat on those days, if you know what I mean," she told me.

While Stewart was working in the shop about a year ago, someone walked in and handed her a subpoena from the office of Kenneth Starr, the independent counsel investigating the Whitewater affair. "I was surprised," she recalled, "and it scared me." Stewart couldn't think of any possible link she might have to Whitewater. It turned out that her connection was to former Associate Attorney General Webster Hubbell, who, being a member of Little Rock's established high caste, had shopped in Stewart's store. Starr's group was investigating charges that Hubbell, a friend and former partner of Hillary Clinton's in Little Rock's Rose Law Firm, had bilked his clients and firm out of nearly five hundred thousand dollars. Stewart's subpoena arrived at her busiest moment, and she had to hire an attorney to get a short extension because of the Christmas rush. Then she was obliged to comb through her records for a seven-year period, so that the independent counsel could make a survey of Hubbell's spending habits. Hubbell, who pleaded guilty to two felonies in December of 1994, is serving time in a federal prison in Maryland, and Stewart still feels a bit shaken by the experience. "Certainly I did not enjoy having to dig through files back seven years, to come up with what I consider not very much at all on Webb Hubbell, in terms of his spending practices," she told me. "I mean, it was amazing that I still had the records."

Many Arkansans have been surprised by the breadth of Starr's inquiry. "They have just gone around putting pressure on a lot of people who are just functionaries, who had modestly paying jobs sorting out contribution checks, things like that, at Clinton campaign headquarters," one Little Rock defense lawyer told me. The investigation has been hardest on the circle known as the Friends of Bill and Hillary—people who just three years ago were celebrating the President-elect's triumph and who expected (and received) invitations to the White House. These people mostly belong to the Little Rock Country Club, eat in the same restaurants, and deal with one another in business: they define the insularity that is at the heart of Whitewater, a scandal that took its name from a land-development investment the Clintons made with a savings-and-loan wildcatter named James McDougal. Still, the Whitewater affair is not about any particular land deal but about a kind of coziness that lent itself to rule-bending and even outright fraud. Most people among Little Rock's élite clearly play by the rules, but in such an inbred culture trouble for one person—especially if he happens to be the President—metastasizes into trouble for all.

Webb Hubbell might well have settled his problems at Rose within the firm if he hadn't been a visible member of the Clinton Administration. Jim Guy Tucker, who was a political rival of Clinton's in the state's Democratic Party, almost certainly wouldn't have been indicted for fraud by the Whitewater prosecutor if he hadn't been the governor who succeeded Bill Clinton. "If you were close to Clinton, and someone says your name, it's a real inquisition-type thing," I was told by one lawyer who has represented a client investigated by Starr.

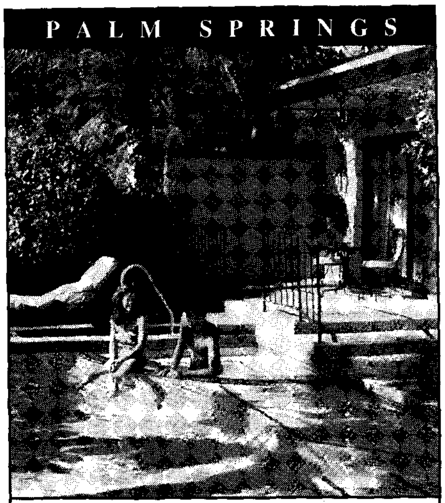
The personal wreckage has become part of Little Rock's landscape—so broadly strewn about that it is difficult to avoid encountering people whose lives have been damaged by the Washington experience. Bill Kennedy, the former associate White House counsel, had no sooner arrived in Washington than he was at the center of a scandal—the so-called Travelgate affair. He received a reprimand for his part in the attempt to replace the White House travel-office staff with Arkansas cronies. Kennedy was divorced while he was in Washington, and was then demoted following a problem about paying taxes for his children's nanny. Once the managing partner of the Rose Law Firm, Kennedy is now of counsel to it, and is no longer a partner.



And Washington still bays at Kennedy. One portion of Whitewater has mutated into the far larger story: congressional investigations of a possible White House coverup of cronyism and alleged misdeeds in Arkansas. In the weeks before Christmas, the Senate Whitewater committee, led by Alfonse D'Amato, sought Kennedy's notes of a 1993 White House meeting in which the scandal was discussed. A compromise was reached late on December 21st, but the demand nearly precipitated a constitutional showdown between Congress and the White House. "Unfortunately, I'm still caught in this madness and that's forcing me to take it a day at a time," Kennedy told me, adding that he was happy to be back in Little Rock and back at the Rose firm.

The Rose Law Firm has been thoroughly humbled by its Clinton association. It contributed to the Administration four of its star lawyers: Kennedy, Hubbell, Foster, and Hillary Clinton—a quartet whose fates were scandal, prison, suicide, and (in the case of Mrs. Clinton) an abiding suspicion of conflict of interest. The firm closed its Washington office late in 1994—having opened it less than a year earlier—and then endured an exodus of young associates amid rumors that the firm itself might dissolve. Rose has survived, but it remains an object of unwanted attention. In recent weeks, the Senate Whitewater committee has pursued two leads that portend more unpleasantness: the fact that some Rose documents relating to Madison Guaranty Savings & Loan—which is owned by James McDougal, Hillary Clinton's Whitewater partner, and is at the heart of the Whitewater affair—were removed from the firm's files after the 1992 Presidential campaign and stored for several months in Hubbell's Washington basement; and the discovery that Rose's records detailing Mrs. Clinton's work for Madison had vanished, leaving her account of her relationship with the failed institution in doubt.

A particularly stark example of Arkansas's interconnections—and of the difficulties that may accompany ties to the Clintons—is that of Archie and Beverly Bassett Schaffer, of Fayetteville. Archie Schaffer is an executive at Tyson Foods, which is the largest poultry producer in the country and one of the state's leading businesses. Its support



P A L M S P R I N G S

Romantically Private

Luxurious villas
with private pools, spas, even
tennis courts. Full hotel services
in a lush, resort setting and
privacy, privacy, privacy.

LA MANCHA®
private pool villas
in the heart of Palm Springs, CA.
AAA 4 Diamond Award
U.S./Canada (800) 255-1773 (619) 323-1773

MISSING A PIECE OF YOUR PATTERN?®

Replace pieces or add to your sterling silver at up to 75% off retail. We specialize in new and used flatware and hollowware. Over 1,200 patterns in stock. Call or write for a free inventory of your sterling pattern. *(We buy sterling silver, with a careful appraisal for maximum value.)*

Pattern shown: Chantilly by Gorham.

Beverly Bremer
SILVER SHOP
3164 Peachtree Rd., Dept. NY, Atlanta, GA 30305 / Mon.-Sat. 10-5
404 261-4009

NAPLES, FLORIDA

Luxury 3 & 4 bedroom residences, with through views toward the Gulf of Mexico and Pelican Bay's golf course from most residences.

SAINT RAPHAÉL
IN PELICAN BAY
Preconstruction Pricing from the $300,000's to $1,750,000*
SAINT RAPHAÉL 6869 Pelican Bay Blvd.,
Naples, FL 33963
1-800-423-0249 or 941-598-9900
Gulf Bay Marketing Group, Inc. REALTOR
*Prices and availability subject to change without notice. Void where prohibited.

was important to Clinton as governor and in his run for President. Beverly Schaffer, who comes from a family of prominent lawyers in Fayetteville, was chairman of the Arkansas Securities Commission under Governor Clinton. The Starr investigation has questioned her involvement in the Whitewater affair because she made rulings affecting Madison Guaranty while she was securities commissioner and Hillary Clinton was representing Madison. Tyson Foods is being investigated by another independent counsel, Donald Smaltz: he is looking into the supposed misdeeds of Mike Espy, Clinton's former Secretary of Agriculture, who is alleged to have accepted football-playoff tickets and other favors from the company. The Schaffer household is a crossroads of federal investigations. "My house may be the only one in America with two special counsels going through it," Archie Schaffer remarked to me.

Schaffer also said, in reference to Arkansas's big businesses, "We all kind of feel like Bill Clinton's election has been anything but positive as far as our companies are concerned. Bill Clinton's election was the worst thing that could have happened. I'm not saying that Clinton has done anything to us, but he hasn't done anything for us, either—not that we've asked for anything."

ONE might guess, given Little Rock's small-town nature, that Kenneth Starr's band of federal prosecutors would be the loneliest group around. The staff, which has sixteen members, works out of a suite of offices in West Little Rock, away from downtown, the turf of the town's élite. Still, it is a measure of Starr's reach that he was one of the first in Little Rock last summer to know that Lisa Foster, Vince's widow, was planning to marry federal Judge James Moody on New Year's Day. All the people on the Starr team are outsiders, and most are from Washington. Starr himself—Solicitor General in the Bush Administration—is very much a creature of Washington, and is known for his intellect and his intense drive. A bookish man of forty-nine, he recruited his team from prominent private law firms and from among the Justice Department's most proven lawyers.

Yet far from feeling like an occupying army, Starr and his group have been taken with the town. Half the members of the team are married. Some have moved their families to Little Rock and enrolled their children in schools there; others maintain apartments in Arkansas but keep their Washington homes, and still others live by sporadic commute. At least one child has been born to a member of Starr's team in Little Rock, and several members have joined churches or synagogues there. "I think people have enjoyed Little Rock and Arkansas," Starr told me recently. "It is honestly a warm and hospitable place. The quality of life is extremely high, and, no, we do not feel surrounded or embattled."

Starr speaks in formal, almost legal paragraphs. Surely, I suggested to him, the team members have encountered some word or gesture of inhospitality? "Never," he replied. "Not one time, ever. The people of Arkansas are very gracious, as you know. They're very friendly, they're very hospitable. There's a strong dimension of warm Southern hospitality. But, quite apart from that, Southern hospitality doesn't cause someone to come over to you and introduce themselves to you and say, 'We really appreciate what you're doing.' And that happens. These are just what I would call genuine, honest, law-abiding people who try to play by the rules, and they're anxious to know what happened, who did what, and to get out the truth."

In an interview with C-SPAN in late December, Starr said that "because of the vagaries of the legal process" the Whitewater affair might not be resolved until 1997. But, he continued, "Will the critical issues be addressed, will the facts be out far in advance of the election? My prediction is it will, they will." One important event—the trial of James and Susan McDougal, the proprietors of Madison Guaranty—will begin on March 4th. "I think that is kind of a pivotal time," Starr told me.

IN Arkansas, many people believe that America is going through the stages of Bill Clinton that Arkansas knows well. The sequence begins with bright hope, fades to disappointment, then settles into a strong ambivalence, implicit in which is a certain grudging support. And Arkansas may prove to be Clinton's salvation: the experience of being an essentially liberal politician in an essentially conservative state was the perfect training ground for Clinton's experience in Washington.

Clinton has recently had a resurgence in popularity, but a poll conducted last spring by the Mason-Dixon Political Research Firm showed that sixty-four per cent of Arkansas respondents would either consider rejecting the President or outright vote against him. Among whites, the figure was seventy-two per cent. By summer, Clinton had suffered some significant defections by influential supporters in the state. Among them was Charles Murphy, Jr., the millionaire chairman of the Murphy Oil Corporation, in El Dorado. He is serving as Bob Dole's finance chairman in the state. Don Tyson, of Tyson Foods, has let it be known that he, too, supports Dole in 1996.

Yet there is something about Clinton that Arkansans cannot resist. In early December, I went to a Little Rock fund-raising dinner in honor of Arkansas's outgoing Senator David Pryor, at which Clinton was the featured speaker. There was much joking, and the audience at the sold-out event gave its heartiest applause to a remark by Pryor that Bill Clinton was a President "who is going to be reëlected."

"We like him," Bill Woodyard, a prominent attorney and a member of Clinton's social circle, told me that night. "There's a lot of things we don't agree with him on, but we're here because we like him."

Afterward, much of the crowd spilled into the bar at the Capital Hotel, a favorite spot among the ruling class. Among them was Don Tyson. When I told him I was surprised to see him at an event featuring Bill Clinton, he smiled, and said, "Hell, you've been with a guy for twenty-seven years, you don't leave him just because you're mad at him. It's like brothers sitting at the table together." ♦

ALL'S RIGHT WITH THE WORLD DEPARTMENT

[*From the Amherst* (*Mass.*) *Bulletin*]

The Lutherans know how to put on a potluck, and the feast to honor the Rev. John and Suzanne Standahl was an example. One spectacular dish was seven different layers of jello. There was no bleeding among the layers. It was perfect.

Blenheim Ginger Ale
WE MAKE GINGER ALE
THE OLD FASHIONED WAY
SINCE 1903
NOW YOU CAN ORDER our famous Ginger Ale
prepaid anywhere in the U.S.
$24.00 per case of 24/12 oz. bottles.
Specify #3 HOT, #5 NOT AS HOT
or #9 DIET (or can mix)
NOT FOR TIMID PALATES !
Write to: Blenheim Bottlers
Box 452, Hamer SC 29547
or Call: 1-800-270-9344
AMX/DISCOVER/VISA/MC

Free Catalog
Teak and Mahogany
Outdoor Furniture
Precision-cut Kits or Fully Assembled
All-weather furniture of enduring beauty and character, handcrafted to last a lifetime. Benches, swings, market umbrellas, tables, chairs, lounges, and more. Available fully assembled, or as kits that are easy and fun to put together.
Wood Classics
Box 96Y0210,Gardiner, NY 12525
(914) 255-5651

CELEBRATION BOWL
Weddings - Anniversaries
Send someone you love a personalized crystal masterpiece. Hand blown and etched.
Special Inscriptions? Yes.
Rush Orders? Absolutely.
8.5" - $129 12" - $239
408-427-3512

Experience the purest, most powerful self-development technology available today...
AVATAR: IT'S WHAT YOU'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR.
Avatar
Linda Decker 800-573-4935
Jim Rafferty 800-788-3880
Kayt Campbell 800-299-5379
Harriett Simon Salinger 800-487-4599
Avatar is a registered trademark of Star's Edge International. All rights reserved.

DARWIN GALAPAGOS CRUISE
Follow Charles Darwin's route on a special 11 day GALAPAGOS TRAVEL Expedition, led by historian / cinematographer Greg Estes.
GALAPAGOS travel
P.O. Box 1220 • San Juan Bautista, CA 95045 • (800)969-9014

A CRITIC AT LARGE

JANE'S WORLD

Why does Jane Austen, the quintessential English spinster, have so many modern lovers?

BY MARTIN AMIS

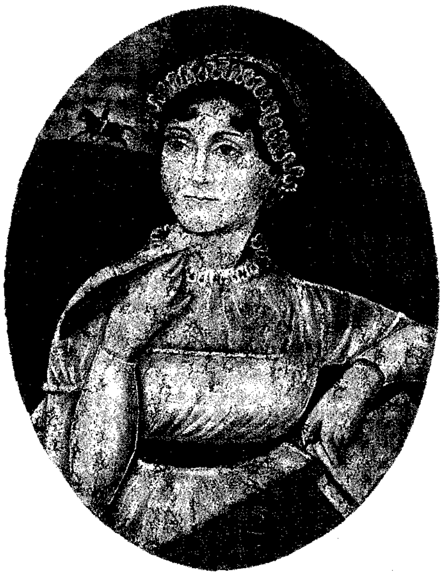
CURRENTLY, it seems, Jane Austen is hotter than Quentin Tarantino. But before we try to establish what the Austen phenomenon is, let us first establish what it is not. About eighteen months ago, I went to see "Four Weddings and a Funeral" at a North London cineplex. Very soon I was filled with a yearning to be doing something else (standing at a bus stop in the rain, for example); and under normal circumstances I would have walked out after ten or fifteen minutes. But these weren't normal circumstances. Beside me sat Salman Rushdie. For various reasons—various security reasons—we had to stay. Thus the Ayatollah Khomeini had condemned me to sit through "Four Weddings and a Funeral"; and no Iranian torturer could have elicited a greater variety of winces and flinches, of pleadings and whimperings. One was obliged to submit, and absorb a few social lessons, in agonizing surroundings. It felt like a reversal of the Charles Addams cartoon: I sat there, thoroughly aghast, while everyone about me (save the author of "The Satanic Verses") giggled and gurgled, hugging themselves with the deliciousness of it all. The only good bit was when you realized that the titular funeral was going to feature Simon Callow. I clenched my fist and said *yes.* At least *one* of them was going to die.

"Well," I said, when it was over, "that was bottomlessly horrible. Why is it so popular?"

"Because," said Salman, "the world has bad taste. Didn't you know that?"

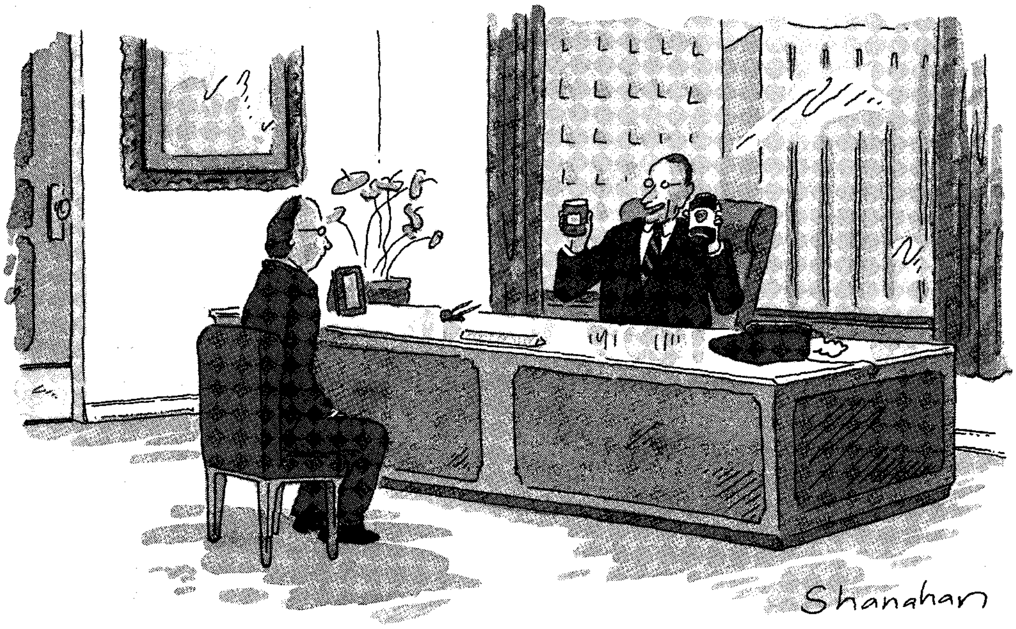
Still, bad taste doesn't quite cover it. I can see that the upper classes might enjoy watching the upper classes portrayed with such whimsical fondness. But why should it appeal to four hundred berks from Hendon? In any postwar decade other than the present one, "Four Weddings" would have provoked nothing but incredulous disgust. A sixties audience would have wrecked the cinema. Yet now it seems that the old resentments have evaporated, and "the million," as Hamlet called them, feel free to root for the congenital millionaires. They can lapse into a forgetful toadyism, and abase themselves before their historical oppressors. Class is harmless, class is cute; class is even felt to be . . . *classy.* "Four Weddings" is of course deeply "sentimental" in the colloquial sense: it displays false and unworthy tenderness. But it is also sentimental in the literary sense: an exhausted form has been speciously revived. Houses, parties, house parties, amorous vicissitudes in opulent drawing rooms and landscaped gardens, do's and don'ts, "p"s and "q"s, old money and unlimited leisure. To get in the mood for "Four Weddings," imagine you are the Reverend Collins on laughing gas. It is Jane Austen, in a vile new outfit.

"Persuasion" has recently been filmed, and so has "Sense and Sensibility," and there are three versions of "Emma" in



Austen gave comedy some of the fever of what we would now call romance.

CYNTHIA VON BUHLER



"And as part of your severance package you can choose either a jar of my homemade salsa or some of my Texas-style barbecue sauce."

• •

the works (not to mention "Clueless"), and no doubt someone will soon knock off the amiably mock-Gothic "Northanger Abbey," and someone else will find the nerve to tackle the problematic austerities of "Mansfield Park," and that will be that. For "Pride and Prejudice" has been most comprehensively taken care of, in the BBC's six-part, nine-and-a-half-million-dollar serial, which has been emptying the streets of England every Sunday night (and which will arrive on American screens on January 15th). Austen fever, or more particularly Darcymania, is upon us. Features editors have been reduced to commissioning interviews with lorry drivers and insulation engineers who happen to be *called* Darcy; tourist pilgrimages to Jane Austen's house (in Chawton, Hants) were up about two hundred and fifty per cent in October, and sales of Austen tote bags, Austen crockery, Austen sweatshirts, Austen tea towels, and Austen aprons were comparably brisk; while you're listening to "The Jane Austen Music Compact Disc" (stuff she might have heard or played), you can rustle something up from "The Jane Austen Cookbook" (all ingredients have been modernized); and so on. Much of this enthusiasm is, of course, collateral enthusiasm, or Heritage enthusiasm: a blend of disembodied snobbery and vague postimperial tristesse. No doubt, too, many of the serial's ten million viewers watched it in the same spirit as they watched "Four Weddings"—contentedly stupefied by all the eccentricity and luxe. But such wastage is inevitable, and even appropriate. "Sense and Sensibility" and "Persuasion" play at the art houses. "Pride and Prejudice" plays in your living room; and—true to the book—it comes at you with a broad embrace.

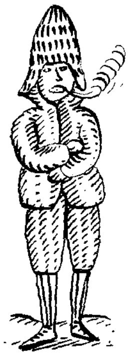
Some may be funnier than others, but all Jane Austen's novels are classical comedies: they are about young couples finding their way toward a festive conclusion, namely marriage. Furthermore, all Jane Austen's comedies are structurally the *same* comedy. There is a Heroine, there is a Hero, and there is an Obstacle. The Obstacle is always money (not class—Mrs. Bennet's origins are in "trade," but so are Mr. Bingley's). With the exception of Emma Woodhouse, all the Heroines are penniless and have no dependable prospect other than comfortless spinsterhood. As the Hero heaves into view, he will appear to be dogged by a female Rival—schemer, heiress, or vamp. The Heroine, for her part, will be distracted, tempted, or merely pestered by a counterfeit hero, a Foil—seducer, opportunist, or fop. The Foil can be richer than the Hero ("Persuasion," "Mansfield Park") and, on the face of it, much better fun ("Mansfield Park"). The Hero can also be uglier than the Foil. In her adaptation of "Sense and Sensibility" (which has a double Heroine), Emma Thompson does what she can to spruce up Colonel Brandon—the part is given to Alan Rickman—but the novel makes it plain that he is a pitiable old wreck of thirty-five. Brandon represents authorial punishment for Marianne's unrestrained infatuation with her Foil, John Willoughby (played in the film by the charmlessly handsome Greg Wise). The flaws of the Foil will highlight the Hero's much solider merits. While the Heroines have foibles, the Heroes are all paragons. Two of them—Henry Tilney and Edmund Bertram—are vicars.

In "Pride and Prejudice," Austen turned up the dial that controls the temperature of comedy, giving it some of the fever of what we would now call romance. Both Rival and Foil are almost melodramatically garish figures: the self-woundingly feline Caroline Bingley, the debauched and self-pitying George Wickham. They create logistical difficulties, but neither is capable of mounting the slightest threat to the central attraction. For Elizabeth Bennet is the most frictionlessly adorable Heroine in the corpus—by some distance. And, as for the Hero, well, Miss Austen, for once in her short life, held nothing back: tall, dark, handsome, brooding, clever, noble, and uninhibitedly rich. He has a vast estate, a house in town, a "clear" ten thousand per annum. His sister Georgiana has thirty thousand pounds—whereas Elizabeth's dowry amounts to about a quid a week. No reader can resist the brazen wishfulness of "Pride and Prejudice," but it is clear from internal evidence alone that Austen never fully forgave herself for it. "Mansfield Park" was her—and our—penance. As her own prospects weakened, dreams of romance paled into the modest hope for respectability. "Persuasion" was her poem to the second chance. And then came death.

This autumn, as the new serial got

into its stride, distressed viewers rang up the BBC in tears, pleading for the assurance that fate would smile on the star-crossed pair and all would yet be well. I was not among these callers, but I sympathized. And I quite understood why the “Pride and Prejudice” video, released midway through the run, sold out in two hours. When I was introduced to the novel, at the age of fourteen, I read twenty pages and then besieged my stepmother’s study until she told me what I needed to know. I needed to know that Darcy married Elizabeth. (I needed to know that Bingley married Jane.) I needed this information as badly as I had ever needed anything. “Pride and Prejudice” suckers you. Amazingly—and, I believe, uniquely—it *goes on* suckering you. Even now, as I open the book, I feel the same panic of unsatisfied expectation, despite five or six rereadings. How can this be, when the genre itself guarantees consummation? The simple answer is that the lovers really are made for each other—by their creator. They are *constructed* for each other: interlocked for wedlock.

Andrew Davies, who adapted the novel for television, was shrewd enough to regard his function as one of artistic midwifery—to get the thing out of the page and onto the screen in as undamaged a state as possible. After all, he had before him the example of the Olivier-Garson version of 1940 (based on a script by Aldous Huxley, among others): cold proof that any tampering will reduce the original to emollient inconsequentiality. Huxley’s reading is disastrously winsome; even Lady Catherine de Bourgh is a good egg. Still, the adapter has to do what the adapter has to do. The pious and vigilant Janeite looks on, ever ready to be scandalized by the merest breach of decorum.



Very early on, we see Elizabeth in the bedroom she shares with Jane, saying, “If I could love a man who would love me enough to take me for a mere fifty pounds a year, I should be very well pleased.” This puts us in the financial picture (and we will soon be seeing Mr. Bennet sighing over his account book); but it commits Elizabeth to a predisposed mooniness quite at odds with her defiant stoicism. Later, when the scandal of Lydia’s elopement breaks, and Darcy gauntly takes his leave of Elizabeth in the inn near Pemberley, Austen writes, “Elizabeth felt how improbable it was that they should ever see each other again on such terms of cordiality as had marked their several meetings in Derbyshire.” This translates as a one-line soliloquy: “I shall never see him again.” Austen’s lines show a brave face in adversity, Davies’ an admission of a love Elizabeth does not yet feel. Each shifted brick threatens the whole building.

TV is TV, and TV Man wants visual equivalents for every “it” and “the.” And the visual is always literal, funnily enough. Any protracted passage of background explication is accorded a lavish collage. Darcy’s letter to Elizabeth, with its revelations about Wickham’s character, inspires a scene set in Cambridge: Darcy in his gown and mortarboard, striding through a colonnade, mounting the stairs—and surprising the smirking Wickham with a half-clad scullery maid on his lap. We see Lydia and Wickham’s midnight flit (la, how they cuddle in the carriage!), we see Darcy pacing the festering streets of London in search of them, and we see the runaways in their bedroom at the rude tavern. Elizabeth and Darcy don’t just think about each other, they have hallucinations about each other. They’ve got it that bad.

Davies’ more minor interpolations are usually pretty deft and sometimes downright felicitous. But every Janeite is like the Princess and the Pea. Wickham doesn’t say that Darcy “refused point blank” (though he might have done—the epithet is sufficiently elderly). Elizabeth would *never* say (skeptically), “Astonish me!” Even Lydia would not wonderingly repeat the (invented) line, “A whole campful of soldiers. . . .” Nor would she say, “We shall have some laughs.” When Elizabeth refuses Darcy’s first offer of marriage, he notes that she spurns him “with so little *effort* at civility,” whereas the book has the clearly superior “so little *endeavour* at civility.” A few pages earlier, a nifty subjunctive is lost when “I expected at least that the pigs were got into the garden” becomes “the pigs had got into the garden.” I could go on. But by now I feel I am trespassing on the reader’s pa-

GROWTH

TEMPLETON GROWTH FUND

At Templeton, we believe a long-range investment strategy may be the best way to take advantage of market advances and minimize the effects of market declines. The Templeton Growth Fund is designed with that consideration in mind. The fund offers:

- **Capital Growth Potential**
- **International Diversification**
- **Professional Management**

While the fund’s diversified portfolio can help reduce risk, there are special risks inherent in foreign investing, including currency fluctuation and political uncertainty.

Call your investment representative or Templeton today.

1-800-342-FUND
Ext. T626

Franklin Templeton Distributors, Inc.
700 Central Avenue
St. Petersburg, FL 33701-3628

Yes! I would like a free prospectus containing more complete information on the ***Templeton Growth Fund****, including sales charges and expenses. I will read it carefully before I invest or send money.*

☐ *I am currently a Templeton shareholder.*

Name ______________________

Address ______________________

City ______________________

State ______________________

Zip Code ______________________

TNY96
T626

Templeton
WORLDWIDE

A Member of the $130 Billion
Franklin Templeton Group

tience. Then again, I would argue that these tiny precisions, these niceties, are the atoms that constitute Jane Austen's universe. And after a long immersion in her work, I find that her thought rhythms entirely invade my own. Normal social intercourse becomes increasingly strained. People look at me oddly. If, for example, the editor had called, to inquire after the progress of the present piece, I would have been like to reply, "Nay, Madam, I find I get on excessively ill. I need more time alone with Jane. May I extort, then, the indulgence of a further se'nnight?"

IN David Lodge's novel "Changing Places," a tweedy little British academic goes to teach at Euphoric State University, on the West Coast, while a big brash American academic goes to teach at a rain-sodden redbrick called Rummidge. The American, Morris Zapp, wearily begins his seminar:

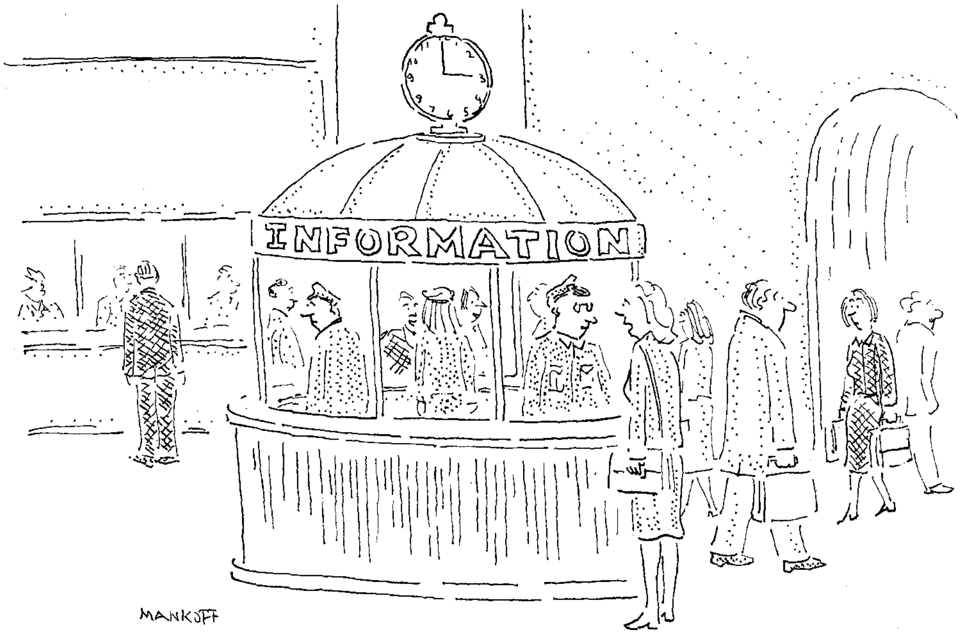
> "What are you bursting to discuss this morning?"
>
> "Jane Austen," mumbled the boy with the beard. . . .
>
> "Oh yeah. What was the topic?"
>
> "I've done it on Jane Austen's *moral* awareness."
>
> "That doesn't sound like my style."
>
> "I couldn't understand the title you gave me, Professor Zapp."
>
> "Eros and Agape in the later novels, wasn't it? What was the problem?"
>
> The student hung his head.

The immediate joke here is the contrast in critical styles: the British still locked in the ethical battlefields patrolled by F. R. Leavis, the Americans soaring off into the architectonics of myth and structure. But Lodge's deeper point is that Jane Austen is weirdly capable of keeping *everybody* busy. The moralists, the Eros-and-Agape people, the Marxists, the Freudians, the Jungians, the semioticians, the deconstructors—all find an adventure playground in six samey novels about middle-class provincials. And for every generation of critics, and readers, her fiction effortlessly renews itself.

Each age will bring its peculiar emphasis, and in the current Austen festival our own anxieties stand fully revealed. We like to wallow in the accents and accoutrements of Jane's world, but our response is predominantly sombre. We notice, above all, the constriction of female opportunity: how brief was their nubility, and yet how slowly and deadeningly time passed within it. We notice how plentiful were the occasions for inflicting social pain, and how interested the powerful were in this infliction. We see how little the powerless had to use against those who might hate them. We wonder who on earth will marry the poor girls. Poor men can't. And rich men can't. So who can? We fret and writhe at the physical confinement (how desperate these filmmakers are to get their characters out-of-doors). Of all virtues Jane Austen valued "candour"; but candor, as we understand it, has no arena in which to exercise itself. One honest exchange between Anne Elliot and Frederick Wentworth and "Persuasion" disappears. We long to give them our pleasures. We wonder at their self-repression. And we are terrified by their circumambient boredom.

The BBC's new serial has been touted in the press as revealing the latent "sensuality" of Jane Austen's imagination; naturally it reveals much more about the blatant sensuality of our own. Austen, after all, is notoriously cerebral—a resolute niggard in her descriptive dealings with food, clothes, animals, children, weather, and landscape. But we in the nineties will not have it so. Thus at the outset, on our televisions, Darcy and Bingley thunder toward Netherfield Park on their snorting horses, while Elizabeth enjoys a hearty tramp on a nearby hillside. Later, climbing from the bath, Darcy looks out of the window and sees Elizabeth romping with a dog. Lydia is surprised half-clad by Mr. Collins—and gigglingly confronts him with her cleavage. In the throes of his imprudent passion for Elizabeth, Darcy takes up fencing. "I shall conquer this," he mutters. "I *shall.*" Returning to Pemberley, unshaven, with the hot horse between his thighs, he dismounts and impetuously plunges into a pond. Here, clearly, we are moving away from Jane Austen, toward D. H. Lawrence—and Ken Russell. "There is a lot of pent-up sexuality in Austen's work," Davies has said, "and I have let it out." But why stop there? Why not give her some Vitamin C and a backrub? Austen's characters resist the ministrations of the therapy age. As literary creations, they *thrive* on their inhibition. It is the source of all their thwarted energy.

Now for the performances, which are a testimony to phenomenal strength in depth and to the accuracy and inconspicuousness of Simon Langton's direction. Jennifer Ehle (pronounced "Ely") is not quite the perfect Elizabeth, for such a creature could not exist in nature; Elizabeth, simply, is Jane Austen with looks, and such



"Whither NATO?"

a creature could never have created Elizabeth. Ehle has the spirit and the warmth; she has a smile of almost orgasmic sweetness; she contrives to look voluptuous *and* vulnerable in the egg-cozy maternity outfits that "authenticity" has clothed her in; and she has the eyes; but she cannot quite inhabit the surrogate intelligence. Colin Firth is an insidiously persuasive Darcy, as he makes his journey from probity to right feeling. To know her heart, all Elizabeth needs is the facts before her. Darcy has to complete two centuries of evolution. The ensemble players are led by Alison Steadman. Some dull dogs have found her Mrs. Bennet too broad, too Dickensian, but in fact she establishes a miraculous equipoise between bitterness and boiling vulgarity (and this balance is sustained by the memory of her physical allure). Susannah Harker makes a languid, comfortably ponderous Jane; Julia Sawalha gives us Lydia's "high animal spirits"; David Bamber is a marvellously contorted and masochistic Mr. Collins; and Anna Chancellor locates an unexpected pathos behind Caroline Bingley's expert barbs. The one important failure is Mr. Bennet. Benjamin Whitrow's line readings are thoughtful and confident, but he is too quick to take refuge in wryness and twinkle. The most cynical character in all Jane Austen, Mr. Bennet is the dark backing behind the bright mirror. He, too, is very close to his creator, and Jane Austen feared his weakness in herself. Mr. Bennet makes sport with his own despair.

The sensualism imported by Davies and Langton brings one unarguable gain: all those creamy, dreamy scenes in the bedroom shared by Elizabeth and Jane, with the candles lit and the hair down, make us feel the crucial heaviness of their sisterly love. We are reminded that the emotional argument of the book is intimately bound up with this relationship; and we feel its weight without realizing why it weighs so much. Watching Marianne's near-death scene (lovesickness, fever) in "Sense and Sensibility," I wondered why I was so pierced, and so desolated, when Elinor addresses her sister as, simply, "my dearest." We are moved because the endearment is literally true—and may well remain true, for life. For the unmarried, no reconfiguration awaits the pattern of their love; their nearest are their dearest, and that is the end of it. In "Persuasion," we sense Anne Elliot's further privation as she probes for warmth in the humorless solipsism of her sister Mary. And we naïvely console ourselves that Jane Austen, whatever else she lacked, at least had Cassandra.

"FOUR WEDDINGS AND A FUNERAL" had something to be said for it; as a result of one typically embarrassing scene, an opportunist edition of ten Auden poems climbed into the best-seller lists. This book was called "Tell Me the Truth About Love" and had a photograph of Hugh Grant on its cover (and Grant, incidentally, makes a creditable Edward Ferrars in "Sense and Sensibility"). On Jane Austen, Auden was great but wrong:

> You could not shock her more than she
>   shocks me;
> Beside her Joyce seems innocent as grass.
> It makes me most uncomfortable to see
> An English spinster of the middle-class
> Describe the amorous effects of "brass,"
> Reveal so frankly and with such sobriety
> The economic basis of society.

We of the nineties would most certainly shock Jane Austen, with our vast array of slovenly and unexamined freedoms. Nonetheless, there is a suspicion of cant in Auden's lines. "Brass" made Charlotte Lucas accept Mr. Collins ("disgracing herself" with a prudential marriage), but it didn't make her love him. Elizabeth turned down Mr. Collins; and, with so little endeavor at civility, she turned down Mr. Darcy, too, with his ten thousand a year. Writing about Gray's "Elegy," William Empson said that the poem presents the condition of provincial oblivion as pathetic without putting you in a mood in which you would want to change it. But "change" is the business of satire. Satire is militant irony. Irony is more long-suffering. It doesn't incite you to transform society; it strengthens you to tolerate it. Jane Austen was indeed an English spinster of the middle class. She died in unrelieved pain at the age of forty-one. On the other hand, she has now survived for nearly two hundred years. Her lovers are platonic lovers, but they form a multitude. ♦

Projections say former Communist Aleksander Kwasnieswki has defeated incumbent Lech Walesa by a slime margin in Poland's presidential runoff.—*Tallahassee Democrat.*

Just the news, please.

Travel with Scholars

Southeast Asia's Sacred Places
Breathtaking temples of Cambodia, Indonesia, and Thailand with chair of U.C. Berkeley's East Asian Languages Department Jeffrey Riegel

Mexico's Oaxaca & Day of the Dead
Colonial history, pre-Columbian ruins, and indigenous influences with Anthropologist Stanely Brandes, U.C. Berkeley

Australia
Aboriginal homelands and Great Barrier Reef with Marine Biologist Frank Talbot, former director of the Smithsonian Institution's National Museum of Natural History

Eight other 1996 Travel/Study Programs in England, France, Ireland, Italy, U.S.

For free brochure call, write, or fax
(510) 642-3112, ext. 7
Marketing Dept. 7, UC Extension, 1995
University Ave., Berkeley CA 94720-7020
Fax: (510) 642-0374

UC Berkeley Extension

RECORDED BOOKS™
"The best on audiocassette"

The Shipping News
by E. Annie Proulx

Narrated by Paul Hecht
Unabridged on cassette. Ask about quick and easy rentals by mail.
for a free color brochure call:
1-800-638-1304
Ask for Dept. NYT 02

270 Skipjack Road • Prince Frederick, MD 20678

Three Million Pieces
China, Crystal, Flatware & Collectibles
Obsolete, Inactive & Active.
Buy Or Sell.

REPLACEMENTS, LTD.
1089 Knox Road, PO Box 26029
Greensboro, NC 27420 - Dept. YO

1-800-REPLACE
(1-800-737-5223)

PERSONAL HISTORY

HOW NAZIS ARE MADE

Ingo Hasselbach, the East German founder of the National Alternative neo-Nazi party, describes his own harrowing transformation—why he repudiated a world he helped create, and what he saw stirring on America's far right.

BY INGO HASSELBACH WITH TOM REISS

TWO days before the bombing in Oklahoma City last April, I arrived in the United States from Germany. It was one of the only chances I'd had to pause in the two years since I'd sprung unprotected into a new world. America was the embodiment of this world—a society of all nationalities, a strong democracy, a land of liberty—and it was everything I'd once worked to destroy. I was glued to the news for the rest of my stay, watching as the bombings were linked to the existence of a far-right subversive movement, fuelled by paranoid conspiracy theories and hatred of the federal government. That there was such a movement didn't come as news to me. As a founder of the former East Germany's first neo-Nazi political party, I'd been one of the European contacts for several American far-right organizations, and one of the main distributors of their propaganda in Germany. Before I got out of the Movement, in 1993, I organized teach-ins, ran paramilitary camps, and indoctrinated young people at marches and meetings.

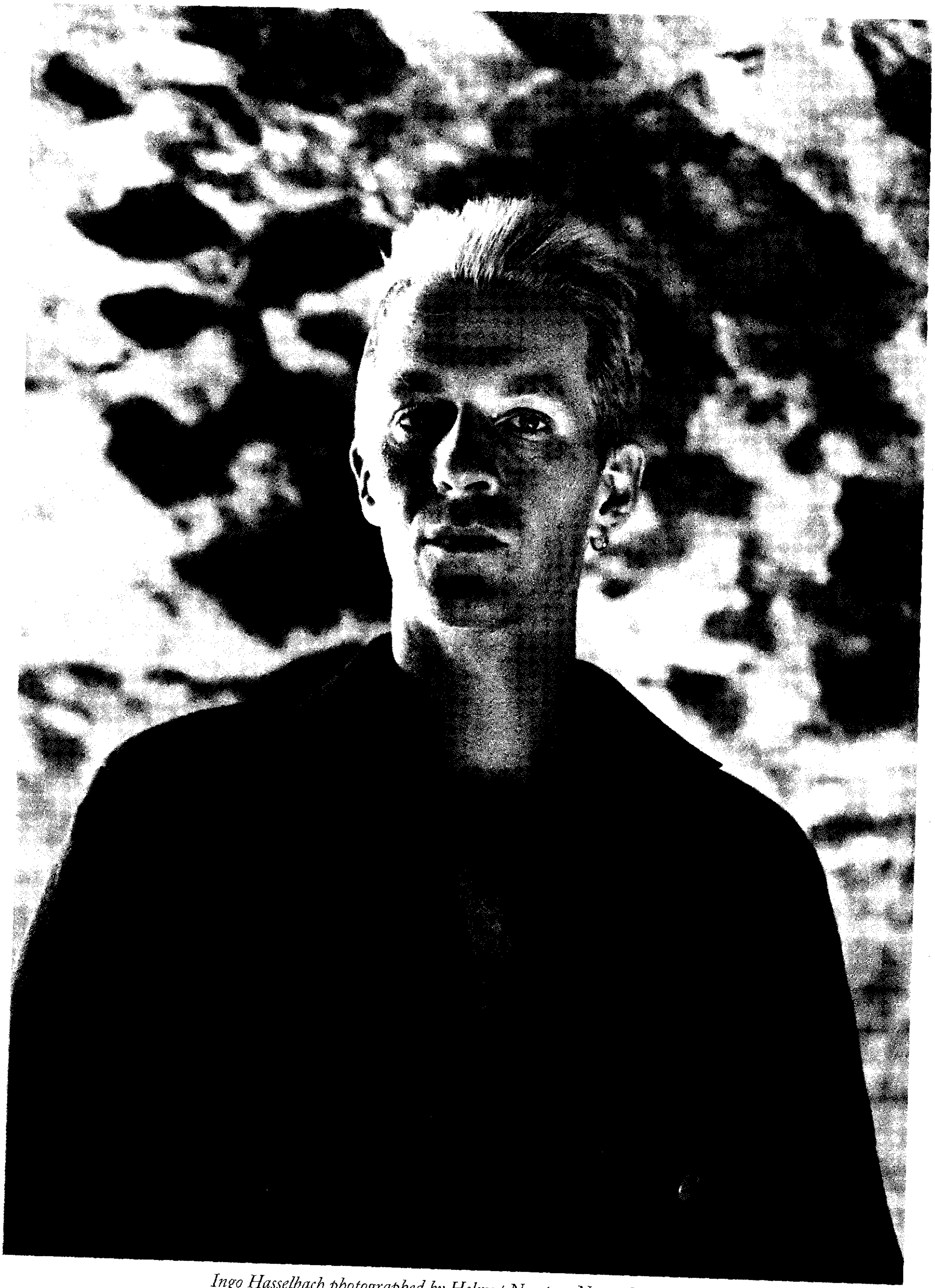
Like the extremists in America, my kamerads and I shared a hatred for the government, a belief that our freedoms and traditions as white men (or, as we said, Aryans) were being infringed on by a multicultural society, and a general anti-Semitism, which held that Jews ran a conspiracy emanating from New York and Washington. While most of these ideas could have come from European anti-Semitic tracts written before the Second World War, they didn't. Virtually all our propaganda and training manuals came from extremist groups in the United States, where it is legal to print such materials, under the First Amendment. The German Constitution adopted after the defeat of the Third Reich puts significant limits on free speech when it threatens democracy, and bans the dissemination of Nazi symbols and propaganda. (Indeed, I was reminded of the radical difference in attitudes toward free speech in Germany and the United States earlier this month, after the shooting of a black couple in Fayetteville, North Carolina, allegedly by three soldiers from the nearby base at Fort Bragg. Apparently, one of the soldiers accused in the killing had openly displayed a Nazi flag above his bunk.)

When I was in the Movement, much of our illegal material came from an address in Nebraska—the world headquarters of the National Socialist German Workers Party / Overseas Organization, named after the foreign branch of the original N.S.D.A.P., or Nazi Party. One very useful manual was actually published by the United States Army and was called "Explosives and Demolitions." We photocopied it and mailed it to neo-Nazis all over Germany. But the most modern handbook for terror we received was sent from Nebraska via the Internet. It was called "A Movement in Arms" and described how to wage a terrorist war against a democratic government.

The Movement is intentionally designed to be as decentralized and anonymous as possible, so that its members can distance themselves from acts of violence committed in its name. This deniability helps keep its members both morally and legally in the clear. Though I trained young people to hate, I could still profess shock that any of them would go out and actually commit murder. Our racist propaganda always put hatred in a positive light—it expressed racism as racial pride—and removed from the reader any responsibility for its bloody consequences. All responsibility rested with the victim, who was biologically inferior and brought trouble on himself by mixing with the master race, or so the thinking went. But hatred and violence aren't anonymous forces of nature, nor do they arise from the circumstances or natures of their victims. They arise from the lives of their perpetrators.

MY father was born in Düsseldorf, on the Rhine. He was raised by parents who had come there from France, and he lost both of them to the war: his father was killed in action, and his mother was killed in an Allied air raid. My father always hated the Nazis. After the war, he joined the German Communist Party, the K.P.D. In West Germany, which was called the Federal Republic, the K.P.D. was outlawed in 1956, but my father continued his activism in secret, and in 1961 he was thrown into prison for promoting an "anti-constitutional" organization. Three years later, he was released from prison and went over the Wall in what you'd call the wrong direction—east. His wife, a devoted Communist, had already emigrated, with their five children. He met my mother, with whom he soon began an affair, at the East German press agency in East Berlin, where they were both working. My father had landed the coveted job easily: having served time in a West German prison, he was a "hero of the fight against Fascism," for East Germany made only a nominal distinction between the Third Reich and the Federal Republic. It was all Western, capitalist Fascism. My mother, for her part, had grown up in what became East Berlin after the war, but she was never a particularly committed Communist.

My parents' affair didn't last more than a year, but they stayed in touch for the next twenty years, because of me. As a boy, I knew my father as Uncle Hans, a man who would come to visit and bring me presents, and smoked a pipe that smelled delicious. I had no idea that he was my father. Since my mother was often working or away on assignment, I spent much of my early childhood with my grandmother and grandfather, whom



Ingo Hasselbach photographed by Helmut Newton, November, 1995.

we lived with in Prenzlauer Berg, an old neighborhood directly bordering the Wall. Their small apartment building had been built around the First World War, and it still had bullet holes from the Second World War scarring its concrete façade.

I used to play near my grandmother and listen to her tell stories as she cooked. She told me how she had once been arrested by the Gestapo and nearly sent to a concentration camp because she looked Jewish. Eventually, they found out she wasn't a Jew, and let her go. She also told me how S.S. men had come to the house and threatened to arrest my grandfather when he refused to hang a flag with a swastika out the window. I didn't think about what she'd said to me until years later, after I renounced neo-Nazism and dropped out of the Movement. (My grandmother was dead before I became a neo-Nazi—and thank God, for it would have pained her. My grandfather stopped speaking to me then and resumed communication only after he learned I'd quit.) I think my grandparents meant so much to me because at heart they were the least ideological people I knew. Just as they had never been Nazis in the Third Reich, they were never Communists in the G.D.R. They were always just people. And in my life that has been a rare quality.

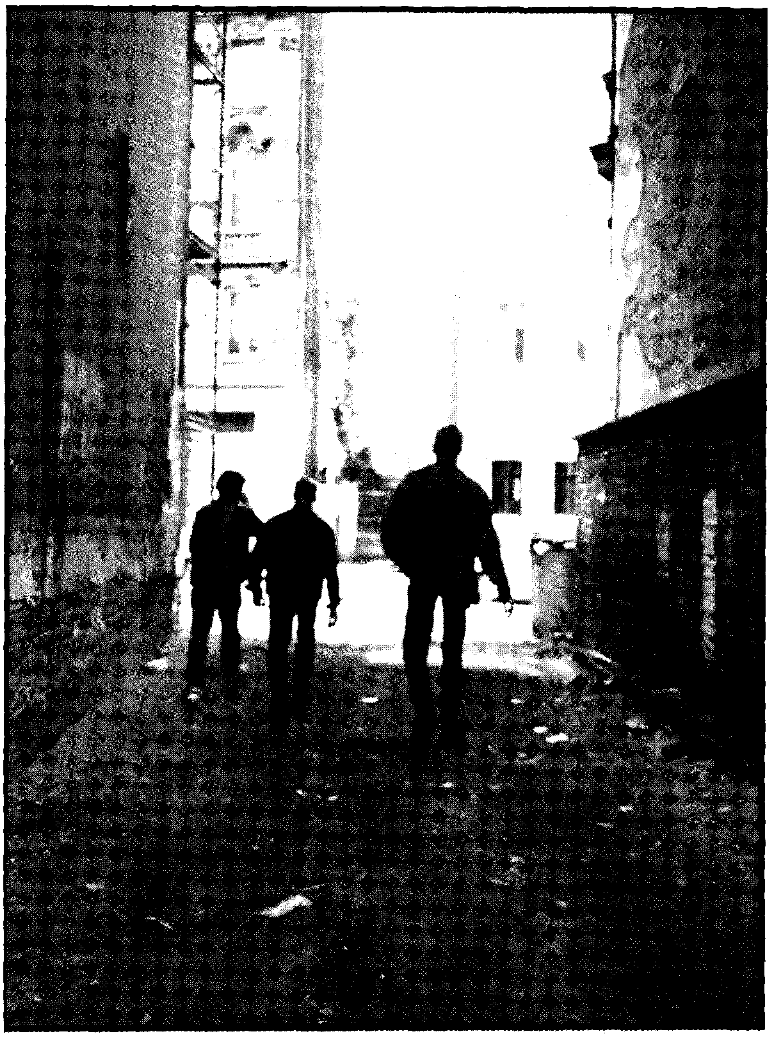
WHEN I was three, my mother married her boss at the press agency. He was a short man with thick, round glasses, who was very bland, except that he was very authoritarian. After my stepfather moved in, for the first time in my life I was beaten. But perhaps the biggest change was that we moved out of my grandparents' flat and into a new building, in the Lichtenberg district, the heart of Communist East Berlin. While each house in Prenzlauer Berg was a little community around a courtyard, the newer houses in Lichtenberg were prisonlike complexes built on a vast scale—the ultimate architectural product of East German Communism.

The people in my new neighborhood were always stopping us and saying, You can't do this, because it hurts the state, or it hurts Socialism. Once, when my friends and I scaled the fence surrounding a local cakemaking factory, I was caught by a man with a grave expression who told me I mustn't steal cakes, because it would "hurt the people's economy." But I didn't care. I had no idea what the people's economy was, or why I shouldn't hurt it.

A child notices when adults are trying hard to behave, and I noticed this atmosphere in Lichtenberg in a way I'd never noticed it in Prenzlauer Berg. You felt that something was wrong, that your parents could get into trouble for something you did. I later found out that half my neighbors here had worked for the Ministry for State Security—the Stasi—and were spying on one another, and that my family was actually part of a tiny minority in the building which had no Stasi agents, officers, or informants in its ranks.

I lived for the time I spent over at my grandparents'. There was a commune in their building, and the hippies, who were friendly with my grandmother, often invited me into their apartment, where they all ran around practically naked, and really spoiled me. I smoked my first cigarettes with them. The state had a conflicted attitude about hippie culture: it came from the decadent West, but there it had been a protest culture against American imperialism and the Vietnam War, and at times in favor of the Communist bloc. So the government let these people live somewhat outside the system; often they were allowed to leave the country or be "bought out" by the West. (The Communists had spent huge sums building and guarding the Wall, and now, twenty years later, through the finagling of lawyers on both sides, they were selling their own citizens' freedom. These ransom payments were one of East Germany's major sources of hard currency.)

After my stepfather began beating me—he would hit me on the back with a clothes hanger, but just when my mother wasn't around—I went home to Lichtenberg only to sleep. I must have been about seven when my grandmother told me who my real father was, and though this information confused me at first, I was glad to be rid of my stepfather, who I'd assumed was my father. He and my mother now had two children—Jens and Jana—and my mother was so busy, between the kids and her work, that I had a lot of freedom. I was always tall for my age (by the time I was twelve, I could pass for sixteen), and this helped me get around East Berlin. I spent


HOUSE OF HATE *Hasselbach and followers near their headquarters in Lichtenberg, Berlin. At one time, three hundred neo-Nazis lived here.*

SYLVIA PLACHY

most of my time with the hippies, who took me to concerts on weekends and to the Baltic coast in the summer. They all looked after me, because I was the youngest. Sometimes they made sure that I didn't drink too much; other times, that I had enough to drink. I lost my virginity to a twenty-six-year-old hippie woman, who became my first girlfriend. Another hippie turned me on to Neil Young, whose music remained my favorite even after I became a punk and then a neo-Nazi. This guy also taught me a very important lesson: Do what you want. When you want something to eat, take it. When you want to leave, go.

There were hardly any drugs in the G.D.R., but there was a lot of grain alcohol. I became an expert at stealing it, and I'd bring it home for the hippies. By the early eighties, there was a substantial punk scene, and I'd spend days with the punks in Lichtenberg and then have pastoral weekends in Prenzlauer Berg. All the "opposition" groups were still on pretty good terms then: the hippies and the punks would go to the Baltic coast together, just as later the punks and the skinheads—or "skins," as we called them—would hang out together. But at the same time there was an undercurrent of violence in all these groups. Even when I was with the hippies, if an ordinary guy came along, wearing a nice shirt and tie, we'd throw him down in the dirt. With the punks I soon got involved in gang fighting, or group fighting, which often happened in discos. It was ostensibly about someone's girl, or because someone had spilled his drink on someone, and then there'd be a rumble, in which you'd beat up everyone who was dressed differently from you. Beneath all the obvious differences in ideology and appearance, it was not about right or left. It was about the state. Each group had its own way of rebelling—the hippies had their life style; the punks stole like maniacs; and the skins used raw, sadistic violence—but the state that oppressed all of us was the same. It was literally the extension of the will of our parents, whose generation had strived to establish the first German "anti-Fascist" state, a state of "real existing Socialism." What they'd actually created was a state in which there was nothing to strive for but conformity.

My father had gone over to radio in about 1970, and he had his own show. He was thus something of a Communist celebrity before becoming the director of Radio-G.D.R. I heard his programs sometimes: dry reports about what Communist youth groups were doing to help the People's Universe. I remember listening to it with my punk friends. Kids would come up to me and say, "Hey, man, I hear your dad talks real shit on the radio." And I'd nod and say, "Yeah, man, total shit—for the Fatherland." I never thought about it long enough to get really disgusted. It was like this disembodied voice that I knew was my father, trying to brainwash all the kids in the nation, even though he never had any part in raising his real son. My father's voice *was* the state, and I directed all my rage at it, rather than at him. He barely existed for me.

GRADUALLY, the punks split permanently from the hippies, and I went with the punks. The hippies had become too "good" for me. It wasn't enough to protest just by waking up whenever I wanted, or sleeping with whomever I wanted. I wanted to go outside and make a statement.

At first, I ran around in torn Army pants and had weird hair. After a while, I got more into it. I put sayings on my jacket like "Destroy what you destroy" and "You're free when no one is watching you." I spent a lot of time stealing with someone I'll call Freddy Meisel—one of the toughest punks on the street, who soon did his first stint in prison for hitting a neighborhood cop on the head with his own nightstick. Together, we did our first spray-painting actions. On the walls of houses in a fancy residential neighborhood we sprayed a capital letter "A" with a circle around it: the symbol of anarchism. After a few weeks, we began spraying swastikas next to our anarchist "A"s. We didn't think much about what a swastika meant, but we knew it was the most forbidden of all symbols.

Dead drunk, we hung out in Alexanderplatz and cranked the music of the Sex Pistols, UK Subs, Plasmatics, Fehlfarben, and Hansa Plast. We provoked West German tourists, and policemen. We didn't think about consequences—we didn't care at all. At sixteen, instead of staying in school, I got an apprenticeship as a bricklayer. But I soon stopped going to work and simply stole as much as I could with Freddy. Our gang was being watched by the police and the Stasi, and a lot of punks started getting thrown in jail. One of them got scared and told the *Kriminalpolizei* everything about our petty thefts, and the police arrested Freddy and me. They went nuts when they saw Freddy's black-red-and-gold mohawk—the stripes of the German flag—and they beat the hell out of us. Then they booked us for theft.

Freddy was given a year in a youth prison camp, but I was offered something very unusual in the G.D.R.: a choice. I could go to a work camp or I could live in the house of my father, the radio hero of international Socialism. Under the circumstances, I chose to be reunited with dear old Uncle Hans. So overnight I moved from a circle of completely undisciplined, asocial hippies and punks into an orderly Socialist family. "All for Socialism" was my father's answer to everything. He resented the West system for what it had done to him, and now his whole identity was bound up with the success of Communism in East Germany. He worshipped the state that had respected and elevated him. And so my rebellion against it was the ultimate personal insult to him.

There was a fighting spirit in my father that I liked, though. I'd get glimpses of it sometimes, when he reminisced about his years in prison in the West. I admired what he'd been through—that he'd been an idealist and gone to jail for it. But it hurt me that he could never see any parallels between us—not even later, after I'd been in jail in the G.D.R. and, still later, been prosecuted by the Federal Republic under the very same laws that he had been. To my father, my friends and I were all children corrupted by seeds of capitalism, case closed.

My father forbade me all contact with my punk friends and my mother. Although she had a helpless, passive attitude toward me and my troubles, she had never actively pushed me away. I met her secretly one day, and when my father found out he threw me out. I was relieved to be chucked back onto the streets. That same night I was back with my old friends in Lichtenberg.

THE scene had changed a lot during the nine months I'd been away. Many of the East Berlin punks had shaved their heads and become skinheads. I shaved my head and went along. With some other former punks, I took to watching the "German Weekly Show" from the Nazi era. We didn't really know what we were doing; it was simply another way to rebel. We had taped the shows from a West television documentary. They showed scenes from the war—the invasion of Poland, the bombing of Rotterdam, the Russian field campaign. The music was stirring, often Wagner: it was as vast and ethereal as the concepts the newsreels reinforced—camaraderie, patriotism, dreams of conquest. It was cool to watch weapons being used, and fascinating to see a time when German men had been on the move. It was the opposite of the stagnant national pool we'd grown up in.

One Saturday in February, 1987, Freddy and I decided to attend a government-sponsored festival in Lichtenberg Park. It was tribute to our occupiers: a "Friendship Festival" to honor the Soviet troops. An "*Ost* band" was playing, and it actually sounded good. Freddy and I drank a lot and began to make wisecracks to people. Then I did one of the stupidest (and bravest) things I've ever done. I walked into the middle of a group of our "liberators" and shouted, "The Wall must fall!" Everyone within hearing distance turned to see who had yelled this heresy. Drunk, and thrilled by my own effect, I shouted it again and again. Freddy grinned and held up his beer bottle. "The Wall must fall!" he shouted back, as a sort of toast.

"The Wall must fall!" I kept shouting, until the cops descended from all directions and we were hustled off out of the crowd.

Freddy and I each got a prison sentence of one year for committing "*Rowdytum*"—roughly equivalent to disturbing the peace—and making "an attack on the anti-Fascist Protective Wall." I ended up in a prison called Rummelsburg. My hatred of anti-Fascism grew exponentially during my stay in this place, where the German anti-Fascist state carried on with the methods and trappings of the German Fascist state. I'd seen enough pictures of Nazis to recognize that the G.D.R. guards were dressed in a way that was reminiscent of the Nazi guards' black uniforms, peaked hats, and boots. The hypocrisy of it bothered me more than anything: If you're going to worship power, why not admit it? At least the Nazis had been straightforward in their brutality. These people insisted that they were beating you and locking you up for your own edification and for the sake of universal brotherhood.

I was put into a cell with a frail, weedy fellow I'll call Stefan, who talked very quietly and in bursts. He'd say two sentences, then be totally quiet for five minutes, and then would come another sentence that apparently had some connection with the previous ones, though it was hard to fathom how. I asked him, for example, why he was here. He shrugged and looked around and didn't say anything for a few minutes. Then he suddenly said, "Yes, I had a cow."

"You mean you stole a cow?" I said.

He didn't say anything for a while, until he blurted, "I—I—*did* something with a cow."

"Did you steal milk, or what?"

"No, no . . ."

Finally, I realized where it was all leading. Almost lovingly, Stefan described to me his special relationship with animals. After he'd unburdened himself, I asked him, "What did they give you?"

"They punished me for hurting the people's economy," he said, sadly puzzled at the idea. Stefan was illiterate, so even though he'd been carrying his verdict around in his pocket he hadn't been able to read it. I took an hour trying to explain it to him. The verdict said that the cow he raped had thereafter produced less milk: thus he had committed a crime against the people's economy.

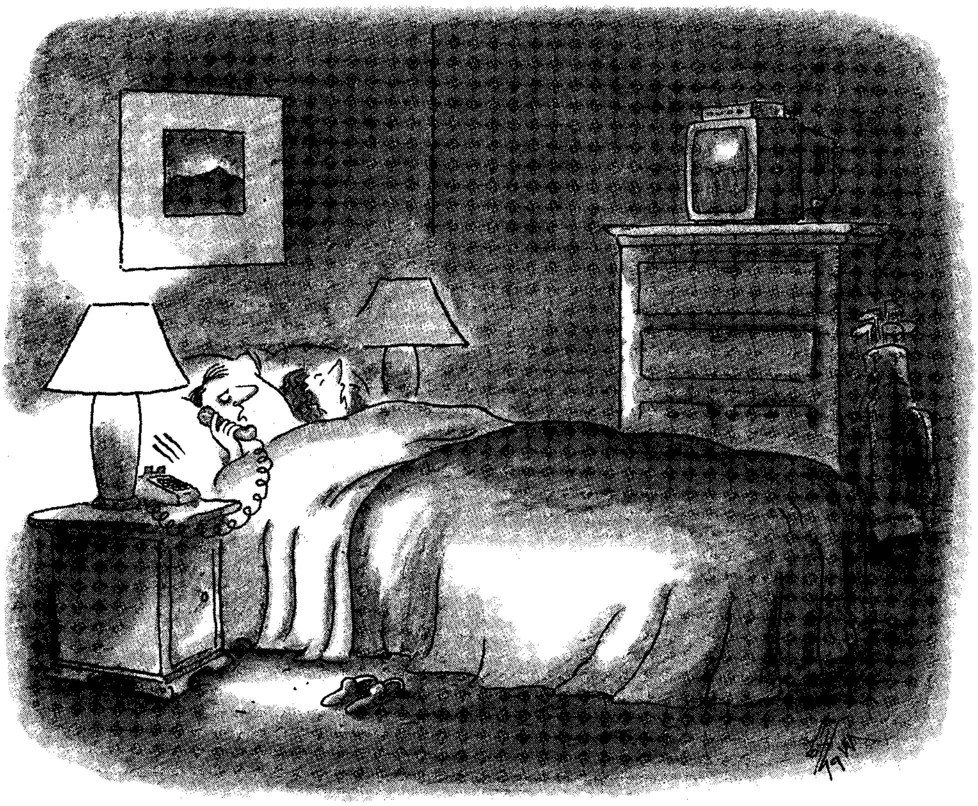
"How long do I have to stay here?" he asked urgently.

"Ten months," I said, reading his verdict.

"Ah, ten months," he repeated, as if I might as well have said ten days or ten years.

I noticed that the other prisoners and the guards didn't talk to Stefan, because they considered him, along with the child molesters, to be the lowest of the low. During the free hour in the yard, they would come up and ask me if I knew what he'd done. "Yeah, I know," I'd say. "But I also know that he's not all there in the head, so you should have a bit of sympathy. He shouldn't be here—he should be in a hospital."

One day, perhaps because I was getting along too well with this sex degenerate who they'd hoped would bother me, I was moved into solitary confinement. After all, I might be having a "negative political influence" on Stefan. He cried when I left his cell. I was put in a sub-basement, where there was no noise, except for when the guard brought the food and pushed it under the door. There were prisoners who'd



"Sounds like a heart attack. Tell him to take two aspirin and call my office in the morning."

STILL LIFE

I fell asleep in a dream
one night, and then in a dream
I woke up and found her gone . . .

A light kept burning in the kitchen,
no star kept watch in the sky, patches of snow
on the roofs of the houses, a chill down my spine . . .

Her dresses still hung in the closet, her scissor
and thimble, playing cards and glasses still lay
at rest in the sunroom, her plants were still in bloom . . .

Mother was everywhere in her absence
and everywhere I wept in her presence,
wept to have her back . . . I remember

there was a man in the dream,
writing all this down at a table,
an empty chair facing him . . .

—ROBERT MAZZOCCO

sing in solitary, and these were put into a cell with a concrete bed in the middle, which was called the chain bed. It was like the Middle Ages. The walls were so thick that only after I was let out did I realize that Freddy had been in the cell directly across from mine. I came pretty close to insanity. I would have freaked out, but it wouldn't have made any difference. Nobody was interested in what I did, and no one reacted to me. Finally, my nerves were so frayed that I could only cry.

Then, in August of 1987, I was moved to Rüdersdorf Prison, outside Berlin. It was a work camp: reëducation through work. We made cement, and I found out that all the enormous housing projects in Lichtenberg, including the Stasi Headquarters, had been built with materials supplied by prison labor. We went to work at 4 A.M., and had a much higher rate of production than normal factories.

Even though there was more company in Rüdersdorf, there weren't any real friendships. In my nine-man cell, everyone tried to use everyone else. I kept aloof, because I had seen more than once how young prisoners, if they got close to older inmates, were sexually abused by them. Feelings were an invitation to abuse. Only the hard and the cold were left alone. I think that this attitude, acquired in prison, was ideal for my later life in the neo-Nazi scene. Prison was a kind of school that prepared you for a life in a community without scruples.

It was also an ideal environment for acquiring the rudiments of Nazism. During my time in the East German prisons, I met several old Nazi war criminals who were more than happy to explain their "glorious cause" to me, including Heinz Barth, known as the butcher of Oradour for his part in leading the S.S. extermination in the French town of that name, and Henry Schmidt, the former Gestapo commissar in charge of "Jewish Affairs" in Dresden, who worked in the prison machine shop. Neither Barth nor Schmidt had been exposed and arrested until the mid-eighties. After the war, they had changed their biographies, and had been living in the G.D.R. for years, unrecognized; they had even risen to positions of responsibility in the anti-Fascist state. By the time they caught Barth, he was an avowed Communist—or, rather, an avowed Stalinist. He'd gone from one totalitarian system to the other. Schmidt, though, was still as much of a Nazi as he'd been in 1945, and he told me why he considered the Nazi years to have been a great time for Germany: the economy had improved, and Germany had been freed from the criminal Versailles Treaty, through which the Jews had brought the nation to ruin. The Jews of Dresden had been deported under Schmidt's orders, and he was still proud of this work and found it justified. He explained it mostly in terms of economics: first, the Jews had squeezed the German people, so that they had lost the First World War; then they had caused the economy to crash in the nineteen-twenties; and, finally, they had wanted to destroy the economy after the Nazis came to power. I liked to listen to Schmidt, and it didn't occur to me that perhaps somebody who had been a chief of the Gestapo in the Third Reich was similar to a chief of the Stasi in the G.D.R.

On April 20th, Adolf Hitler's birthday, the old Nazis painted swastikas on toilet paper, which they made into armbands. It may sound pathetic, but it was an incredible provocation. Some of these old prisoners had been beaten by the Communists until they were crippled—many didn't know anymore how long they'd been in—and they turned up in their wheelchairs for this macabre ceremony. We young political prisoners didn't know much about their ideology, but we admired their resistance and saw it as a parallel to our own efforts as punks and skins.

I WAS released from prison in October, 1987, and I learned that the protest culture had split more sharply between right and left; it seemed the Stasi were favoring leftist punks over right-wing skinheads. Even though most of us had been punks not long before, by 1988 or 1989 we saw punks as pawns of the state—as part of the leftist hegemony that needed to be slammed, scared, and brutalized to make room for us to breathe.

For me, protest became ever more closely associated with the forbidden Nazi past. I'd reached a point where I thought, I've always rejected Communism and the idea of the anti-Fascist state: now I would fight the anti-Fascists by being a Fascist. I became friendly with Frank Lutz, a blond, round-faced son of Stasi officers whom I'd known in school as a "little Stalinist brat"; he'd just done ten months for beating up a deaf-mute. Lutz explained that he didn't approve of handicapped people—as the Third Reich had argued, they harm the nation, because they cost money "only to exist." But Lutz's ideological hatred was compounded by his all too physical experiences at the hands of the state. Soon after Lutz had become a skinhead, he was arrested and beaten so severely by the police that he sustained permanent damage to his kidneys and his left eye.

One night, as I was walking home from a disco with Lutz, we saw two punks in front of us: potential victims. Frank asked one of the punks if he had the time. An old trick. As the poor guy looked down at his watch, Frank's rock-hard fist smashed into his side. The other looked at me questioningly, and I thought it over: Could I take him? With me it was not really ever a question purely of size—I'm six feet five, and almost nobody I met was bigger than I was—but I liked to assess how they were built, whether their bodies suggested the strength and agility of street fighters. Looking at this guy, I knew instantly that his didn't. He was reedy and flaccid-looking, with a pathetic, cornered look in his eyes. I was in especially tough shape at the time from working construction; he wouldn't stand a chance against me, and that was exactly how I liked it. While I was becoming one of East Berlin's toughest street fighters, I was in this sense a true coward: I only began fights I knew I could win.

I grabbed his mohawk and slammed his nose across my knee. When I pulled his head up, his face was streaked with blood and tears, and he couldn't see at all. He raised his hands to protect his face, and I hit him in the stomach. When he lowered his hands, I hit his face, and he went down. The other guy was also on the ground, groaning, and probably in much worse pain than my victim. Lutz always hit harder and nastier than I did. Strange as it sounds, even when I was at my most violent I had scruples, which is to say that I was slightly scared that something really bad would happen to the guys I was beating up—that they'd die or be crippled by a blow or a kick. Lutz had no such scruples; he didn't give a shit. I'd seen him many times deliberately punch and kick people in places you knew could be deadly, such as the solar plexus. Later, there were situations where—with the right combination of anger and ideology—I, too, would temporarily lose my scruples and try to do the most damage possible. But it never came naturally to me, which is probably why, unlike some of my kamerads, I never killed anyone.

So my friends and I entered our twenties, always in and out of prison for one offense or another. In January, 1988, those of us who weren't in jail founded a *Kameradschaft*—the old Nazi term for "brotherhood"—and we named it the Movement of the 30th of January, for the date of the original Nazi seizure of power, in 1933. The seven original kamerads—including Lutz; a guy whom we called Auschwitz (because he was so skinny and pale); Bendix Wendt, who would go on to become one of the most wanted terrorists in Germany; and me—held training sessions in National Socialist thought. We met in Lichtenberg, in Lutz's apartment; Auschwitz, whose grandparents had been active in the S.S., would tell us their stories about those times. He had also got a lot of forbidden books from his grandparents, and he'd read "Mein Kampf" a number of times. He'd done this all alone, and it was great for him to have someone to share it with.

But it was after the Wall came down, in the fall of 1989, that I began to take neo-Nazism seriously. I crossed into the West and spent a few months drifting back and forth between a friend's apartment in Berlin and a refugee camp for East Germans in Hamburg. The West German neo-Nazis came to the camp looking for new recruits and, like any political group or religious organization, offered literature. The first material I received was about what they called "the Auschwitz lie." It described an American "engineer" and "gas chamber expert" named Fred Leuchter, from Boston, who had travelled to Auschwitz and, with what he claimed was the latest scientific equipment, measured the chemical residues in many places where there had supposedly been gas chambers. Leuchter had conclusively proved, the literature said, that people could not have been gassed with Zyklon B at Auschwitz. It was all a lie.

This was a revelation beyond words. No gas chambers! No mass murder of the Jews! It had all been Communist lies, like so much else. The literature emphasized that Leuchter had come from the United States, a fact that served to make him seem more impartial. And in this moment of relief and joy we recruits passed from being simply rebels against the G.D.R. to being true neo-Nazis. Even as citizens of the G.D.R., we'd grown up with German guilt. We'd been told that millions of innocent people had been gassed by our grandparents, and even though we were always told that *our* Germany had not been to blame—that it had itself been a victim, like the Jews—we still felt guilty. This was not the legacy that belonged to a heroic *Volk.*

In the camp, we got the classic reading list of the Third Reich—things that would have got you years of hard labor in the G.D.R. I read "Mein Kampf," of course, and many of the modern neo-Nazi works, such as the American Professor Arthur Butz's "The Hoax of the Twentieth Century." There was an enormous amount of stuff, and we studied and digested it as though we were learning a new language.

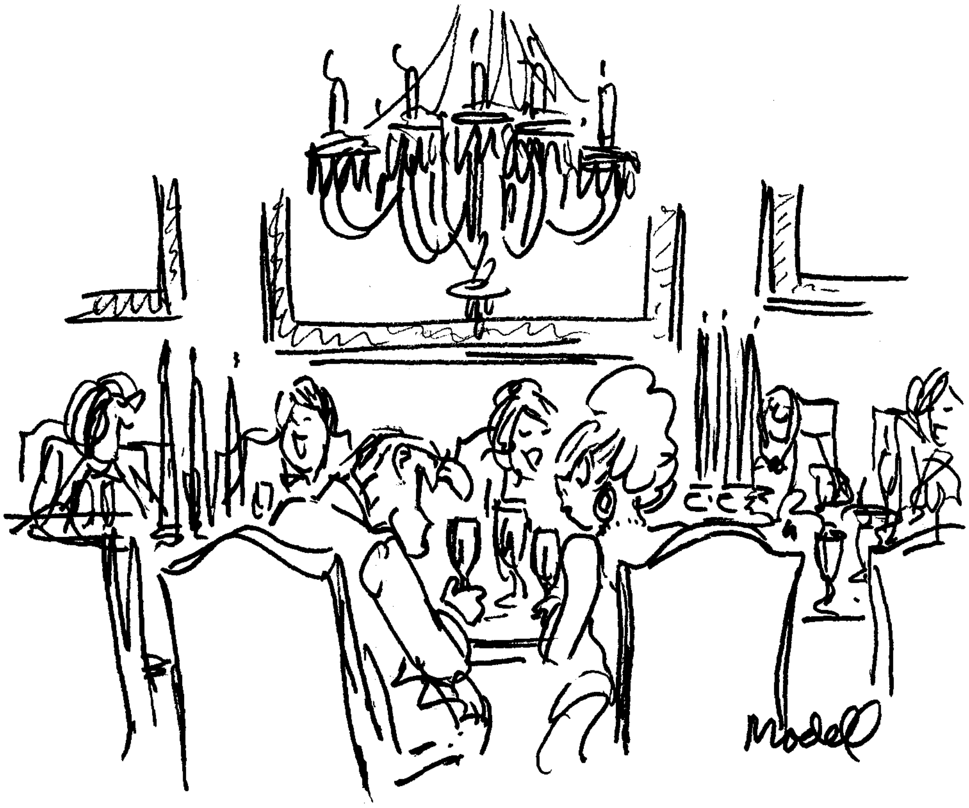
The West neo-Nazis had settled on me as the potential "Führer figure" among the East German right-wingers. I'd been making friends easily in the camp, and because I was tall and blond I had an immediate advantage among neo-Nazis: I was exactly the "biological type" of the perfect German leader. So it was arranged that I would meet one of the top people in the Movement, and one night, at a friend's apartment, I found myself face to face with Michael Kühnen, the standard-bearer of postwar neo-Nazism in West Germany and the most notorious right-wing leader in Europe.

I was always reading about Kühnen in leftist newspapers—how he was an embodiment of all that was wrong with West Germany. He had risen to the rank of lieutenant in the West German Army before he was kicked out, following an investigation into his political activities. In that same year, 1977, he had formed his first neo-Nazi organization and allowed journalists to photograph him in black knee-high boots and a black shirt with a swastika armband. This picture had been reprinted around the world and had caused a renewed public discussion of neo-Nazism. In 1979, Kühnen was charged with inciting racial hatred; he used the trial as a forum for expounding on his National Socialist views. He sent the message that there were Germans who weren't just unapologetic about Hitler and the Third Reich but, rather, openly embraced Hitler's legacy and dedicated themselves to rehabilitating it.

Kühnen had extremely fine, pointed features, and he wore his black hair cut close and shaved off on the sides, with a strong side part. He had pure steel-blue eyes. He was wearing German Federal Army pants, a black shirt, a black leather jacket, and black boots. From his appearance, you might have guessed that he was not your average businessman, but there was no way to tell he was a neo-Nazi. He kept his trousers down over his boots. He looked like a rather elegant man from Hamburg.

Kühnen also had his deputy with him, a Hamburg man named Christian Worch, whose round, fleshy face seemed supported in midair by an expensive-looking silk ascot. I later learned that Worch was probably the richest man I'd ever been in a room with: he had inherited millions, and contributed lavish gifts and supplies to the Movement. Whereas Kühnen had charisma, Worch was merely cold.

Kühnen and I talked for more than twelve hours. He made it clear that he was not like other "bourgeois" right-wing leaders, who were making money and gaining influence in German electoral politics with watered-down neo-Nazi ideology. Kühnen remained an outcast and a pauper, yet he was more famous—and more feared—than any of them. I told him about the *Kameradschaft*, and he suggested that I seize the moment and found the first legal neo-Nazi party in East Germany. We quickly chose its name: the National Alternative Berlin, or N.A. Kühnen anticipated that East and West Germany would be united within the year, and he told us to stop thinking in terms of two separate governments. He got us excited about opposing the "Jew-controlled Bonn Republic," as he referred to West Germany. In one night we set it all up. The guy in whose apartment we were meeting pulled out a typewriter and acted as secretary. With Kühnen's help, we wrote out a legal application for approval as a political party. Openly Nazi parties were still forbidden, but under the new East German government, headed by Hans Modrow, new political parties were being authorized so quickly that few questions were asked. You could found the German Beer Drinkers' Union, or the National Party of German Assholes, if you wanted to.



"Hell! When I was Tony Randall's age, I was playing the whole dang field."

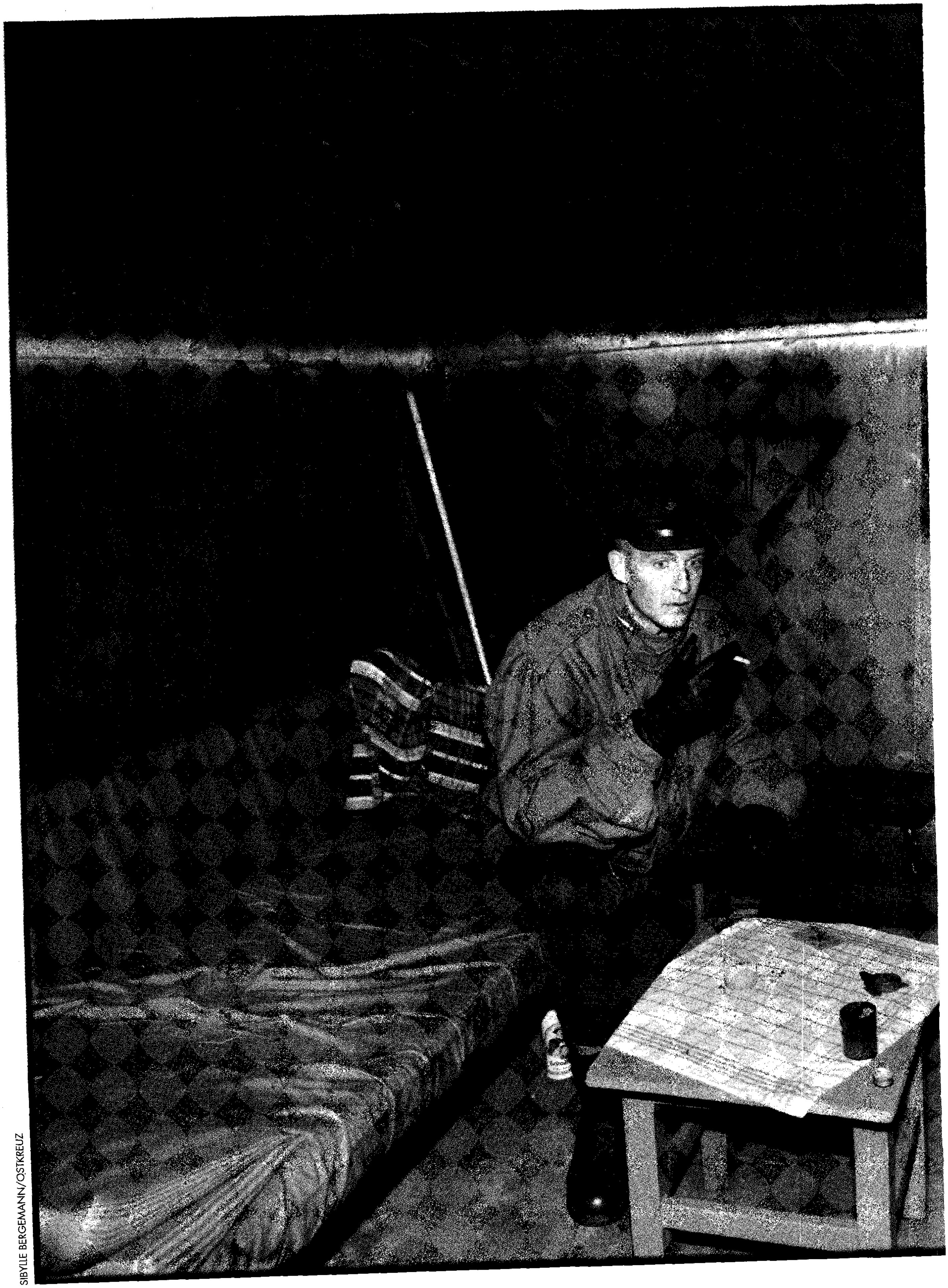
• •

I DEVOTED myself completely to the N.A. The other East Berlin neo-Nazis and I all occupied an abandoned apartment building in Weitlingstrasse, in Lichtenberg, my old neighborhood. It had about a dozen two- and three-bedroom apartments and an enormous attic where we could hold meetings and parties. We signed an occupancy agreement with the Berlin City Government, which made it hard for them to throw us out, as long as we obeyed certain city ordinances about renovating the building's interior.

In the following months, we had a huge influx of new members, and soon became one of the strongest right-wing radical parties in all Germany. By late 1990, we had about eight hundred members. Most were people in their twenties, with decent jobs, who were prepared to commit themselves to ideological work as well as fighting. But in some cases we made exceptions. The best example of this was a twenty-two-year-old skinhead whom everyone called Stinki. Oddly, Stinki had trained as a hairdresser. He showed up at our door one day with anarchist tattoos mixed in with his swastikas. He had no interest in joining a "political" party, but he'd heard about the house and wanted to move in. And Stinki was a guy who did not take no for an answer. Practically everyone in the house loved him, and even Kühnen, who often visited us, learned to tolerate the rambunctious little bald hairdresser. When Stinki got word of Kühnen's alleged homosexuality—which eventually split the scene into "Kühnen-loyal" and "anti-gay" factions—he started ostentatiously standing with his back to the wall whenever Kühnen was in the vicinity and saying, "Always keep your ass to the wall when the Führer comes!"

Gottfried Küssel, the beefy, self-important Führer of the Austrian neo-Nazis, whom Kühnen invited into our midst to watch over us, always wanted to get rid of Stinki. Once, Stinki got into a big fight with the Austrian and posted a sign on the door of his room which said "FOREIGNER OUT!" Küssel chased him through the house, but most of the residents, sick of Küssel's bossiness, sided with Stinki.

We also got a lot of support from older people. One man was about eighty and had belonged to the S.S. Leibstandarte,



SIBYLLE BERGEMANN/OSTKREUZ

Hitler's élite bodyguards. He gave us our "race education." We started to pay attention to the size of people's heads, the shades of color in their eyes, the shape of their hands. We learned to recognize the "typical features" of a Jew. There were hardly any Jews left in Germany, but our Movement was always about the past and the future more than the present. It was important to learn about the Jews in order to understand the history of Nazism, and it was also important for the future, when we might need to segregate Jews again. The present was merely a stepping stone between the Third Reich and the Fourth.

We had another race educator, whom Kühnen had brought to Weitlingstrasse: Arnulf Priem. Priem was a stocky guy in his forties who wore his hair shoulder length and greasy; he looked like a Nazi rocker, but he actually held a degree in business administration and was the chief of an organization called Wotan's Volk, after the Norse god. He rode his big bike all over the place, toting a saddlebag full of Holocaust-denial material, S.S. race handbooks, and Nordic folklore. He was also Germany's leading source of old Nazi movies, available nowhere else.

I first really grasped the power of our work when I saw the face of a sixteen-year-old recruit, eyes riveted to the screen, during one of Priem's films—"The Eternal Jew." It shows the Jew as a rat that destroys the *Volk* from below and, as the recruit watched it, Priem or I would pat him on the shoulder and say, "Look, look at the face of your enemy."

Another way we introduced the subject of race was through our "ecology platform." We actually believed that foreigners and Jews were destroying the environment and taking too many of our limited resources—that Aryan nature had to be preserved for the Aryan people. Küssel was especially adamant that National Socialism was an over-all biological program, and I planned weekend excursions into the woods for Party members: we'd clean up certain areas and hike alongside tourists, as if we were Boy Scouts.

ONE day, the skinhead who served as our doorman let in my old friend and partner-in-crime Freddy Meisel. He'd changed a little since his last arrest. Of the

Hasselbach with his brother Jens, who was also a neo-Nazi, in the bunker of a military camp outside Berlin.

two hundred tattoos on his body, at least a hundred and fifty were swastikas. He had been in Brandenburg, perhaps the toughest prison in the G.D.R., where he was locked in a tiny cell under a staircase, and he told me with relish the story of what he'd done to a prison inmate he suspected of being a Jew. He had ambushed this guy, dragged him into a cell, tied him to the bed, and then tattooed a Star of David on his forehead. "It's actually easier to tattoo on the forehead, because the skin is so firm there," he said, swigging his beer.

The story repulsed me, but I just took a gulp of beer and said, "At least you didn't kill the Jew, Freddy. That would have gotten you another ten years."

"The Yid still got me another year," he said. "I should find him and kill him for that."

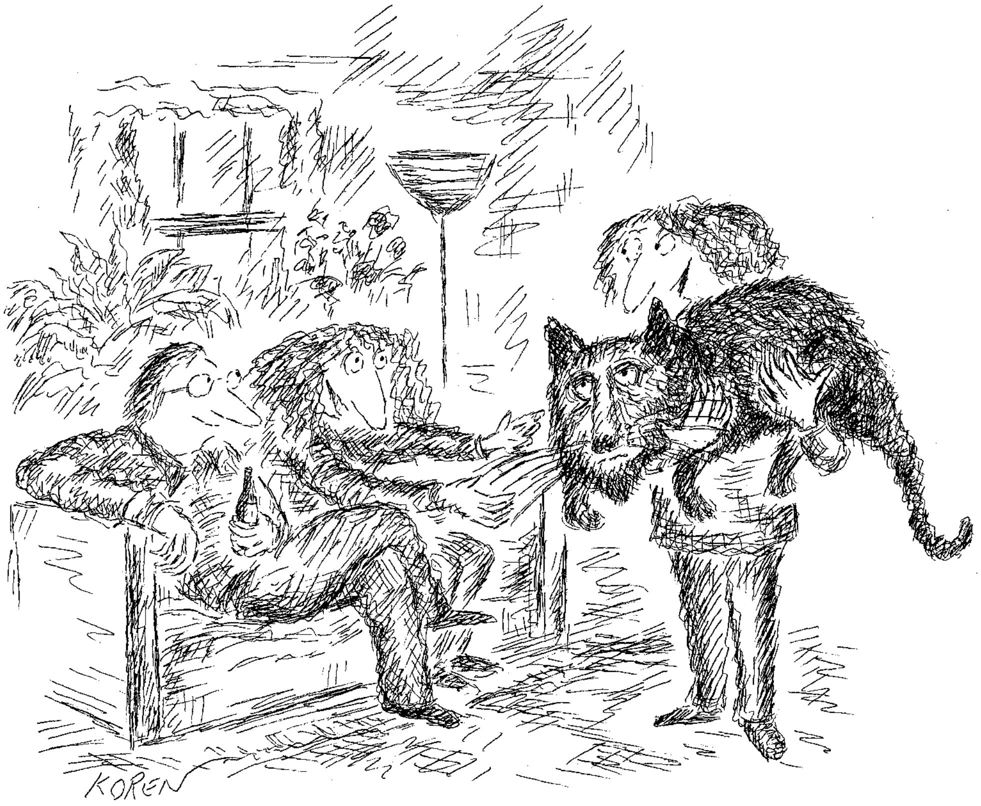
After a couple of days with us, Freddy went to visit his mother, who almost didn't recognize her son, and I don't think it was only the physical change. Frau Meisel was a member of a committee that tried to help the political prisoners of the G.D.R., and now, after years of challenging the system for her son, seeing him covered with swastikas and with that look of hatred in his eyes was too much for her. She died a week after he was let out of prison.

By the spring of 1990, a cacophony of anarchist groups devoted to fighting right-wingers had materialized; two of the main anti-Fascist, or "Antifa," organizations were the Antifa Youth Front and the Antifa Edelweiss Pirates (named after the youth resistance gangs in the Third Reich). Both groups of Antifas dressed like punks, with green hair and rings everywhere, and wore Doc Martens boots with red laces or, as I did, Federal Army paratrooper boots, which were better for kicking heads in. As fighters, they were often just as tough and unscrupulous as the neo-Nazis. Their standard symbol was a fist breaking a swastika, and they all wore this somewhere on their clothes.

A group of them occupied a row of houses not far from ours, and there was always trouble between us. The anarchists would blow up our cars, and we'd go into Friedrichshain, the left-wing district on the border of Lichtenberg, and return the favor. The combat between us escalated to the point where there were continual gang fights in front of our house. Sometimes more than two hundred people would beat one another up right in the middle of our street. The police rarely moved in, and, when they did, some of them made it clear that they were happy when we bashed one another's skulls in.

In G.D.R. times, we hadn't had street battles—the power of the state had been too omnipresent. This was partly what now made it such a trip. We were cutting loose in a way that was wilder than anything we'd ever imagined. It was an incredible feeling of freedom—roaming the streets, blowing up cars, and guarding our fortress against anarchists, even if it did distract from the political work at hand.

We had gradually occupied three buildings to the right and left of ours, so there were now four neo-Nazi houses on Weitlingstrasse. This allowed us to form a complex, extending around the corner. It was a self-enclosed fortress, protected by NATO-style barbed wire. We had maybe three hundred people living in the houses, and there was an enormous attic that connected all of them, which I had been responsible for creating. (The masonry skills that the Socialist state had taught me finally came in handy.) We kept our Molotov cocktails in a separate basement room, so there was no danger that someone would come in drunk and accidentally set them off. It was our little wine cellar: four hundred bottles of vintage explosives.



"When Sam came into my life, she was a cat at risk."

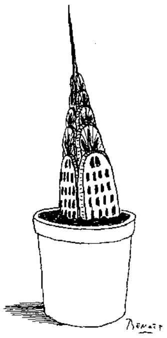
The street war between right- and left-wing youth was getting very bad; among other things, it was costing Berlin the reputation it sought as a safe city, which it needed to become Europe's new cultural and business capital. Finally, in the spring of 1990, the anti-terror unit of the police conducted a raid on our compound. They confiscated thirty boxes of hate literature and a lot of explosives, and Lutz and I both ended up in jail for five weeks. We were also thrown off the ballot for the local elections in May.

But the storming of our compound had one consequence that the state couldn't have been pleased about: it made the N.A. famous. Journalists from all over the world wanted to do reports on our fortress, and I was giving as many as four interviews a day. We charged two hundred to a thousand marks for an interview, and if reporters wanted us to do Hitler salutes or Nazi songs, that was extra. We discovered that Americans were more reluctant to pay than the others were. One American journalist argued that even the President of the United States didn't take money for interviews. "The American President can do whatever he thinks is right," I said. "We take cash." The American paid up.

Most of the money flowed into the party coffers of the National Alternative, but just how much did so was at my discretion. During this time, I had more money than I'd ever had, and, of course, I didn't have to go to work anymore. Still, we needed more funds, since the Party was growing, and, at Kühnen's suggestion, I started courting West Berlin's Nazi professional élite, who had to be discreet about their involvement with the Movement. They met in restaurants, always in a back room. I would give a little talk about all the good work we were doing at Weitlingstrasse, and I collected gobs of money. Another source of funds that Kühnen put us onto was a group of elderly Nazi widows. A meeting with them was no ordinary kaffeeklatsch. When they began to gossip, they would talk about "the Auschwitz lie" and about the foreign pigs and Communists who should all be kicked out of Germany. They distributed Holocaust-denial literature, and even worked as secret agents and spies for the Movement. They did come under surveillance, but it was a tough call for the cops: one couldn't very well put old ladies behind bars, though many of them really belonged there.

I took their money, but I didn't like their way of speaking or the look in their eyes. It was unsettling to see old people so full of hate. Somehow, it seemed more natural for young people to have these beliefs. I know that sounds crazy. But it is a uniquely sinister sensation to be sitting next to an eighty-year-old woman who is eating a piece of cake and dribbling coffee onto her blouse and saying, "Absolutely, more Jewish cemeteries should be desecrated this month."

ONE afternoon, Gottfried Küssel, the Austrian Führer, called me at my private apartment on Wotanstrasse, a place I'd acquired as a retreat from the scene over at Weitlingstrasse, and he said that somebody from overseas was coming to visit—somebody very important to the Cause. Exactly twenty minutes later, he appeared at the door of my apartment with an unassuming bespectacled man with a neatly trimmed mustache, who raised his hand in a Hitler greeting. It was Gary Rex Lauck, the chief of the N.S.D.A.P./A.O., from Lincoln, Nebraska. To say that the international neo-Nazi scene relied on Lauck was an understatement. He was the publisher and distributor of the bulk of the neo-Nazi propaganda pasted up on walls and windows from Berlin to São Paulo, and was also the center of a worldwide umbrella organization, with which practically every serious neo-Nazi had contact.



My first thought was that Lauck made a pretty subdued impression for the leader of a radical underground network. He was in his late thirties but looked ten years older, and was dressed in a blue suit and tie with a white shirt. He called himself Gerhard and said he was German but had been born in the United States. He even claimed that his family had had something to do with Frederick the Great, which was why he used Rex as a middle name. His real name was simply Gary Lauck. I'd had quite a lot of contact with him before this meeting, because I'd ordered decals and propaganda material from him for the occupied house, and he offered connections to American Nazi groups. Through him, I later became a pen pal of Tom Metzger, the leader of WAR, the White Aryan Resistance, in Southern California, as well as Dennis Mahon of the Ku Klux Klan. Lauck always asked me how things were going with the Allies—one of the N.S.D.A.P./A.O.'s goals was to throw off the four-power occupation of Berlin—and, though he was American by birth, he hated his own country. To him, the "Jew-nited" States was useful merely because it had few restrictions on weapons and political speech.

Lauck printed his propaganda in eleven different languages, but the bulk of it was in German. His standard offering was little books of stickers featuring Nazi sayings from the thirties, like *"Kauf nicht bei Juden!"* ("Don't Buy from Jews"), *"Jude verrecke!"* ("Die, Jew"), and, of course, the neo-Nazi favorite, *"Wir sind wieder da!"* ("We're Back"). The idea was that those who were on our side should be learning just enough German to understand Jew-hating slogans in the mother tongue. Lauck also relished the thought that concentration-camp survivors would see them.

The German authorities checked both air and sea mail for this kind of material, much as they checked for drugs, and Lauck had many tricks for sending letters and small packages. For example, he often put "Alfred Silberstein" or some other Jewish name as a return address. It was a nasty little joke, but he claimed that packages with Jewish names got opened less often by customs. He never mailed anything from Lincoln, but always from larger cities—usually Chicago, Los Angeles, Houston, or New York; the material usually came to us via a third country and had been repackaged many times.

The most popular route was over the Danish border, in part because it was facilitated by the neo-Nazi organization of Thies Christophersen, a former S.S. Sonderführer at Auschwitz and the author of "The Auschwitz Lie," a seminal text of the Holocaust-denial movement. Christophersen is a German citizen, and the German authorities had been trying to have him extradited for years. But in Denmark, as in the United States, free speech is protected and Holocaust denial is legal. It was ironic, considering that the Danes had a strong record of protecting Jews under the Nazi occupation. Now we considered this famous anti-Nazi country one of our safest bases of operation.

THE Lichtenberg train station was exactly at the other end of Weitlingstrasse from our house, and in the spring of 1990 it was the makeshift home for hundreds of Gypsies, who, in the chaos of the collapse of the Communist bloc, were trying to make a go of it in the West. They arrived by train, mostly from Romania, and slept in the train station with their children and their belongings spread out around them.

All around the country, neo-Nazis, and even ordinary angry teen-agers, were starting to attack Gypsies and refugee shelters on weekends. In Cottbus and other towns near the Polish border—an area that was acquiring the nickname the Nazi Belt, because of the appeal we had among certain of the residents there—no foreigner was safe, starting at sundown on Friday night. Küssel greeted the arson attacks against foreigners with relish. He wanted to launch one from our house, and suggested we target a hostel for foreign workers, mostly Vietnamese and African, that lay not far away, in Lichtenberg. We debated for a long time over which would be more effective, a poster action or an attack, and the debate caused a rift.

I said that if we attacked with stones and Molotov cocktails, we would only reinforce the negative picture of us in the press. We were still planning to participate in elections, and many voters would be turned off by the violence. But many others, led by Küssel, were in favor of an attack. They said that the foreigners wouldn't understand anything else, and that we would get lots of sympathy from the *Volk*. After a violent action, they claimed, most of the foreigners would simply leave.

Finally, we compromised: some of the "politicals," including me, would go armed with posters and stickers and paste them up at the workers' hostel; the others would bring gasoline. So one night in June we set out, and my group started methodically covering every wall with signs: "German workplaces were taken by foreign workers." "Foreigners are social parasites." Some had a slogan printed underneath: "Vote National Alternative." There were no Nazi symbols or sayings, because that would be "anti-constitutional."

We could tell that Küssel and the others had arrived when we started to hear the familiar chant "*Ausländer raus!*" ("Foreigners out!"). All the lights in the shelter went off, and from the other side of the building I heard Molotov cocktails hitting the concrete walls and stones smashing windowpanes. It was entirely calculated violence—meant to scare and do damage, not to seriously hurt people or set the house on fire. No one threw Molis through the windows. Still, they looked terrifying. A single Moli creates a huge tongue of flame when thrown, and burns about four minutes. And, because the people hadn't had time to lock the door, the linoleum staircase inside was soon in flames. You could see the flames licking up the stairs.

Küssel was in his element, strutting around in his bomber jacket and black boots, calling out orders into a megaphone: "Don't throw any Molis in there! . . . Enough with that side—you men there, around to the next!" Küssel had a powerful effect on skinheads. They liked to be bossed around, and he talked their language. His melodious Viennese accent was the only thing you could hear clearly in the chaos, above the shattering of glass and the whooshing and crackling of flames.

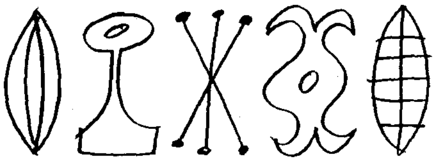
I didn't hear or see any foreigners during the entire attack. It was like a ghost house. When police sirens came screaming down the street, we retreated a bit. But then we saw the police post themselves and simply watch. One of the cops, who apparently recognized me, came up to me and said jovially, "Hey, what are you up to this time, Hasselbach? Oh, you really never learn!"

"You can see what I'm doing," I said, holding up the pile of posters. "I'm a politician." I continued with my work.

The police moved in and closed off the street only after Küssel was totally finished. As we were leaving I heard one or two of the workers in the house finally say something. "Pigs!" they screamed. "Leave us in peace! We didn't do anything to you!"

During the whole action, I never thought about the safety or well-being of the people in the house. They didn't exist for me. Only my friends and I existed. And the Cause, the Party. The foreigners were far away from me somehow, even though I was acting as though they were so much in my way and pasting things on the walls of their house. For me, it was a purely political action, and its consequences for our standing in the polls worried me as we went off to our local pub to sing songs and get trashed. But Küssel had been right: a few days later the city administration emptied all the workers out of the house. The action had been a success.

DURING the fall of 1990, it became apparent that Kühnen, the founder of modern neo-Nazism, was dying of AIDS. Until now, the dispute about Kühnen's homosexuality had not been resolved. The anti-gay faction had written a manifesto stating that gays were traitors to the people and "corrupters" for whom there was no place in the neo-Nazi Movement, and Kühnen had responded with a pamphlet of his own, recalling the tradition of the brown-shirted Storm Troopers of the S.A.—the proletarian army led by the homosexual Ernst Roehm, which lost its position to the S.S. after Roehm's murder, in 1934. Kühnen suggested that his former kamerads stop being influenced by "petit-bourgeois morals" and acknowledge the sublime aspects of an ideologically driven "brotherhood." But for many of us who were in Kühnen's orbit, his homosexuality was simply an "unfact." We dealt with it much as we dealt with the Holocaust: we denied it.



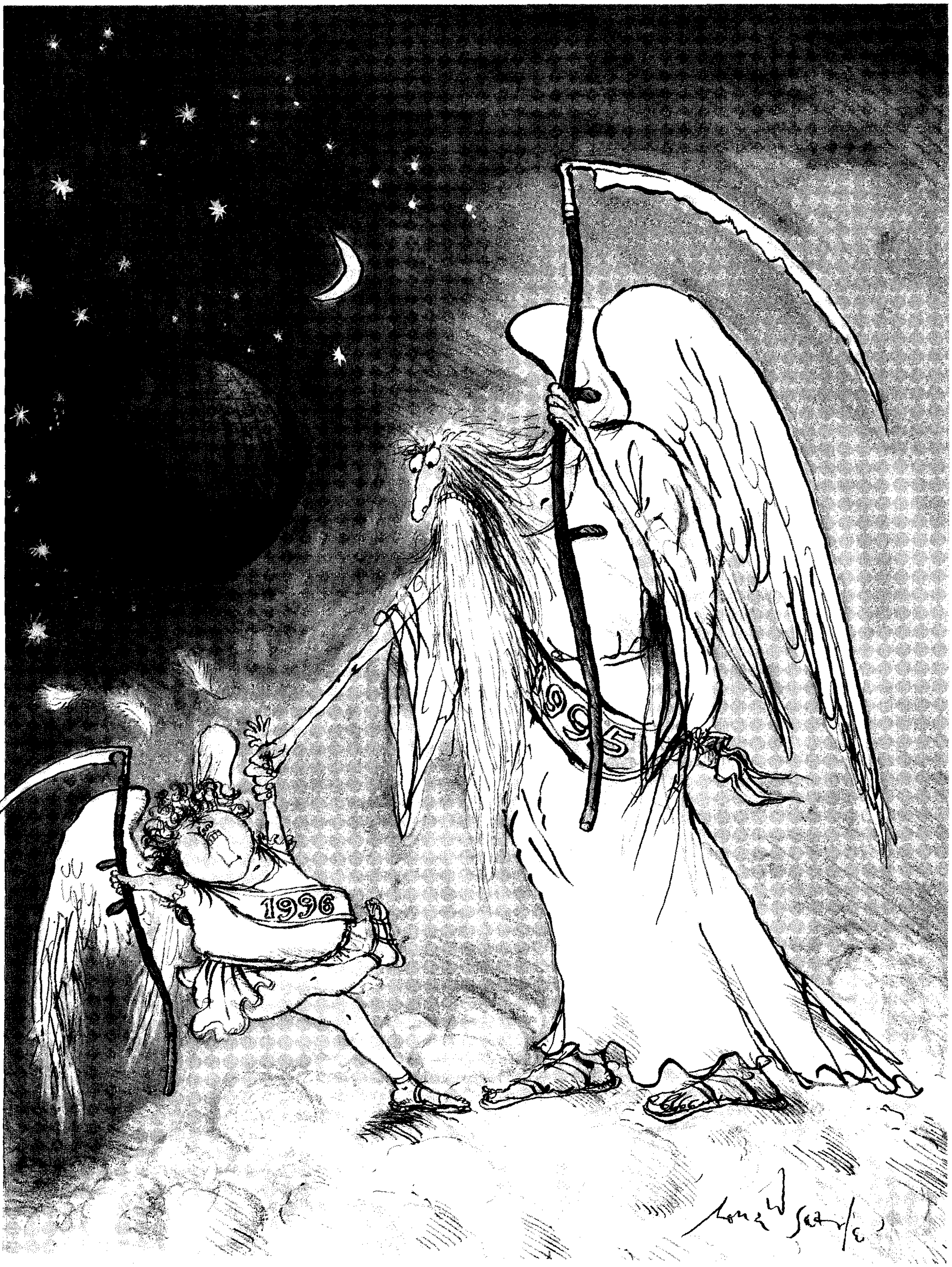
We were seeing more and more of Küssel, who was trying to bring everyone in the houses under iron discipline. He was always running around with a hammer and chisel, prodding people to get to work: "Pick up that hammer, make yourself useful for National Socialism!" The housing authority was making trouble for us in Weitlingstrasse, increasing its demands that our buildings meet the codes. If we didn't rewire, replace the plumbing and the broken windows by their deadline—not to mention making a thousand other small repairs—we would be kicked out.

I divided my time between organizing for the imminent December elections, trying to fix up the house for the inspection, and getting high. I also did my part in organizing war-games camps, but I had begun to feel somewhat adrift. I hardly cared when, in December, we received an eviction notice at Weitlingstrasse, an event that effectively put the N.A. out of commission. I let Lutz and some of the other kamerads stay in my apartment while we planned our next move. Then, in April, I went to visit Kühnen, on what turned out to be the day before he died. He could barely speak. He looked like he weighed no more than sixty-five pounds, and his body was completely dehydrated. I had never seen anybody who looked like this.

At that moment, he wasn't just the Führer to me; he was an incredibly close friend. All the same, it was hard not to think about the implications for the Movement. Before Kühnen, there had been right-wing radicals, but no one born since the war had so spectacularly professed to be a National Socialist. Kühnen had given himself totally and ruthlessly to the Cause. Of course, there had always been something missing in Kühnen which had kept him from becoming a new Hitler. He was, in the final analysis, too intellectual, too removed. His influence on intelligent people was like a magician's—even well-known leftist intellectuals had become fascinated with

SKETCHBOOK • BY RONALD SEARLE

NEW YEAR'S IRRESOLUTION


1995
1996
Ronald Searle

"Have you any idea of the breakup value of this marriage?"

him—but people who were not so intelligent often did not comprehend what he was up to. He was too far "above" them—the opposite of someone like me, who talked to people on their own level. I was as popular with intellectuals in the Movement as I was with the basest skinheads and hooligans.

I cursed myself as I watched Kühnen die, realizing that I'd let myself slide back into decadence, even though I was perfectly healthy and strong. As soon as I got back to Berlin, I went to my brother Jens and a few other people who I knew had remained loyal to Kühnen, and we started up a new *Kameradschaft.*

In the higher ranks of the Movement, Küssel now took up the mantle of leader, even going as far as to maintain that Kühnen, on his deathbed, had named him his successor. If I had wanted to compete with him, I suppose I could have; I was the undisputed Führer of East Berlin. But I didn't care to get into a fight with someone as dangerous as Küssel. Like Kühnen, Küssel had a fervent, unshakable belief in a Fourth Reich. While Kühnen had never set a time frame for his millennial reconquest of Europe—he'd always said that if we didn't make it our grandchildren or their grandchildren would—Küssel was not one for patience. Almost immediately after Kühnen's death, Küssel ordered a handpicked group to Vienna to form a new "Cabinet." He wanted us to be prepared to take full control of the Austrian and German governments in the Fourth Reich, which, I discovered, he saw just around the corner.

The whole thing took place in the dining room of Küssel's vast apartment, which was nothing short of a shrine to Nazism and racial hatred, in the Eighteenth Bezirk, a rich district of Vienna. The first sign that this wasn't just another upper-crust Viennese home was the guest bathroom, in the foyer. Inside the toilet bowl, painted in yellow enamel with a black border, was a Star of David. When nature called, you pissed on a Jewish star. Wax figures of black-clad S.S. men in full uniform greeted you as you came in the front door. They were so perfectly done that at first sight they looked real, and you couldn't help forgetting they weren't, even when you'd been in the apartment for hours. Though the "personnel" must have cost a fortune, the furnishings were simple. The bookshelves were made of plain, unfinished wood, but next to one of the shelves sat the latest computer and modem, and next to that was a TV and VCR, with dozens of videos. Küssel's favorite movie was "The Blues Brothers." I'd seen it with him, and when I'd wondered about how he could so enjoy a Jewish Hollywood movie, he'd said, "Sure, it's conceived of and created by Jews, but that doesn't mean we can't get a few laughs from it. You North Germans are so humorless about your anti-Semitism."

When you got to Küssel's dining room, you felt as if you'd emerged from the barracks into the general's headquarters. There was a long polished-oak table surrounded by high-backed chairs, and a swastika flag hung on a pole in the corner. Covering one wall next to the table was a caricature of a Jew—meticulously painted in the style of the old cartoons from the Third Reich—with the Star of David on his forehead, like a bull's-eye. Küssel said that this picture, which he often used as a target for playing darts, was so big because the Jews wanted to dominate everybody and everything. "It is not larger than life-size," Küssel maintained. "It *is* life-size—it is a purely realistic portrait of the Jew."

The new Cabinet sat down at the long oak table, and Küssel spent the entire morning frantically drawing lines and pyramids on a blackboard to show us exactly who was what and where and under whom. After that, we watched videos of some old Nazi-propaganda films—footage that had been used in the early thirties to build up the structure of the Party. The videos were interesting, but about half the people in the room were rolling their eyes. Küssel was using this footage as a how-to guide for our present situation—as though we could just put on uniforms, practice a few goose steps, and march into power. We spoke in detail about how to deal with our enemies after the putsch. Concentration camps would be our first order of business, just as they had been in 1933. It would be important to get the problem of subversives and Jews in hand before they undermined our regime.

"I think that Kamerad Priem is the most suitable one to deal with our degenerate friends," Küssel said, and Priem nodded earnestly: the S.S. fanatic and Nordic enthusiast had long dreamed of playing Himmler.

I tried to take all this seriously, but I felt that Küssel was leading us through a kindergarten game. Plotting to establish neo-Nazi political parties or to commit terrorism was one thing—extreme but possible. Plotting to take over the country and deciding who would run which concentration camps was something else—it was absurd. I was glad that Küssel had named me Reich Finance Minister, since the others didn't seem too interested at the moment in how anything would be financed.

Before lunch, Küssel gave each of us an assignment—homework for a seizure of power. We toasted the Fourth Reich with some good Austrian schnapps, and then Küssel broke out the darts.

BACK in Berlin, we were busy building up stockpiles of arms. We had at least twenty new bazookas, which we'd bought from Russian soldiers in Berlin, and more than a hundred machine guns and lots of grenades and ammo. We kept everything wrapped in oiled paper, in preparation for the "emergency"—as we referred to the moment when we would rise up and attack the government.

This moment seemed more and more imminent to Küssel, and it wasn't long before things got truly out of hand. Shortly before Christmas, 1991, and again after the New Year, Küssel went on American TV. He gave "PrimeTime Live" a tour of his paramilitary camp, bragging about his new Brown Shirts and predicting a "violent war on the streets" and a mysterious "great bang." On "Nightline" he praised Hitler, called the gas chambers a hoax, and taunted Beate Klarsfeld, who had dedicated her life to bringing Nazi criminals to justice, prompting Ted Koppel to wonder aloud, "I don't know, when I listen to this kind of trash, whether to think it's frightening or just to think it's silly." The Austrian government stopped wondering. Küssel was arrested on January 7, 1992.

Küssel had foolishly left diskettes for the neo-Nazi computer network sitting around his place, and when the authorities found them they were able to expose a number of key players in Germany and Austria, and budding cells in Hungary as well. Most of the Hungarian neo-Nazis were busted as a result of Küssel's carelessness.

Lutz and Auschwitz and I felt that the time for legal work and patience was through. The only thing to do was to turn our *Kameradschaft* into a real terrorist organization. We would make our statements under cover of night or in anonymous explosions, and no one would ever trace them to us. We wanted to strike at targets that would do serious damage to the democratic German state. There was, for instance, talk of assassinating Gregor Gysi, the head of the Party of Democratic Socialism, the successor to the Communist Party, who had some Jewish ancestry. We also considered hitting Ignatz Bubis, the new head of the Jewish community, and a number of politicians in Bonn—including the domestic-affairs minister and Chancellor Helmut Kohl himself.

We did a lot of weapons training, and practiced acting out silent killings. I organized required reading on terrorism, and we gradually informed ourselves about how to blow up bridges, tanks, train tracks, and cars. We also spent a lot of time indoctrinating beginners—not necessarily in order to make them more violent but to take the violence that was already in them and channel it in a politically useful manner. Education, especially in the German system, often has the effect of making people feel inadequate or stupid. Our goal was the opposite: to make the recruit feel that the Nazi way of explaining things was one he could master, one that would make him seem intelligent and win him a circle of approving friends. He was to feel that Nazi theory was easy for him, because he was part of the chosen group by birth—that he was biologically superior and hence could grasp the concept of biological superiority, while normal, confused people living under a blanket of Jewish and American lies could not.

Though I preferred my work as a political tactician to my role as a mentor for young people, I did get a certain enjoyment from searching out people's psychological and intellectual weaknesses and exploiting them for the sake of political training. It's hard for me to remember any of these young men now, because I never became interested in them as people. Somehow, it all remained a very abstract exercise to me, while to them it was as personal as could be—all about their own fears and sense of self-worth.

But despite all my activities, things had begun to change for me. In our most recent street battle with the anarchists, Lutz had had to carry me semi-conscious out of a scrape with the Antifa which left me with two broken ankles, a broken nose, a concussion, and other injuries—I was arrested on the X-ray table—and I wasn't sure anymore why I was risking my life for the honor of waving the Reich flag.

SOMEONE had recently entered my life who would make it difficult for me to avoid this question. In September of

"I do like it here, but I'm ready for my own apartment."

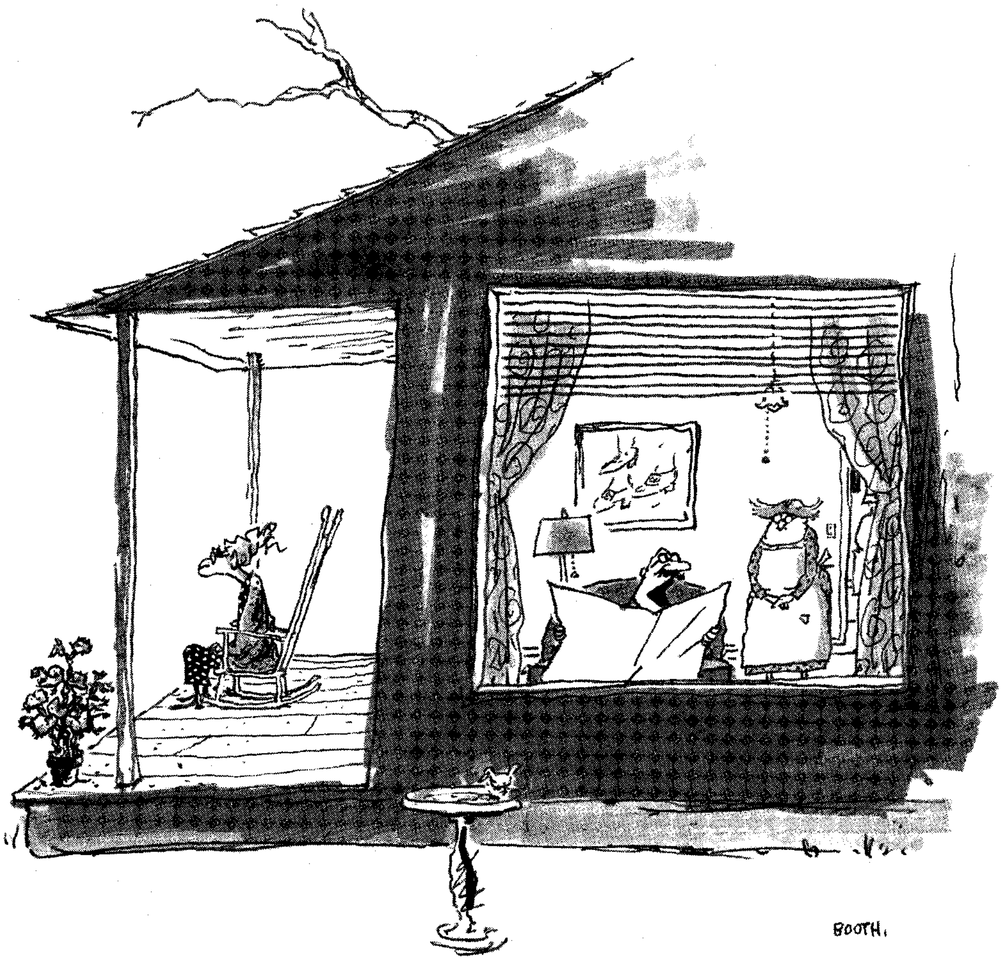
1991, Jens had told me that some guy from France had been snooping around, wanting to make a movie about the scene. I wasn't interested, but one day the Frenchman simply approached me on the street and persuaded me to meet him at a café on Weitlingstrasse. His name was Winfried Bonengel. He had lived in France for more than eight years, but he was actually German, and he said he'd come back to Germany now to make a film about neo-Nazis. I liked the fact that he was immediately frank about his dislike of Germany—not a position that would ingratiate him with me. He drove a beat-up VW and talked with his hands, his big greenish-blue eyes bugging out as if he took speed or coke or, at least, drank too much coffee. He had a few days' growth of beard and chain-smoked Marlboros. I felt instantly that he was someone who could go a long way on sheer force of will. I was sure he was sincere—about something. The problem was what. Was he an Antifa spy? An undercover cop? Interpol? The Mossad? He could have been any of those things. Nevertheless, I liked him, and in November I allowed him to come to my place on Wotanstrasse with his camera. He was different from other journalists, who only wanted to get their story and then disappeared. Bonengel seemed interested in me as a person. He listened carefully to the answers I gave to his questions and then asked even more probing questions. He was able to go quite deep, yet I could tell he had little background on Nazis or neo-Nazis. To him we were simply a bizarre phenomenon—a cult, like people who thought they'd been picked up by U.F.O.s—and he wanted to explore our motives and beliefs on film.

Bonengel told me that I didn't fit his image of a young Nazi—that I seemed too sensitive and intelligent. This was fine with me: I didn't want to fit any neo-Nazi clichés. And over the next few months, as I travelled around Germany with his production team, I found that they didn't fit the clichés I had of film people. They were very loose, plainspoken guys. Bonengel had a brash sense of humor and sometimes he even succeeded in making me smile about the grim, overbearing poses of my kamerads.

His viewpoint gradually began to get under my skin. At one point, he was interviewing the Hessian neo-Nazi Heinz (Nero) Reisz, who described how he would personally erect concentration camps for Jews, fags, and the Jew-influenced politicians in Bonn. He said that if the radical left and the radical right could only focus they could solve Germany's problems together. Then he sipped his beer and sang a little anti-Semitic song, jumping up and down in his seat, his huge potbelly and walrus mustache jiggling.

It was the first time I'd ever listened to people talk like this with someone else in the room—someone I respected who was entirely outside the Movement. I began to feel ashamed to be associated with these hate-filled, drunken pigs. As I listened to them go on and on for the camera, I began to identify more with the filmmaker and his team than with my kamerads. It was a terrifying moment, for I suddenly felt cut loose. My home was in the Movement. Outside was nothing. Yet now the Movement seemed to be closing to me, the doors closing at the end of a tunnel, and it was much too far to run fast enough to slip out in time. Winfried—I'd taken to calling him by his first name—had arrived as a stranger, but now he had made my kamerads seem stranger than he.

Of course, I was still a neo-Nazi and the leader of a budding terrorist cell. During the making of Winfried's film, my kamerads and I were actively engaged in disrupting public events whose aim was to bring the Olympic Games to Berlin in the year 2000. (These attacks went on until the fall of 1993, when the International Olympic Committee awarded the games to Sydney, Australia.) I continued to defend the idea that mass murder had never occurred in Auschwitz or any other German concentration camp, that Jews and other prisoners had died of epidemics and malnutrition, that our spiritual forefathers had not deliberately murdered them. The key to the power of the Movement was that it always caused you to think defensively. Instead of considering an issue



"It's time to bring in the wax begonias and your mother."

HANDS OF A FARMER IN CO. TYRONE

He wore fish-gutter's gloves to pick brambles:
scoured leather, without fingertips,
so his fist could find the insides of the bush
and open around the soft black heart,
for the easing of the fruit.
He was a thorn in the fenced garden:
his hand at the command wire
paying out the line from culvert to sheugh.
They were on his land,
so he pulled the road up by the root.

—ROBIN ROBERTSON

objectively, you always thought about things from the perspective of an embattled German man. But Winfried had given me a moment to think objectively. This in turn had given my doubts—which I believe had always lain inside me, dormant seeds—the light they needed to begin growing.

A COUPLE of months later—not long before my twenty-fifth birthday—Winfried showed me his completed film, "We're Back." He'd added practically no commentary, yet he'd succeeded in presenting me at the beginning of the film as a sympathetic figure, who turns into more and more of a neo-Nazi Pied Piper by the end. I was shocked at myself. I had let Winfried reveal more about me than any other journalist had before. I had allowed him to film me sitting in front of an enormous swastika flag, discussing my ideology. I'd stood next to Christian Worch, who was wearing his ascot and a leather blazer and had his arm around my shoulder as he declared me the new Führer.

I gave Winfried a few more interviews for a new film project, a documentary to be called "Profession: Neo-Nazi," but I was no longer thrilled to represent the Nazi ideology before the camera. Winfried sensed my reservations, and asked if I would prefer not to appear in the new film. This impressed me: because of my doubts, which he'd had no small part in creating, he was ready to compromise his project. At that moment, he became the first person outside the Movement whom I'd trusted in ages—maybe even since my grandparents. And I knew that to have such confidence in somebody outside the scene was almost a way of dropping out. A neo-Nazi could never truly be friends with an outsider.

THEN I woke up one morning in November, 1992, to the news on my clock radio that three people had been burned alive in a neo-Nazi arson attack, in the town of Mölln, in northern Germany. Two young skinheads had thrown fire bombs into a middle-class Turkish home, and a Turkish woman, her granddaughter, and her young niece had died in the fire. These boys had deliberately thrown their Molis so they would set the house on fire and block the exits. It was a cowardly and deadly act.

I felt a certain boundary had been overstepped, and at the next *Kameradschaft* evening I told my friends that killing innocent women and children was reprehensible, that it was the worst possible publicity for the Movement—though I was no longer thinking as a cold strategist. The act itself really sickened me.

I suppose I was grasping for some way to redeem our ideology—or, at least, some of the people in the *Kameradschaft*. I thought I could get some of them to agree with me that this was going too far. On the contrary, they spoke of the perpetrators, whom I took for criminals and cowards, as martyrs and heroes. One gung-ho young kamerad, whom I'd indoctrinated, called *me* cowardly. It was a humbling experience trying to get even one person to side with me, the so-called Führer, in this crowd.

WINFRIED'S film "We're Back" played two weeks later during prime time, and my mother rushed to my apartment right after seeing it. "What have I raised for a son?" she asked me, her voice shaking. I'd never seen her like this. Around her, I'd always tried to make my involvement with the neo-Nazis seem harmless. Now she knew otherwise. In the film she'd seen a still of me with Kühnen, whom she knew to have been Germany's most notorious neo-Nazi leader. And, among other things, I'd talked on camera about how I was prepared to engage in terrorism. I'd allowed Winfried to film me leading war-games training. But the part that I found almost physically painful was seeing myself with a somewhat drunken grin on my face (whether from liquor or simply from the power of playing the Führer it was hard to tell anymore) rattling on about the Jews: "The Jews I've met were slimy, not really honest." Such lies. I had never met a Jew. I had literally created things, people, and places to fit in with my world view.

I tried to console my mother. I hadn't seen much of her in the past three years, but I'd always been able to go home, knowing I could count on a mother's unconditional support. Could I now? I supposed she would still love me, but maybe the way the mother of a convicted murderer loves her son.

I realized that I needed to explore some hard questions. All across Germany, the winter of 1992-93 brought hundreds of thousands of people into the streets in candlelight marches to protest the violence against foreigners which my kamerads and I had helped instigate. But the questions I most needed to ask myself were about far more fundamental aspects of my ideology—about the Holocaust. I could not talk about this with Winfried and his friends. They simply could not comprehend anyone's doubting the murder of the Jews by the Germans; to them it was like doubting that the world was round.

I needed to talk over the Holocaust with someone who was more "open-minded"—someone who was ready to consider my doubts and thus deal with them. This person turned out to be my brother Jens. I discovered that he, too, was grappling with some uncertainties. We talked about the central texts of our belief—or should I say disbelief?—system, beginning with Christophersen's "The Auschwitz Lie." We reread his descriptions of Auschwitz as a rustic summer camp, with contented workers who sang as they tilled the fields and gossiped about their love affairs. Even hard-core neo-Nazis sometimes laughed at the book privately. I once heard Worch say that Christophersen was an old idiot and a liar. But it was only now, as Jens and I discussed all this, that the absurdity of his account became apparent.

"The Leuchter Report" was even more important, because it claimed to refute the gassings scientifically. Jens and I examined it in detail for the first time. We saw that it was written in a ridiculous style and that the evidence seemed only superficially scientific. Leuchter wrote, for example, that he had proved from brick and mortar samples that cyanide had not been present in the gas chambers at Auschwitz. But whole sections of the camp, including some sites where Leuchter collected his samples, had been completely rebuilt since the war. Another collection site had been flooded regularly—the cyanide residue would have had more than forty years to disperse into the groundwater. The entire basis of the "forensic examination" was ludicrous.

Jens and I were shocked at how shoddy this cornerstone text of the Movement actually was. The secret was that nobody ever looked at it in detail. It was simply a prop, useful for dazzling a young person eager to hear that Germans were not in fact guilty of the worst crime in history.

IN January of 1993, I contacted Winfried and told him I wanted to quit the Movement. I had decided the only way to do it would be to quit publicly—and in such a way that I wouldn't have the choice of returning. Winfried arranged to get my announcement filmed for television, and it aired on March 15, 1993. At the end of it, I burned a picture of Hitler and some other propaganda material for the camera. To outsiders, this might seem a little silly. But I knew that within the Movement it would be an utter provocation.

I had no idea how fast and how hard my quitting would affect the scene. The day after the interview was shown on TV, my *Kameradschaft* dissolved. I heard later that some of the kamerads had been so shocked that they had cried when they saw my announcement. I didn't realize until I quit how seriously they all took the idea that I was their Führer. During the previous six months, as my doubts had grown, I'd forgotten many of those who were looking up to me—but they hadn't forgotten me.

I got out of Berlin immediately and spent a few weeks with Winfried in Paris. It was the most amazing thing I'd ever seen. Winfried lived in Montmartre, where we were surrounded by people of every race and color—many of them Africans and Arabs. Here I was the blondest and without doubt the tallest one on the street. But people were friendly to me. They didn't stare at me as we would have at a black person in East Berlin. This was a cosmopolitan world, and they were used to seeing people from all over. For the first time in my life, I was a foreigner. I felt as though a heavy weight had been lifted from me; for the first time I had the feeling I had a future. I got used to buying a baguette in the morning and having my coffee at a café where the Arab waiter would greet me. After a few days, he began offering me a free coffee now and then. We had to speak in sign language because we didn't know a word in common.

Winfried made a point of taking me to different ethnic restaurants: Vietnamese, Moroccan, Algerian, Italian. The splendid diversity of the world was brought home to me in a way it had never been before. It was as though I'd stepped out of a cartoon universe into real life and was seeing it before me in its staggering complexity. Where before I'd seen everything in terms of certainties, now I saw it as an endless string of questions.

Kühnen had always said, when somebody left the group, "That separates the wheat from the chaff." In other words, the wheat remains. I came to think the opposite, of course. But it was true that a hard core remained, and my leaving just seemed to make that core harder. When I returned to Germany, my place on Wotanstrasse was soon spray-painted with calls for "Death to the traitor!" I began to hear from a group that called itself the Kommando Horst Wessel, whose sole stated purpose was to take my life or exact whatever revenge it could on my relatives. And someone put up posters all over East Berlin bearing my picture and the words "Ingo Hasselbach—State Spy." One of the people who most wanted to kill me, apparently, was Lutz, whom I'd known for more than twenty years, and who had saved my life in my last street battle. My teen-age sister, Jana, had been threatened and then beaten by skins, who said they were "exacting revenge" for the traitor. My mother, who was overjoyed at my change of heart, was terrifed as well.

MY mother's worst fears were realized in November, when she opened a package bomb that had been sent to her apartment addressed to me. It was powerful enough to have blown off four stories of the building, the police said. But a scrap of metal had been left touching one of the wires, and the battery had drained itself in the mail. Had the bomb come one day earlier, it would have worked.

After the bomb, my family and I had to live in a new world. My familiar Berlin was a place of constant danger. In every bar where I'd ever drunk a beer, in every subway, I saw the faces of right-wing youths who would eagerly kill me for the glory of the Movement. I had dedicated myself to the justification and the mobilization and the organization of pure hatred. Now I was experiencing what it was like to be on the receiving end.

As a quitter, I was stalked by both sides. I found that the neo-Nazis and the Antifa were united in their respect for extremism and their contempt for anyone who sought compromise or decided to rethink his position. One night, I was jumped by a gang of anarchists as I was coming out of an Indian restaurant in Kreuzberg, the left-wing quarter, where I had holed up to escape my former kamerads. The odd thing was that when the anarchists cornered me in the stairwell of an apartment building I had trouble even mustering the urge to defend myself. Physical violence was so associated in my mind with being inside the Movement that even hitting someone in self-defense seemed to violate my new sense of myself. I waited until it seemed I was going to be beaten to a pulp before I finally hit back. When I escaped, I was trembling. It was strange: I'd never shaken after a fight before.

I BEGAN a two-year stint of living underground. I surfaced to make public appearances with Jewish leaders, to speak to school groups—generally, to work against all that I'd formerly propagated. I also began speaking to the German authorities, revealing to them an entire world of far-right terrorist connections—names, places, plans—that they'd never penetrated. I refused to enter a witness-protection program; I had experienced too much kindness from German cops when I was a neo-Nazi to think that my life as a quitter would be safe in their hands.

In March, 1995, my testimony bore fruit: Gary Lauck was arrested in Denmark. Then, in a huge operation code-named Atlantik II, the German police raided cells of the N.S.D.A.P. all over Germany. Eighty-four apartments were searched, important links in the network were broken, and tons of propaganda material and terrorist equipment were seized. Lauck's lawyers demanded that he be set free and be allowed to return to the United States, where he had officially committed no crime. The German authorities lobbied equally hard to have him extradited to Germany. Before the question could be settled, the Alfred P. Murrah Federal Building was blown up, and this apparently convinced the F.B.I. that protecting the civil rights of one of the world's most dangerous extremist leaders wasn't so important. The American authorities began coöperating with the German government to have Lauck extradited to Hamburg and prosecuted.

WOULD-BE FÜHRER *Michael Kühnen under arrest shortly before his death. The standard-bearer of post-war neo-Nazism in the "Jew-controlled Bonn Republic," he instructed Hasselbach in forming the first neo-Nazi party in East Germany.*

DIETMAR GUST/ZENIT

Lauck's arrest hampered the use of Denmark as the chief Northern European base for the neo-Nazi network, especially coming, as it did, on the heels of what Christophersen referred to as the "psychological terror" he had faced for the last three months of 1994. Fifteen hundred Danish anti-Fascists had surrounded his house and chanted, "We shall have your hide," causing the inveterate Holocaust denier to flee the country. As the climate got hotter in Denmark, the neo-Nazis began using Sweden as their Nordic retreat. Perhaps the most disturbing development in this regard came last October, when Jürgen Rieger—a Hamburg lawyer who belongs to a number of extreme-right groups and defends top neo-Nazis in court—bought an eighteenth-century Swedish manor on sixteen hundred acres. He placed an advertisement in a right-wing magazine calling for eighteen "young German families" to join him in forming a colony there, and many feared it would become a sanctuary for neo-Nazis.

Meanwhile, I saw ominous parallels between the Oklahoma bombing and a string of mail bombings that had been going on in Germany and Austria since my mother received the package bomb. In early spring, four Gypsies were killed by a pipe bomb hidden in a sign that said "Gypsies Go Back to India"; it was rigged to go off when they removed the sign. Over the summer, a liberal German politician and a talk-show host received mail bombs, and this fall a Syrian-born doctor and a refugee-relief worker in Austria were severely injured in separate mail-bomb attacks, for which neo-Nazis are thought to have been responsible.

Groups like the one I was part of watch their enemies from a distance. They are afraid that getting near might defuse their hate, or at least corrupt it with first-hand knowledge and second thoughts. This is what distinguishes a true ideological hate: the way members of the group carry it so carefully, keeping it sealed against all corruption. And this is also why bombs are a perfect weapon for terrorist groups: they allow them to maintain a cleansing distance from the target, and the violence is sudden; there is no time for arguments or counterblows. Fanatics like to have the feeling that hatred and violence are almost acts of nature, over which they exercise only the most perfunctory control.

I WAS never consciously aware of the point when I changed from victim to culprit. Even as a neo-Nazi leader, I saw myself as a victim of the Communist regime, as a prisoner struggling to break someone's face if I could not break out. I shared this mind-numbing, self-destructive hate with all my East German kamerads, who, like me, had grown up under the watchful eye of the Stasi and were punished for teen-age follies in the same cells that had housed mass murderers and Gestapo chiefs. I had a strange reminder of this the day my quitting announcement was on TV. As I was at my apartment putting some things in order for my flight to Paris, a knock came at the door. It was my old pal Freddy Meisel, whom I had lost contact with after the storming of the Weitlingstrasse house, almost three years earlier. He didn't invite himself in. His car was running outside, and he wanted me to go with him.

"I'm reporting to Hoyerswerda, Hasselbach," he said, referring to a horrible factory city near Dresden that had become "foreigner-free" after a series of neo-Nazi actions in 1991. "It's much better there." The last couple of years hadn't treated Freddy well. I'd heard rumors that he'd killed somebody. He was really too far out there even for the neo-Nazis, and it occurred to me—though I didn't tell him about my plans to quit—that we were both outsiders now.

"What do you mean you're 'reporting' to Hoyerswerda?" I asked.

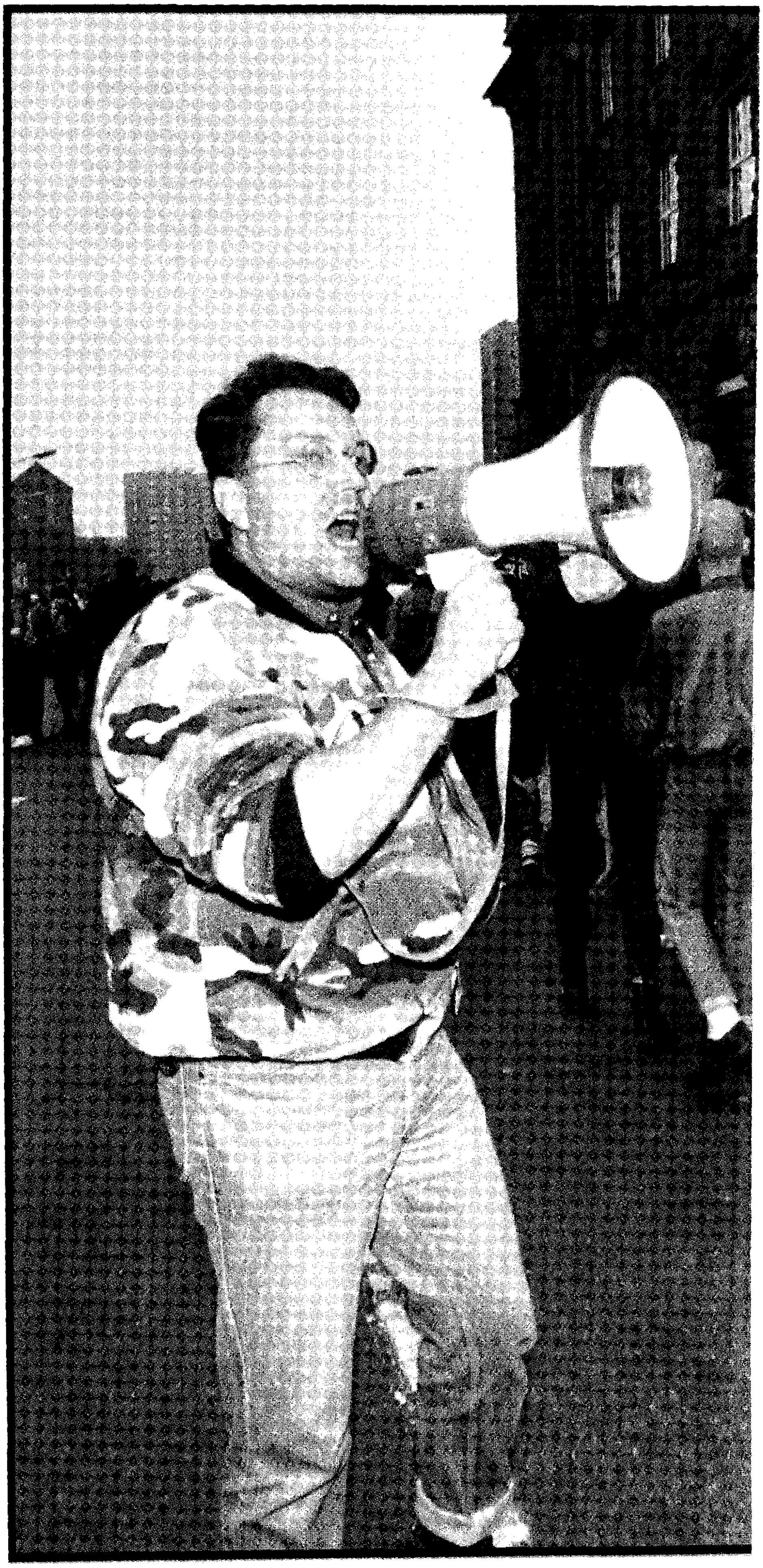
"Registering my address there. Then next time we'll get sent to prison at Bautzen. It's good for us there, Hasselbach!"

Bautzen was a large prison near Hoyerswerda, which had had a terrible reputation during G.D.R. times but was now considered much more lenient. And it would be deadly for Freddy to go to prison in Berlin again, where he was so well known and was widely hated. Bautzen would be a breeze by comparison.

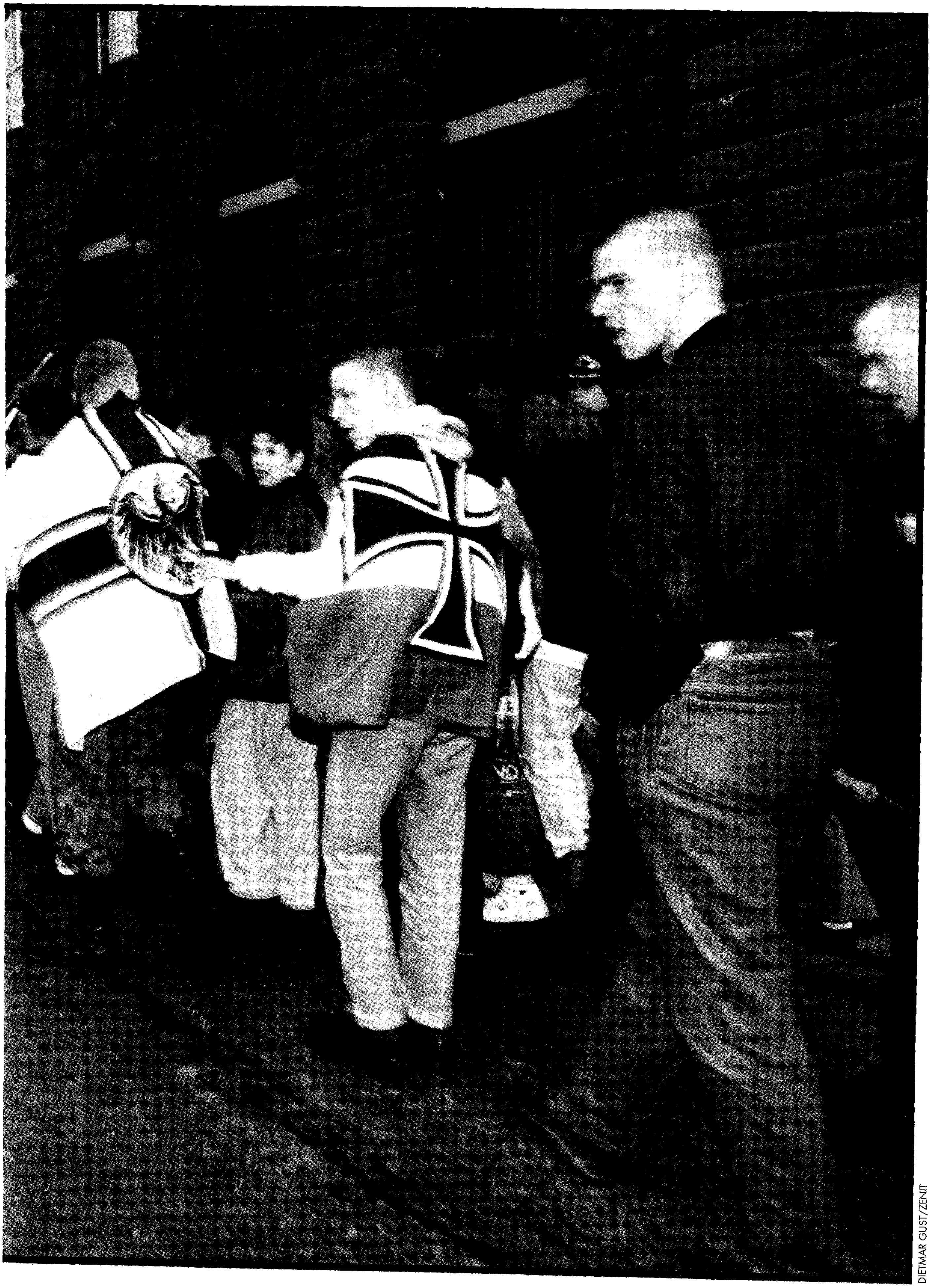
"I'm actually not planning to go back to prison," I said.

"*Ach*, come on, Hasselbach, we all go back to prison."

It was odd that the guy I'd begun my career in crime with would be the last person I'd see before getting out of the Nazi shit forever. I said so long to Freddy and moved on to a new life. ♦



Skinheads liked to be bossed by Gottfried Küssel, the dangerous leader of Austria's neo-Nazis, who believed the rise of the Fourth Reich was imminent.



DIETMAR GUST/ZENIT

LIFE AND LETTERS

ENGLISH LESSONS FROM STEPHEN SPENDER

The author and Stephen Spender had almost nothing in common—not nationality, language, experience, or age—except poetry, and a friendship of more than twenty years.

BY JOSEPH BRODSKY

TWENTY-THREE years later, the exchange with the immigration officer at Heathrow is brisk: "Business or pleasure?"

"What do you call a funeral?"

He waves me through.

TWENTY-THREE years earlier, it had taken me nearly two hours to pass his predecessors. The fault, as it were, was mine. I had just left Russia and was heading for the States via London, where I had been invited to take part in the Poetry International festival. I had no proper passport, just a United States transit visa in a huge manila envelope, which had been issued to me at the American Consulate in Vienna.

Apart from the natural anxiety, the wait was extremely uncomfortable for me because of Wystan Auden, with whom I had been on the same plane from Vienna. As the immigration officials grappled with that manila envelope, I saw him pacing behind the barrier, in a state of growing irritation. Now and then, he'd try to talk to one or another of them, only to be told off. He knew that I knew nobody in London, and he couldn't leave me there alone. I felt terrible, if only because he was twice my age.

When in the end we emerged from customs, we were greeted by a strikingly beautiful woman, tall and almost regal in her deportment. She kissed Wystan on the cheek and introduced herself to me. "I am Natasha," she said. "I hope you don't mind staying with us. Wystan is staying with us also." And as I began to mumble something not entirely grammatical, Auden intervened: "She is Stephen Spender's wife. Best if you say yes. They've prepared a room for you."

The next thing, we were in a car, with Natasha Spender at the wheel. Evidently they'd thought of everything—perhaps they'd discussed it over the phone—although I was a total stranger. Wystan hardly knew me, the Spenders even less. And yet . . . The London suburbs were flashing by outside the car window and I tried to read signs. The most frequent was "Bed and Breakfast"; I understood the words but couldn't grasp—owing to the absence of a verb—their meaning.

LATER that evening, as Wystan, Natasha, and I sat down for supper, I tried to explain to Natasha (all the while marvelling at the discrepancy between that wonderfully chiselled face and the homey-sounding Russian name) that I was not exactly a total stranger. That in fact back in Russia I'd had in my possession some items from this household, brought to me by Anna Akhmatova in 1965, upon her return from England, where she had received an honorary doctorate from Oxford. The items were two records ("Dido and Aeneas," by Purcell, and Richard Burton reading a selection from the English poets) and a veritable tricolor scarf, in the colors of some college. They had been given to her, she told me, by an extraordinarily handsome English poet, whose name was Stephen Spender, and who had asked her to pass these things on to me.

"Yes," Natasha said. "She told us a lot about you. You were in prison, and we were all terribly worried that you would be cold. Hence the scarf."

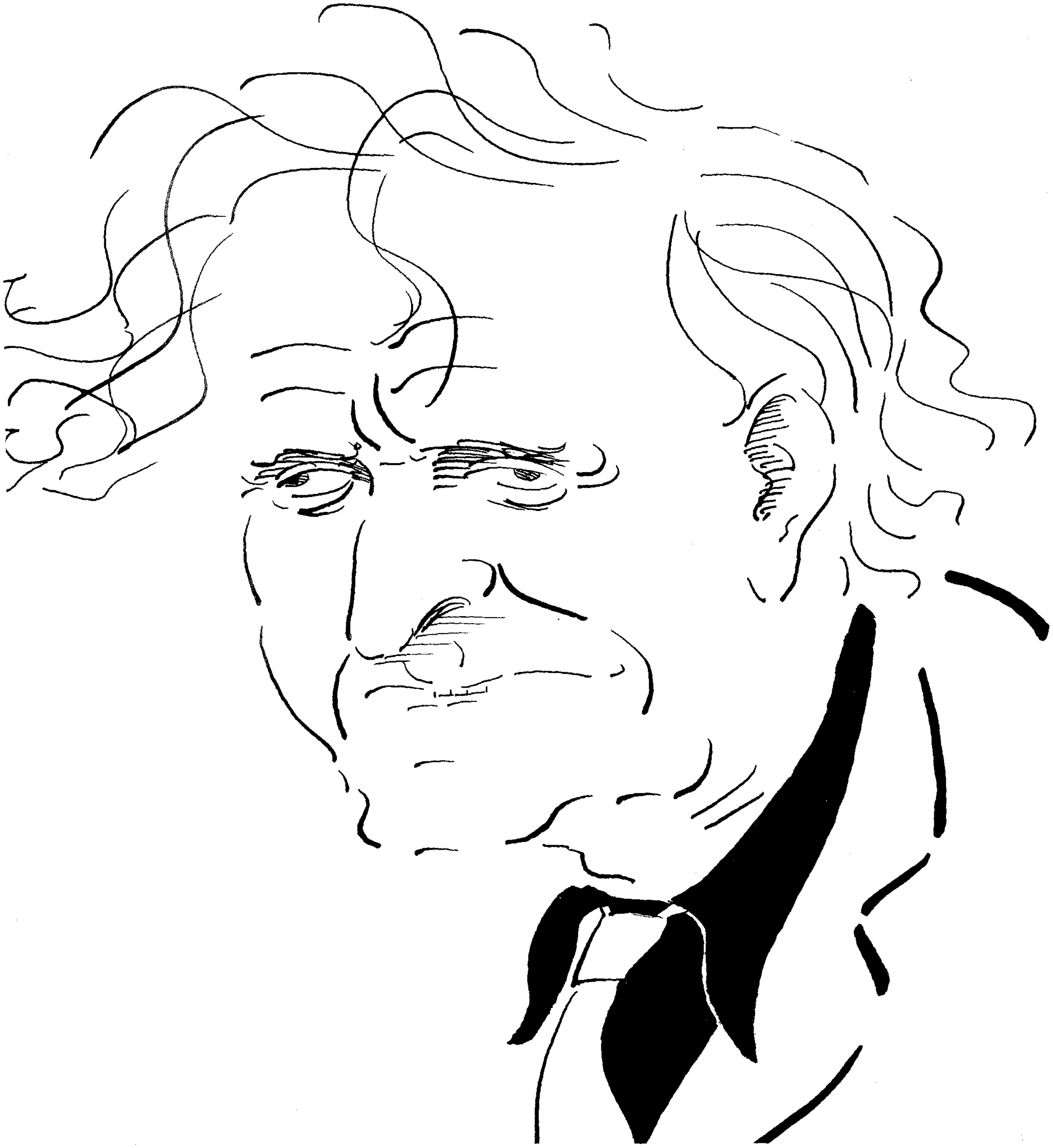
Presently the doorbell rang, and she went to open the door. I was in the middle of a conversation with Wystan, or, more exactly, I was listening to him, as my grammar would allow for very little initiative. Although I'd translated quite a bit from English (mostly the Elizabethans, and also some modern American poetry and a couple of plays), my conversational skills at that time were minimal. I'd say "trepidation of the ground" instead of "earthquake." Besides, Wystan's speech, because of its remarkable speed and truly transatlantic texture, required considerable concentration on my part.

But momentarily I lost it completely. In walked a very tall, slightly stooped white-haired man with a gentle, almost apologetic smile on his face. He moved about what I assumed was his own dining room with the tentativeness of a newcomer rather than with the master of the house's certitude. "Hello, Wystan," he said, and then he greeted me.

I don't remember the exact words, but I remember being stunned by the beauty of their utterance. It felt as if all the nobility, civility, grace, and detachment of the English language had suddenly filled the room. As if an instrument's chords were being played all at once. To me, with my then untrained ear, the effect was spellbinding. It was due in part, no doubt, to the instrument's stooping frame: one felt not so much this music's audience as its accomplice. I looked about the room: nobody betrayed the slightest emotion. But then accomplices never do.

STILL later that same night, Stephen Spender—for it was he—and I went to the BBC television station, for the late-news program's live interview. Twenty-three years ago, the arrival in London of somebody like me still counted as news. The whole thing took two hours, including the round trip by taxi. During those two hours—and during the taxi rides, especially—the spell I was under began to let up somewhat, since we were talking logistics. Of the TV interview, of the Poetry International, of my stay in England. Suddenly, conversation was easy: we were just two men discussing relatively tangible matters. I felt oddly comfortable in the presence of this over-six-foot-tall, blue-eyed, white-haired old man I had never

With people around, Spender (opposite) was terribly amusing—not so much for their sake as because he was incapable of banality.



COURTESY MARC BOXER ESTATE

met before, and I marvelled. Why? Most likely, I simply felt protected by his superior height and age, not to mention his Oxonian. But, quite apart from that, in the gentle tentativeness of his deportment, bordering on the awkward and accompanied by a guilty smile, I sensed his awareness of the provisional, faintly absurd nature of any reality at hand. To this attitude I wasn't a stranger myself, as it comes not from one's physique or temperament but from one's métier. Some people are less ready to display this, some more. Then, there are those incapable of concealing it. I sensed that he and I belonged in the latter category.

I'D pick that as the main reason for the subsequent twenty-three years of our unlikely friendship. There were several others, and I'll mention some. Yet, before I go any further, I must say that if what follows sounds a bit too much like a personal memoir, with too much of my own presence in it, this is because I find it impossible—at least for now—to speak about Stephen Spender in the past tense. I don't intend to play the solipsistic game of denying the obvious: that he is no more. It would perhaps be an easy thing for me to do, since for all these twenty-three years that I've mentioned we saw each other rather infrequently, and never for more than five days in a row. But what I think and do is so intertwined in my mind with his and Wystan Auden's lives and lines that to reminisce seems more appropriate at present than trying to comprehend my emotions. Living is like quoting, and once you've learned something by heart it's as much yours as the author's.

For the next few days that I stayed under their roof, I was mothered by the Spenders and by Wystan in the most minute way, from breakfast to supper and on to the nightcap. At one point, Wystan tried to teach me how to use English public phones and was alarmed at my slow-wittedness. Stephen attempted to explain the Underground system, but in the end Natasha drove me everywhere. We lunched at the Café Royal—the scene of their courtship, during the Blitz—where they'd sit for a hot meal between air raids as the waiters were traipsing over the shards of the café's broken windows. ("As the Germans were pounding us, we were actually wondering how soon the Russian planes would join them. In those days, we were expecting the Russian bombers anytime.") Or else we'd go for lunch to Sonia Orwell's. (" '1984' is not a novel," Wystan declared. "It is a study.") Then, there was dinner at the Garrick Club with Cyril Connolly, whose "Enemies of Promise" I'd read just a couple of years before, and Angus Wilson, of whom I knew nothing. The former looked gray, bloated, and oddly Russian; the latter, in his pink shirt, resembled a tropical bird. The conversation escaped me, and I was reduced to observation.

SIX O'CLOCK

Steamy mushroom weather. Under the white pines
a smell of turpentine and dust. A young woman
swings by, her handbag the color of ten-year-old claret.

In the cemetery someone is playing a mouth organ:
"There's no place like home" rises on the surprised air
while light-leaved saplings nod their endless affirmatives

to one another (*yes yes, that's it, exactly*), stop a minute
to take things in, then again to affirmation.
I can smell the one pine tree cut down this morning

and carted away, leaving only this white stump of a thing
and its glitter of dust, the lingering scent of resin. Airborne,
a glitter-flock of starlings expands, contracts, expands

like a beating brain, a heart pulsing, its every element
answerable. Our cat sees with her ears, each swivelling
to catch the drift of things on the breeze, as I go on

naming one thing at a time—orchard, silo, hawk, eyelid,
sea-mark, bloody cranesbill, slate-making windows
to peer into . . . exactly what? The hour that's in it?

—EAMON GRENNAN

This was often the case with me at that time, and I felt somewhat awkward on a number of occasions. I explained it to Stephen, but he evidently believed in osmosis more than analysis. One evening, he and Natasha took me to a dinner party somewhere in South London, at the local bishop's rectory. His Eminence turned out to be a bit too lively, not to say gregarious; too purple, not to say lavender, for my untrained eye. Still, the food was superb, so was the wine, and the stable of pretty young clerics waiting on the guests was lovely to look at. When the meal was over, the ladies departed to an adjacent chamber; the gentlemen stayed for their port and Havanas. I found myself sitting across from C. P. Snow, who began to extoll to me the virtues and verities of Mikhail Sholokhov's prose. It took me about ten minutes to summon the appropriate entries from Partridge's Dictionary of English Slang (back in Russia, I had only Volume I) for an adequate reply. Lord Snow's face went white indeed; Stephen laughed uproariously. In fact, I was aiming not so much at the pink novelist as at the lavender host, whose lacquered loafer was footsieing my honest Hush Puppy under the table.

I was trying to explain that to Stephen on the way back in the car, but he kept giggling. It was around midnight. As we crossed Westminster Bridge, he looked out the window and said, "They are still sitting." And to me, "Are you tired?" I said no. "Then let's go in." Natasha stopped the car; we got out and walked to the Houses of Parliament. We climbed several flights of stairs, entered a large hall, and landed in the gallery chairs. It was, I believe, the House of Commons, and some tax debate was in full swing. Men of more or less similar height and complexion would rise, deliver vehement-sounding tirades, and sit down, to rise again in a short while. Stephen tried to whisper in my ear what this was all about; still, it remained to me largely impenetrable, practically a pantomime. For a while, I sat scrutinizing the rafters and the stained-glass windows. Here I was, face to face with the most sacred notion of my youth, and I found the proximity blinding. I began to shake with silent laughter. The disparity between my mental and physical realities suddenly gaped vast: while the latter was occupying a green leather seat in the heart of Westminster, the former was dragging its feet, as it were, somewhere behind the Urals. So much, I thought, for air travel, and looked at Stephen. Apparently osmosis worked.

The Poetry International was a large, somewhat messy affair, held on the Thames's South Bank, in the Royal Festival Hall. Few things are worse than the mixture of poverty and concrete, but the mixture of concrete and frivolity is one of them. On the other hand, it matched what was happening inside. The West Germans, in particular, got into the spirit of the place, taking vers libre one step further by resorting to plain body language, and I remember Wystan saying morosely into the backstage TV monitor, "This is not what you were paid for." The pay was measly, but these were the first pound notes I had ever held in my hands, and I felt thrilled at putting into my pocket practically the same tender that was used by the characters of Dickens and Joseph Conrad.

The opening party was on the top floor of some high-rise on Pall Mall; New Zealand House, I think, was the name. As I write this, I look at a photograph taken there that day: Stephen is saying something funny to

Wystan, who laughs heartily, while John Ashbery and I look on. Stephen is much taller than any of us, and there is an almost detectable tenderness in his profile as he faces Wystan, who, hands in his pockets, is immensely cheered. Their eyes meet; at this juncture, they have known each other for more than forty years, and they are happy in each other's company. Ah, this unbearable snapshot laughter! That's what one is left with—with these arrested instants stolen from life without any anticipation of the far greater theft ahead, which will render your hoard the source of utter despair. A hundred years ago, one would at least have been spared that.

STEPHEN read on a different night than Wystan and I, and I wasn't present at the reading. But I know what he read because I have the "Selected Poems" he gave me when he got back that night. There are seven pieces that he had marked in the table of contents—the way we all do before a reading. The edition was a twin of what I'd had back home, courtesy of an English exchange student, and I knew it well enough to notice that my favorites—"Air Raid Across the Bay at Plymouth" and "Polar Exploration"—were not checked. I believe I asked him why, although I could partly foresee the answer: that both poems were fairly old. Perhaps it's for this reason that I don't remember his reply. What I remember is that the conversation very quickly ran to Henry Moore's "Shelter Sketchbook" of the London Underground, and Natasha produced their dog-eared softbound edition, which I took with me to bed.

Stephen mentioned Moore's "Sketchbook," I suppose, because I mentioned the "Air Raid" poem. It had astounded me in my previous, Russian incarnation, in spite of my dim English, with its searchlight imagery's progression from the visual to the visionary. I thought the poem owed a lot to the contemporary, post-Cubist (what in Russia we called Constructivist) paintings, to somebody like Wyndham Lewis. Needless to say, searchlights were an integral part of my childhood: my earliest memory, in fact. To this day, when I see Roman numerals I immediately recall the wartime night sky over my home. I suppose I'd said something to that effect to Stephen, and the next thing was Henry Moore's little book of drawings.

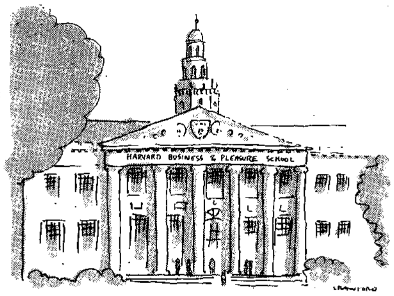
I'LL never know now whether that was just a shift in conversation or a part of Stephen's osmosis game plan vis-à-vis my

THE ONLY
AROUND THE WORLD
BY
SUPERSONIC CONCORDE
HAWAII • NEW ZEALAND • AUSTRALIA
PEOPLE'S REPUBLIC OF CHINA • HONG KONG
INDIA • KENYA • ENGLAND
Two 1996 Departures
September 10 to October 3, 1996
and
October 4 to 27, 1996
$50,800 per person
Designed and Operated by INTRAV • St. Louis, MO 63105-1961
1-800-964-0500

1996 Traveler's Guide to Art Museum Exhibitions
"For art lovers who travel, and travelers who love art . . ."
The premier annual guide to over 1,500 exhibitions in the U.S. and abroad...only $16.
RECOMMENDED BY THE NY TIMES, THE WASH. POST, VOGUE, AND GOURMET
CALL 1-800-2-LOVE-ART
MGP, INC. P.O. BOX 25369, WASHINGTON, D.C. 20007

Canoe Canada's Arctic
Fly-in canoe trips into the heart of North America's last great wilderness - the tundra and taiga of Canada's Northwest Territories. Photograph caribou, wolves, muskox, moose, grizzlies, rich birdlife. Virgin fishing. 7 - 19 days. Wildlife biologist guide. Operating since 1974.
Brochure: CANOE ARCTIC INC. Box 130AK, Fort Smith, N.W.T., Canada X0E 0P0 (403)872-2308

DO YOU TEACH?
IF SO, PLEASE READ ON...

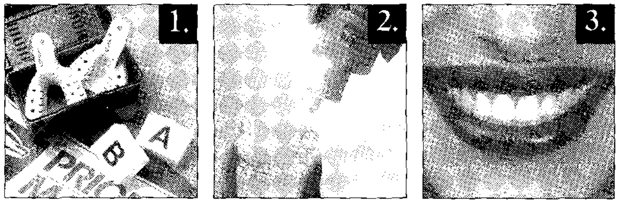


© 1987, The New Yorker Magazine, Inc.

The New Yorker is delighted to offer an education program to teachers who want to share the magazine with their students. For subscription information, please call Jenn Phillips at **1-800-898-7231**, or write to her at the address below:

THE NEW YORKER
EDUCATION PROGRAM
P.O. Box 56435, Boulder, CO 80321-6435

Dentist-quality tooth whitening. At-home price.



Make medically accurate molds and send them off.

In two weeks you get dentist-made custom mouth pieces. And soon after, your brightest smile.

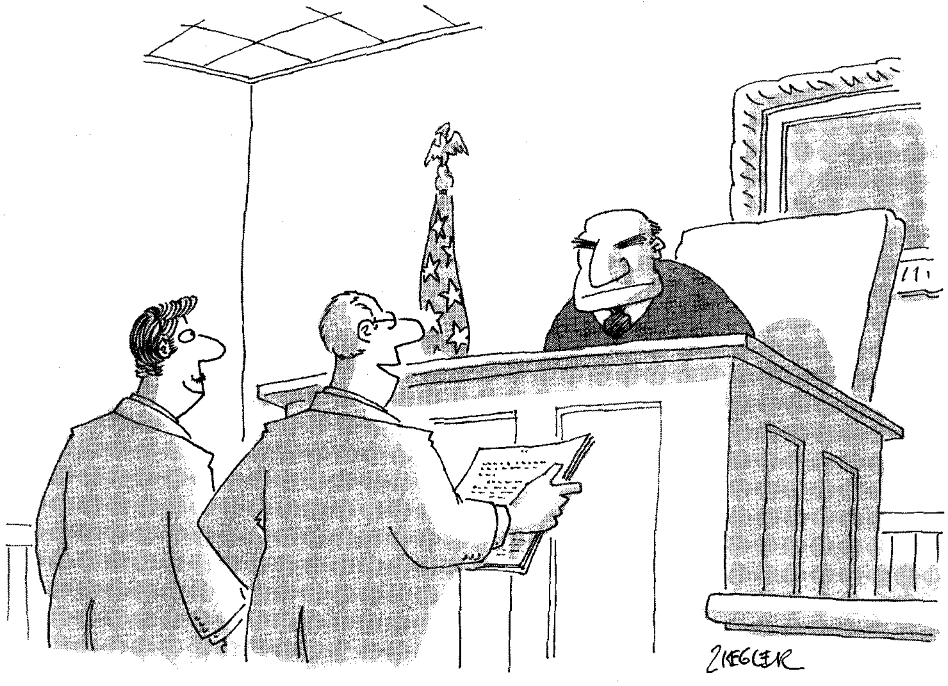
EasyWhite is professional. Safe. Brilliantly effective. It uses the finest whitening gel applied with custom-molded dentist-made mouth pieces that fit precisely. How? You make a mold (ten minutes) and send it off. In two weeks, you'll receive your own trays and enamel-friendly gel. Unlike do-it-yourself drugstore versions, a custom fit means better tooth coverage and no gum-irritating leaks. Established by a cosmetic dentist to safely, quickly and economically bleach out tough stains that come with foods, lifestyle, aging. Smile! For $100's less than office treatments.

Custom Tooth Polish™ A4547 $125.
plus $4.95 s+h. Add sales tax for shipments to CA (7.25%) & TN (7.75%).
Order by phone now! Or mail in coupon.
1-800-520-9924

Name
Address City State / Zip
Custom Tooth Polish (A4547) Height/Weight ____ ft ___ in /_____ lbs
Payment: ☐ Visa ☐ MC ☐ AMEX ☐ Discover ☐ Check $_____Total
Credit Card Number ( ) Exp. Date
Authorization Signature Daytime Phone
Make checks payable to: SelfCare Catalog P.O. Box 182290, Chattanooga, TN 37422

100% Risk-Free GUARANTEE Money Back Anytime
☐ Send me a free catalog

CODE: F102
SELF CARE® CATALOG
Products For Healthy Living™



"Your Honor, I think you'll get a kick out of my client's extenuating circumstances."

• •

innocent self. Either way, the impact of the sketches was extraordinary. I'd seen a fair number of reproductions of Moore's work: all those reclining microcephalics, single or in groups. Mostly on postcards, though a couple of catalogues had passed through my hands as well. I'd heard enough about pre-Columbian influences, organic forms, the hollow-versus-solid-mass concept, etc., and wasn't very much taken with any of it. The usual modern-art palaver, the song of insecurity.

"Shelter Sketchbook" had very little to do with modern art, and everything to do with security. If the sequence had any root, it must have been Mantegna's (or Bellini's) "Agony in the Garden." Moore, evidently, was similarly obsessed with ellipsoids, and the Blitz provided him with a veritable safari of them. The whole thing takes place in the Underground, which is an apt word in more ways than one. Thus, no airborne angel carrying the cup is in sight here, though "Let it pass from me" is presumably on all lips. To paraphrase Wystan, "Shelter Sketchbook" is not a graphic work but a study. In ellipsoids, above all—from the swaddled bodies covering platforms to the stations' vaults. But it is also a study in submission, since a body reduced to its generic form for reasons of safety won't forget this reduction, won't straighten up fully. Once you've crouched in submission to fear, the future of your vertebrae is set: you'll crouch again. Anthropologically speaking, war results in a backslide—unless, of course, you are a witless babe.

And that's what I was when Moore was busy with his study of ellipsoids and Stephen with his exploration of searchlights. As I looked at the "Sketchbook," I practically remembered the crypt-turned-bomb shelter of our nearby cathedral, with its vaults and shrouded or swaddled bodies, my mother's and mine among them. While outside "triangles, parallels, parallelograms, /experiment with hypotheses /on the blackboard sky." At this rate, I said to myself as I was turning the obsessively lined pages, I may remember even my own birth, perhaps even the time before; in fact, I may—perish the thought—go English.

SOMETHING of the sort had been well under way ever since I'd laid my hands on the Penguin anthology "Poetry of the Thirties." If you are born in Russia, nostalgia for an alternative genesis is inevitable. The thirties were close enough, as I was born in 1940. What made the decade even more congenial was its grimy, monochrome denomination, due chiefly to the printed word and black-and-white cinema: my native realm was of the same shade and stayed that way long after the Kodak invasion. MacNeice, Auden, and Spender—I mention them in the order I found them—made me feel at home at once. It wasn't their moral vision, since my enemy, I believe, was more formidable and ubiquitous than theirs; it was their poetics. It unshackled me: metrically and stanzaically in particular. After "Bagpipe Music," the good old tetrametric, quatrain-bound job seemed—initially, at least—less tempting. The other thing I found terribly attractive was their common knack for taking a bewildered look at the familiar.

Call this influence; I'll call it affinity. Roughly from the age of twenty-eight on, I regarded them as my relatives, rather than as masters or "imaginary friends." They were my mental family—far more so than anybody among my own contemporaries, inside or outside Russia. Chalk this up to my immaturity or to disguised stylistic conservatism. Or simply to vanity: to some puerile desire to be judged under a foreign code of conscience. On the other hand, consider the possibility that what they did could be loved from afar. Or that reading poets writing in a foreign tongue bespeaks one's appetite for worship. Stranger things have happened: you've seen the churches.

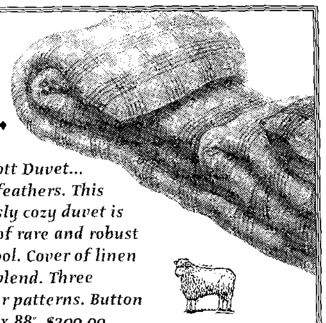
I LIVED happily in that mental family. The wall-thick English-Russian dictionary was in fact a door, or should I say a window, since it was often foggy and staring through it required some concentration. This paid off particularly well because it was poetry, for in a poem every line is a choice. You can tell a lot about a man by his choice of an epithet. I thought MacNeice chaotic, musical, self-indulgent, and imagined him moody and reticent. I thought Auden brilliant, resolute, profoundly tragic, and witty; I imagined him quirky and gruff. I thought Spender more lyrical and ambitious with his imagery than either, though rather conspicuously modernist, but I couldn't picture him at all.

Reading, like loving, is a one-way street, and all that was going on unbeknownst to any of them. So when I ended up that summer in the West I was a total stranger indeed. (I didn't know, for instance, that MacNeice had already been dead for nine years.) Less so perhaps to Wystan, since he had written the introduction to my "Selected Poems" and must have realized that my "Verses on the Death of T. S. Eliot" is based on his "In Memory of W. B. Yeats." But certainly to Stephen and Natasha, no matter what Akhmatova could possibly have told them. Neither at our first meeting nor in the subsequent twenty-three years did I talk to Stephen about his poems, and vice versa. The same goes for his "World Within World," "The Thirties and After," "Love-Hate Relations," "Journals." Initially, I suppose, the culprit was my timidity, saddled with my Elizabethan vocabulary and shaky grammar. Eventually, it would be his or my transatlantic fatigue, public places, people around, or matters more absorbing to us than our own writings. Such as politics or press scandals or Wystan. Somehow, from the threshold it was assumed that we had more in common than not, the way it is in a family.

ASIDE from our respective mother tongues, what would keep us apart was more than thirty years of life in this world, Wystan's and Stephen's superior intelligence, and their—with Wystan more, less with Stephen—private lives. That might seem like a lot; actually, it wasn't much. I wasn't aware of their varying affections when I met them; besides, they were in their sixties. What I was aware of then, am now, and will be to my dying day is their extraordinary intelligence, to which thus far I've seen no approximation. Which, of course, puts my intellectual insecurity somewhat to rest, though it doesn't necessarily close the gap. As for their private lives, they came into focus, I believe, precisely because of their perceived intellectual superiority. In plain words, because in the thirties they were on the left, with Spender joining the Communist Party for a few days. What is done in a totalitarian state by the secret police in an open society presumably is the province of one's opponents or critics. Still, the reverse of this—attributing one's achievement to one's sexual identity—is perhaps even sillier. On the whole, the insistence on defining man as a sexual being is breathtakingly reductive. If only because the ratio of one's sexual activity to other pursuits—say, earning a living, driving a car—is dismal even in one's prime. Theoretically, a poet has more time on his hands, but, considering the way poetry is paid, his private life warrants less scrutiny than it gets. Especially if he writes in a language as cool about gender as English. And if the language is not concerned, why should its speakers be? Well, perhaps they are precisely because it isn't. At any rate, I felt that we had far more in common than not. The only gap

The Educated Traveler®
The only newsletter dedicated to International Specialty Travel
Cultural Tourism ❦ Museum Travel ❦ Learning Vacations
RECOMMENDED BY MIRABELLA, NY TIMES, LA TIMES AND THE WASH. POST
$39/year, includes exclusive *Directory of Museum-Sponsored Tours*
Dept.-RC, P.O. Box 220822, Chantilly, VA 22022
1-800-648-5168

96 Languages!
Yes, we have audio-cassette courses in languages from Afrikaans to Zulu and everything in between. Short course and long courses. Easy and in-depth. We have been serving language learners for 25 years. Call **1-800-243-1234** or write for our free 56-page ***Whole World Language Catalog***.
AUDIO-FORUM®
Room F148, 96 Broad Street, Guilford, CT 06437 • fax: 203-453-9774

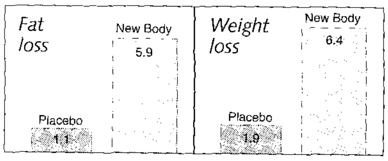


Rare Breed.
The Kelmscott Duvet...
no fuss, no feathers. This scrumptiously cozy duvet is plump full of rare and robust Cotswold wool. Cover of linen and cotton blend. Three natural color patterns. Button closure. 66" x 88" $300.00
(plus shipping & applicable sales tax)
VISA/MasterCard.
Stunning color catalog: $3.00
Genetic preservation of rare breeds, and classic English wovens in limited editions.
Kelmscott Farm
RR 2, Box 365, N95
Lincolnville, ME 04849
Fax: 207-763-4298
info@kelmscott.com
1-800-545-9363
©1995 Kelmscott Farm

Lose weight naturally! Get the edge of a thin person's metabolism.
Research links obesity not to willpower, but to a sluggish metabolism. Give yours a boost with New Body® Healthy Weight System. Its 26 all-natural ingredients provide specific nutritional support to help your body bind insulin to burn fat. Stabilize blood sugar to reduce cravings. Prevent dietary fats from being stored as unwanted body fat. Show off a "new body" with less fat, more lean. Clinically-proven program includes two complementary formulations, Re-Activating and Bio-Optimizing. Combined with the right food choices and sensible exercise, you have all the ingredients for healthy, lasting weight loss. . . and a naturally thinner you!
Original New Body's impressive results were published in the International Journal of Obesity.

NEW BODY
NEW BODY

Now, Caffeine Free!
New Body® is an effective strategy for most people. Call toll free today to see if it's the right approach for you! As with all products from SelfCare, your absolute satisfaction is guaranteed or your money back.



Double-blind placebo study found those taking the original New Body® (vs. a placebo) lost 300% more weight and 500% more fat in four weeks.
New Body® Healthy Weight System K3714 $60.
plus $4.95 s+h: Add sales tax for shipments to CA (7.25%) & TN (7.75%).
Order by phone now!
1-800-520-9924
Or mail in coupon.
Make checks payable to:
SelfCare Catalog
P.O. Box 182290
Chattanooga,
Tennessee 37422
Name
Address *City* *State / Zip*
New Body® (A3714) Payment: ☐ *Visa* ☐ *MC* ☐ *AMEX* ☐ *Discover*
☐ *Check* $ ______*Total* ☐ *Send me a free catalog*
Credit Card Number *Expiration Date*
Authorized Signature ( ) *Daytime Phone*
CODE: E105
SELF CARE CATALOG
Products For Healthy Living™

I wouldn't be able to close was that of age. As for the difference in intelligence, at my best moments I may convince myself that I am getting near their plane of regard. What remained was the language gap, and now and then I've tried to close it as best I could, though that required prose.

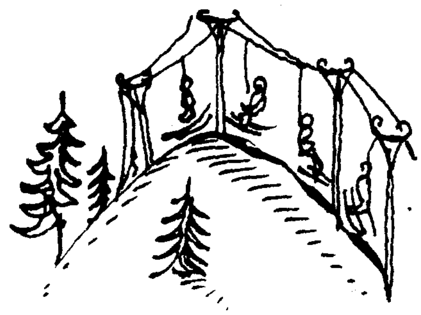
THE only time I spoke to Stephen directly about his work, I am afraid, was when his novel "The Temple" was published. By that time, I must admit, novels had ceased to be my preferred reading, and I wouldn't have talked to him about it at all had it not been for the book's being dedicated to Herbert List, a great German photographer with whose niece I had once been in love. Spotting the dedication, I ran to Stephen with the book in my teeth—I think this was in London—declaring triumphantly, "See, we are related!" He smiled wanly and said that the world is a small place, Europe in particular. Yes, I said, the world is a small place, and no next person makes it bigger. And no next time, he added, or something to that effect, and then asked whether I actually liked the book. I told him I'd always thought that an autobiographical novel is a contradiction in terms—that it disguises more than it reveals, even if the reader is partial. In any case, I said, there was in my view more of the author in the book's secondary characters than in its hero. He replied that this had a lot to do with the period's mental climate in general and with censorship in particular, and that he perhaps should have rewritten the whole thing. To that I protested, saying that disguise is the mother of literature and that censorship might even claim its fatherhood, and that there is nothing worse than when Proust's biographers scribble away to prove that Albertine was in fact Albert. Yes, he said, their pens move in a direction diametrically opposed to the author's: they are undoing the fabric.

I SEE the past tense creeping in, and I wonder whether I should really fight it. He died on July 16th. Still, I can't think of him summarily. Whatever I may say about him will be provisional or one-sided. Definitions are always reductive, and his ability to escape them at the age of eighty-six is not surprising, even though I caught up with only a quarter of that. Somehow, it's easier to question one's own presence than to believe he's gone.

This is so because gentleness and civility are lasting. And his are of the most durable kind, borne, as they were, by the grimy, cruel, either/or era. To say the least, his manner—in verse as in life—appears to have been a matter of choice as much as of temperament. In sissy times, like these, one—a writer, especially—can afford to be brutal, lean, mean, etc. In fact, in sissy times one practically has to peddle gore and garbage, for otherwise one won't sell. With Hitler and Stalin around, one goes the other way. . . . Ah, all this paperback-brutal talent! So much of it and so unnecessary, and so awash in money. That alone can make you feel nostalgic for the thirties and play havoc with your affinities. In the final analysis, though, what matters in life as well as on paper—with deeds as well as with epithets—is what helps you to retain your dignity, and gentleness and civility do. For that reason alone, he is, and will remain, palpable. More and more so as days go by.

MY fanciful notions (affinity, mental family, etc.) aside, we got along very well. This partly had to do with the total unpredictability of his mind and its turns. With people around, he was terribly amusing—not so much for their sake as because he was organically incapable of banality. A received idea would appear on his lips only to get entirely subverted by the end of the sentence. However, he wasn't trying to amuse himself: it's simply that his speech was trying to catch up with the perpetually running train of his thought and was therefore rather unpredictable to the speaker himself. Given his age, the past was remarkably infrequently his subject—much less so than the present or the future, on which he was especially big.

In part, I think, this was the result of his métier. Poetry is a tremendous school of insecurity and uncertainty. You never know whether what you've done is any good, still less whether you'll be able to do anything good tomorrow. If this doesn't destroy you, insecurity and uncertainty in the end become your intimate friends and you almost attribute to them an intelligence of their own. That's why, I think, he showed such interest in the future, of countries, individuals, cultural trends, as though he had tried to run the entire gamut of all possible mistakes in advance—not in order to eventually avoid them but just to know those intimate friends of his better. For the same reason, he'd never make a meal of his past achievements or, for that matter, misfortunes.



THIS would give one the impression that he was free of ambition, devoid of vanity. And that impression, I think, would be by and large correct. I remember one day, many years ago, giving a poetry reading with Stephen in Atlanta. Actually, we were raising funds for *Index on Censorship*—a magazine that was, I believe, essentially his brainchild, and about whose fortunes, not to mention the issue of censorship itself, he cared deeply.

We had to spend about an hour and a half onstage and were sitting in the anteroom shuffling our papers. Normally when two poets share a reading, one reads for forty-five minutes solid, then the other. To present the public with a convincing notion of oneself. "Reckon with me" is the idea. So Stephen turns to me and says, "Joseph, why don't we do fifteen minutes each, and then have an interval with questions and answers, and then read for fifteen minutes each again. This way, they won't be bored. How does that sound to you?" Marvellous, I say. For it was; it gave the whole undertaking the air of an entertainment. Which is what a poetry reading is in the first place, not an ego trip. It's a show, a piece of theatre—especially if it's a fund-raiser.

That was Atlanta, Georgia, U.S.A. Where the public, even a well-meaning one, knows precious little about its own American poetry, let alone about the Brits'. The procedure he suggested wouldn't advance his reputation, nor would it sell his books. Which is to say, he was not in it for himself, and he didn't read anything topical, either. I can't imagine anyone among his American brethren (of his age, especially) deliberately shortchanging himself—either for the sake of an issue or for the sake of the public. There were about eight hundred people in that room, if not more.

"I suppose American poets fall to pieces," he used to say (referring to the famous suicides in the profession), "because the stakes over there are so high. In Great Britain, one is never paid so much and a national reputation is out of the question, although the place is much smaller." Then he would giggle and add, "Actually, precisely because of that."

IT'S not that he held himself in low esteem; he was simply genuinely humble. That virtue, too, I should think, was métier-inspired. If you are not born with some organic disorder, poetry—writing it and reading it—will teach you humility, and rather quickly, at that. Especially if you are both writing and reading it. The dead alone will set you straight fast, not to mention your peers. Second-guessing yourself will become your second nature. You may be enamored of your own endeavors for some time, of course, provided your peers are worthless; but if in your undergraduate days you meet Wystan Auden your self-infatuation is bound to be short.

After Stephen met Wystan, nothing was easy: neither writing nor living. I may be wrong, but my impression is that he discarded far more than he printed. In living, however, where you can discard nothing, this unease resulted in extraordinary subtlety as well as in terrifying sobriety (with Auden becoming now and then its target but never a casualty). This mixture—of subtlety and sobriety—is what makes a gentleman, provided the ratio favors subtlety.

AND that is what he was, in a largely uncouth literary crowd on both sides of the Atlantic. He stood out, both literally and figuratively speaking. And the crowd's response, left and right, was predictable. X would chide him for being a pacifist in the Second World War, but he was nothing of the sort, having been turned down on medical grounds, after which he served as a fireman—and being a fireman in London during the Blitz was a far cry from being a conscientious objector. Y would accuse him of editing the C.I.A.-financed *Encounter* in the fifties and sixties. In fact, Stephen resigned once he learned the nature of the magazine's purse. (And, anyway, why hadn't these people who were so squeamish about C.I.A. money thrown in any of their own to keep the publication afloat?). A righteous Z would jump on him for declaring his readiness to go immediately to Hanoi while it was being bombed and yet inquiring who was to pay the fare. A man living by his pen—more than thirty books, not to mention innumerable reviews, tells

PROVENCE BASQUE PYRENEES TUSCANY AND THE CINQUE TERRE
KENYA NEW ZEALAND ITALY'S AMALFI COAST
CLASSIC JOURNEYS
Easy going walking, cultural and natural history tours:
• expert local naturalist and historian guides
• historic and charming inns and lodges • small groups
For a free color catalog call toll-free:
1-800-200-3887
SWISS ALPS SWISS AND ITALIAN LAKES COSTA RICA

ON THE BEACH IN MALIBU
MALIBU BEACH INN
MALIBU BEACH INN
A small hotel On the beach
A special hideaway minutes from LA... Beverly Hills, & Airports. Forty-seven Lovely Oceanfront Rooms & Suites, Private Balconies, Fireplaces, Jacuzzis, VCR. Continental Breakfast. Malibu's most Spectacular View... We're saving a sunset for you!
1-800-4-MALIBU
22878 Pacific Coast Highway, Malibu, CA 90265

SHAKER CHAIR KITS
An exciting collection of Shaker chairs, tables, clocks and other furniture available in kits or completely finished. All exemplify the simplicity and versatile beauty of Shaker design. Pegs, pegboard, Shaker baskets and oval boxes.
Large selection of replacement chair tapes.
New color Catalog $1.00
SHAKER WORKSHOPS
Box 8001-NY16, Ashburnham, MA 01430
1-800-840-9121

Allergy relief from bed-loving dust mites.

Dust mite with droppings that contain one of the most common allergens!

Miserable morning headaches? Runny nose? Itchy, puffy eyes? Allergy experts believe your bed's mattress and pillows can harbor more than two million thriving dust mites. This little critter— specifically an allergen in its droppings — is a proven cause of morning allergic symptoms among sufferers of asthma, eczema, rhinitis, and related respiratory problems. The remedy? Medibed™ Anti-Allergy Bedding Protectors. They're made of a quality patented polymer barrier fabric that's soft and breathable for comfort yet absolutely impenetrable by tiny dust mites (250 microns) and their microscopic (2 microns) fecal allergen.
Get Medibed for a comfortable night's sleep and dramatic relief in the morning.

Medibed™ for Mattresses
Single A4590 $50.
Full A4591 $60.
Queen A4592 $70.
King A4593 $80.
Cal. King A4594 $80.
plus $4.95 s+h. Add sales tax for shipments to CA (7.25%) & TN (7.75%).
Medibed™ for Pillows (two) A4595 $30.
Select standard or king.
plus $4.95 s+h. Add sales tax for shipments to CA (7.25%) & TN (7.75%).
Order by phone now!
1-800-520-9924 Or mail in coupon.

Make checks payable to:
SelfCare Catalog,
P.O. Box 182290
Chattanooga, TN 37422
☐ *Medibed Mattress Barrier*
*Size/Item #*________
☐ *Medibed Pillow Barrier*
*Size/Item #*________
Name
Address *City* *State / Zip*
Payment: ☐ *Visa* ☐ *MC* ☐ *AMEX* ☐ *Discover* ☐ *Check*
$ ________ *Total* ☐ *Send me a free catalog*
Credit Card Number *Expiration Date*
Authorized Signature ( ) *Daytime Phone*
CODE: H102
SELF CARE CATALOG
Products For Healthy Living™

one how he made his living—seldom has money to enact his convictions; on the other hand, Stephen presumably didn't want to manifest his scruples at the expense of the Hanoi government. Well, that's only the end of the alphabet. Curiously—or predictably—enough, those reproaches and remonstrations were most often American in origin; i.e., they were coming from a place where ethics enjoys a greater proximity to cash than elsewhere. On the whole, the postwar world was a pretty crude show, and he would take part in it now and then, not for its applause and flowers but—the way it appears in retrospect—as its saving grace.

I NOTICE I am editorializing; the genre begins to dictate the content. This is sometimes acceptable, but not under the circumstances. Under the circumstances, the content should determine the genre—even if the net result is fragments. For that's what one's life becomes once it is entrusted to its beholder. So let me shut my eyes and behold: An evening in some theatre in Milan, ten or twelve years ago; lots of people, glitter, candelabras, TV, etc.; onstage a bunch of Italian professors and literary critics as well as Stephen and me, all of us members of a jury for some big award in poetry. Which goes this year to Carlo Betocchi, a creaky, crusty octogenarian of rustic appearance, bearing some resemblance to Frost. The old man shuffles awkwardly along the aisle and with great difficulty starts to climb up the steps to the stage, mumbling something unintelligible to himself. Nobody moves; the Italian professors and literary critics in their chairs watch an old man struggling. At this point, Stephen gets up and starts to applaud; I join him. Then comes an ovation.

OR else it's an empty, windswept square in downtown Chicago, well past midnight, some twenty years ago. We crawl out of somebody's car into the winter rain and march toward some gigantic arrangement of cast iron and steel cables sitting there, dimly lit on a pedestal in the middle of the square. It's a Picasso sculpture; a woman's head, as it turns out, and Stephen wants to see it now because he leaves town in the morning. "Very Spanish," he says. "And very warlike." And suddenly, for me, it's 1937, the Spanish Civil War—to which he went, paying, I believe, out of his own pocket, because it was the last quest for the Just City on human record, not the superpowers' chess game, and we lost, and then the whole thing was dwarfed by the Second World War's carnage. The night is grainy with rain and wind, cold and thoroughly black-and-white. And the tall man with absolutely white hair, looking like a schoolboy with his hands stretching out from the sleeves of his old black jacket, is slowly circling these random pieces of metal twisted by the Spanish genius into a work of art that resembles a ruin.

OR it is the Café Royal, London, where I insist on taking him and Natasha for lunch each time I am there. For their memories' sake, as well as for mine. So it's hard to tell what year it is—but not that long ago. Isaiah Berlin is with us, and also my wife, who cannot take her young eyes away from Stephen's face. For, indeed, with that snowy-white hair of his, shining gray-blue eyes, and apologetic grin presiding over the tall, stooping frame, he looks in his eighties like an allegory of some benevolent winter visiting the other seasons. Even when he is among his peers or his family, to say nothing of total strangers. Besides, it's summer. ("What's good about summer here," I hear him say while uncorking a bottle in his garden, "is that you don't have to chill the wine.") We are making "the century's great writers" list: Proust, Joyce, Kafka, Musil, Faulkner, Beckett. "But that's only up to the fifties," says Stephen, and turns to me. "Anyone that good now?" "Perhaps John Coetzee," I say. "A South African. He is the only one who has a right to write prose after Beckett." "Never heard of him," says Stephen. "How do you spell his name?" So I get a piece of paper, spell the name, add "Life and Times of Michael K," and pass it on to Stephen. Then the conversation reverts to gossip: a recent production of "Così Fan Tutte," with the singers doing the arias prostrate on the floor; current knighthoods—after all, this is a lunch with two knights. Suddenly Stephen grins widely and says, "The nineties is a good time to die."

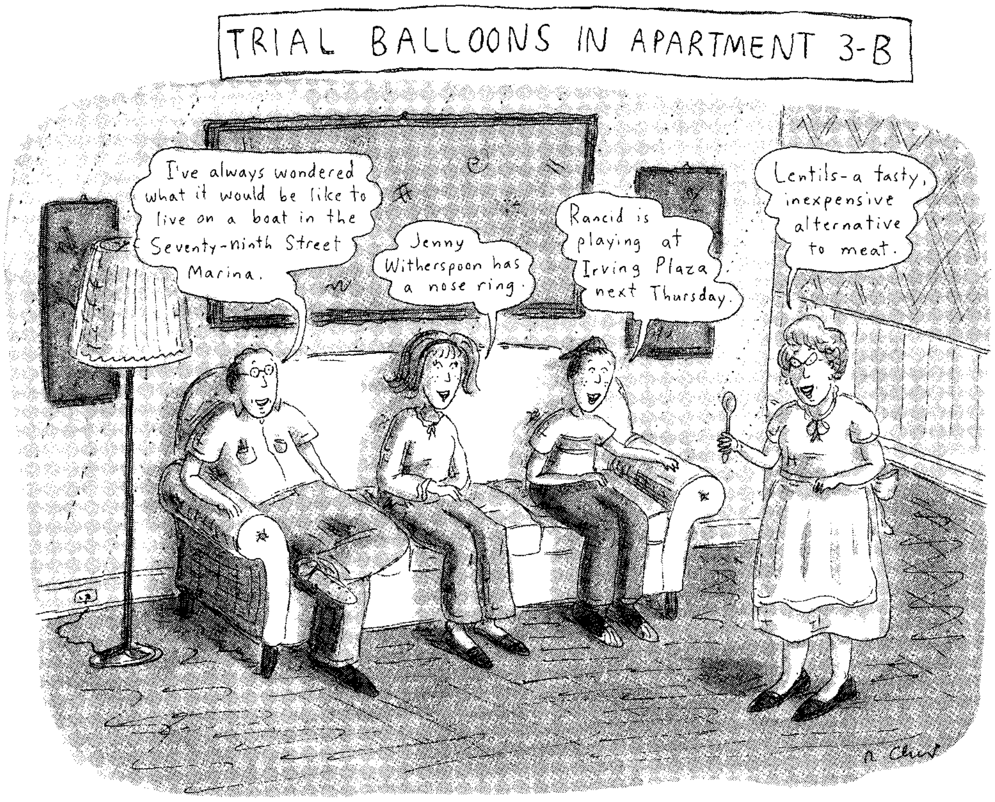
AND, lunch over, we are giving him a lift home, but on the Strand he asks the cabbie to stop, bids us farewell, and disappears into a large bookstore waving that piece of paper with Coetzee's name on it. I worry how he'll get home; then I remember that London is his town more than mine.

AND, speaking of fragments, I remember how, in 1986, when the Challenger blew up in the air over Cape Canaveral, I heard either the ABC or the CNN voice reading Stephen's "I think continually of those who were truly great," written more than fifty years ago:

> Near the snow, near the sun, in the
>   highest fields,
> See how these names are fêted by the
>   waving grass
> And by the streamers of white cloud
> And whispers of wind in the listening sky.
> The names of those who in their lives
>   fought for life,
> Who wore at their hearts the fire's centre.
> Born of the sun, they travelled a short
>   while toward the sun,
> And left the vivid air signed with their
>   honour.

I THINK I told him of this episode a few years later, and I believe he smiled, with that famous smile of his, which conveyed at once pleasure, a sense of general absurdity, his partial culpability for that absurdity, pure warmth. If I am tentative here, it's because I can't quite picture the surroundings. (For some reason, a hospital room keeps popping up.) As for his reaction, it couldn't have been otherwise: "I think continually" is his most tired, most anthologized piece. Of all his lines—written, discarded, unwritten, half or fully forgotten, yet glowing inside him nevertheless. For the métier claims its own one way or another. Hence his radiance, which stays on my retina whether I shut my eyes or not. Hence, in any case, that smile.

PEOPLE are what we remember about them. What we call life is in the end a patchwork of someone else's recollections. With death, it gets unstitched, and one ends up with random, disjointed fragments. With shards or, if you will, with snapshots. Filled with their unbearable laughter or equally unbearable smiles. Which are unbearable because they are one-dimensional. I should know; after all, I am a photographer's son. And I may even suggest a link between picture-taking and verse-writing—well, insofar as the fragments are black-and-white. Or insofar as writing means retention. Yet one can't pretend that what one beholds goes beyond its blank reverse side. Also, once one realizes how much somebody's life is a hostage of one's own memory, one balks at the jaws of the past tense. Apart from anything else, it's too much like talking behind somebody's back, or like belonging to some virtuous, triumphant majority. One's heart should try to be more honest—if it can't be smarter—than one's grammar. Or else one should keep a journal whose entries, simply by definition, would keep that tense at bay.


TRIAL BALLOONS IN APARTMENT 3-B
I've always wondered what it would be like to live on a boat in the Seventy-Ninth Street Marina.
Jenny Witherspoon has a nose ring.
Rancid is playing at Irving Plaza next Thursday.
Lentils—a tasty, inexpensive alternative to meat.
R. Chast

So now the last fragment. A journal entry, as it were, for July 20-21, 1995. Although I've never kept a journal. Stephen, however, did.

Awfully hot night, worse than N.Y.: D. [family friend] picks me up, and 45 minutes later we are at Loudoun Rd. Ah, how well I know this place's floors and basement! Natasha's first words: "Of all people, he was unlikeliest to die." I can't think of what the last four days were like for her, of what this night is going to be like. It's all in her eyes. The same goes for the children: for Matthew and Lizzie. Barry [Lizzie's husband] produces whiskey and treats my glass generously. No one is in good shape. Of all things, we are talking about Yugoslavia. I couldn't eat on the plane and still can't. More whiskey, then, and more Yugoslavia, and by now it's midnight for them. Matthew and Lizzie suggest that I stay either in Stephen's study or in Lizzie and Barry's attic. But M. booked a hotel for me, and they drive me there: it's a few blocks away.

In the morning, D. drives us all to St. Mary's on Paddington Green. On account of my Russianness, Natasha arranges for me to see Stephen in an open coffin. He looks severe and settled for whatever it is ahead. I kiss him on his brow, saying, "Thank you for everything. Say hello to Wystan and my parents. Farewell." I remember his legs, in the hospital, protruding from the gown: bruised with burst blood vessels—exactly like my father's, who was older than Stephen by six years. No, it's not because I wasn't present at his death that I flew to London. Though that could be as good a reason as any. No, not because of that. Actually, after seeing Stephen in the open coffin, I feel much calmer. Presumably this custom has something to do with its therapeutic effect. This strikes me as a Wystan-like thought. He would be here if he could. So it might just as well be me. Even if I can't provide Natasha and the children with any comfort, I can be a distraction. Now Matthew screws the bolts into the coffin lid. He fights tears, but they are winning. One can't help him; nor do I think one should. This is a son's job.

People begin to arrive for the service and stand outside in little groups. I recognize Valerie Eliot, and after some initial awkwardness we talk. She tells me this story: The day her husband died, the BBC broadcast a tribute to him over the wireless, read by Auden. "He was absolutely the right man," she says. "Still, I was somewhat surprised by his promptness." A little later, she says, he came to London, called on her, and told her that when the BBC learned that Eliot was gravely ill they telephoned and asked him to record an obituary. Wystan said that he refused to speak about Eliot in the past tense while he was alive. In that case, said the BBC, we'll go to somebody else. "So I had to grit my teeth and do it," Auden said. "I cannot be at peace until you absolve me."

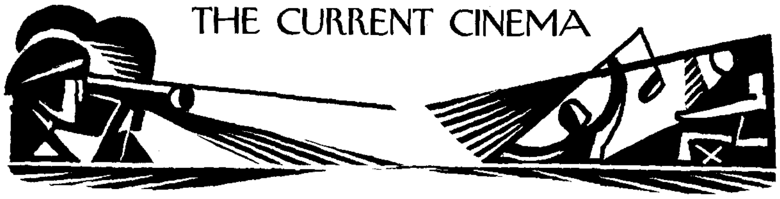
Then the service begins. It is as beautiful as an affair of this kind can be. The window behind the altar gives onto a wonderfully sunlit churchyard. Haydn and Schubert. Except that, as the quartet goes into a crescendo, I see in the side window a lift with construction workers climbing to the umpteenth floor of the adjacent high-rise. This strikes me as the kind of thing Stephen himself would notice and later remark on. And throughout the service totally inappropriate lines from Wystan's poem about Mozart keep running through my mind:

> How seemly, then, to celebrate the birth
> Of one who did no harm to our poor earth,
> Created masterpieces by the dozen,
> Indulged in toilet humor with his cousin,
> And had a pauper's funeral in the rain,
> The like of whom we shall not see again.

So, after all, he is here: not as a comfort but as a distraction. And out of habit: I suppose his lines used to visit Stephen's mind quite frequently, and Stephen's his. Now, in either case, they will be homesick forever.

The service over, all adjourn to Loudoun Road for drinks in the garden. The sun is hard-hitting, the sky is a solid blue slate. General chatter; the most frequent openings are "The end of an era" and "What a perfect day." The whole thing looks like a garden party. Perhaps this is the way the English keep their real sentiments in check, though some faces betray confusion. Lady R. says hello and makes some remark to the effect that at all funerals one thinks inevitably of one's own, didn't I think? I say no and, when she professes disbelief, explain to her that in our line of work one learns to narrow the focus by writing elegies. That, I add, rubs off on one's attitudes in reality. "I meant that one implicitly wishes to last as long as the person who's just died," maneuvers Lady R. I buy the implication and move toward the exit. As I step outside, I run into an arriving couple. The man is about my age and looks vaguely familiar (somebody in publishing). We greet each other hesitantly, and he says, "The end of an era." No, I want to say to him, not the end of an era. Of a life. Which was longer and better than either yours or mine. Instead, I muster a broad, cheerful, Stephen-like grin, say, "I don't think so," and walk away. ♦

THE CURRENT CINEMA



AMAZING GRACE

Sean Penn's daring anatomy of a killer's redemption in "Dead Man Walking."

BY TERRENCE RAFFERTY

In Tim Robbins's blunt, powerful "Dead Man Walking," Sean Penn plays a convicted murderer named Matthew Poncelet, who is awaiting his execution by the State of Louisiana. The movie's explicit intention is to explore, in graphic, pitiless detail, the grisly realities of capital punishment: its arbitrariness, its fundamental brutality, and its inadequacy even as a consolation to the bereaved and wrathful families of the murderer's victims. Robbins's screenplay is an effective mixture of drama and polemic, drawn from the experiences and the moral philosophy of Sister Helen Prejean, a Catholic nun whose intimate, face-to-face contact with death-row prisoners during the eighties turned into a full-scale crusade to abolish the death penalty. Prejean's 1993 book, also called "Dead Man Walking," is both the most moving memoir of relationships with condemned men since Truman Capote's "In Cold Blood" and the most persuasive argument against capital punishment since Camus's savage, irrefutable essay "Reflections on the Guillotine." The hope of the movie, as of the book, is that familiarity with the death house—and with the bumpy, treacherous legal roads that lead there—will finally breed contempt for the idea of premeditated, state-sponsored killing. Camus wrote, "The survival of such a primitive rite has been made possible among us only by the thoughtlessness or ignorance of the public, which reacts only with the ceremonial phrases that have been drilled into it. When the imagination sleeps, words are emptied of their meaning. . . . But if people are shown the machine, made to touch the wood and steel and to hear the sound of a head falling, then public imagination, suddenly awakened, will repudiate both the vocabulary and the penalty."

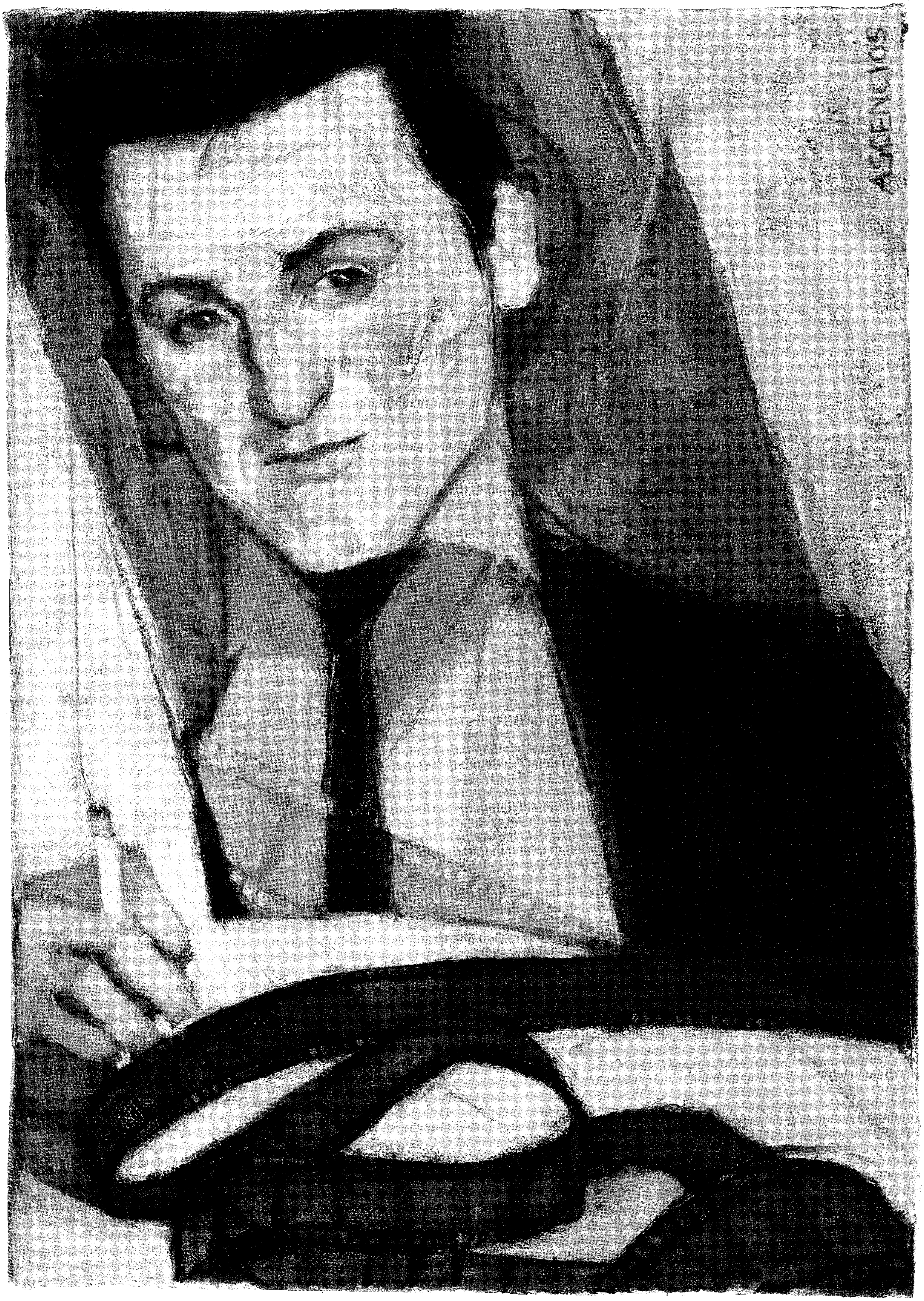
What Robbins shows us in "Dead Man Walking" is not, of course, an actual execution, and the head of Matthew Poncelet (a fictional composite of two executed murderers described in Prejean's book) does not literally fall: he is put to death by the more "humane," and less picturesque, method of lethal injection. Robbins simulates the machinery of capital punishment meticulously, clinically—even to the point of representing the condemned man's final half hour in something close to real time—but ultimately the movie's power to persuade depends less on the shock of spectacle than on the shock of recognition that viewers must feel as they watch this killer prepare himself for death. In the picture's case against capital punishment, the burden of proof rests entirely on Sean Penn, because the most compelling arguments of "Dead Man Walking" are spiritual, not material: the actor has to reveal, within this reckless and apparently despicable character, a salvageable soul.

Penn, playing a sinner, builds the performance with the patience of a saint. When Sister Helen (Susan Sarandon) visits Poncelet for the first time, she doesn't know much about him, and he conforms to—perhaps even exceeds—her expectation of what a cold-blooded killer might be like. The face he presents to the world is tough and forbidding, and suggests a stubborn, inviolable sense of self—an identity so consistent that it's virtually opaque. Everything about him seems calculated to enforce the image of a hard-living Southern macho man: the thick, carefully combed pompadour; the satanic little goatee; the clipped Cajun inflections of his speech; the wary, don't-mess-with-me expression in his narrow eyes; the reflexive good-old-boy racism; the casual way he lights and smokes his cigarettes, showing, by the economy and practiced nonchalance of his movements, that the restraints preventing him from lifting his hands above his waist don't really bother him at all. Poncelet is pure, coiled defiance, and although he protests his innocence of the crimes of which he was convicted (a rape and two murders), nothing in his demeanor indicates that he's incapable of them. Sister Helen doesn't know quite what to make of him, and neither do we. He doesn't *want* to be understood, except in terms of the scrupulously maintained persona that encloses him as solidly and inescapably as the penitentiary walls. Although Poncelet fancies himself a rebel, a free spirit, he looks suspiciously at home behind steel mesh and iron bars.

"Dead Man Walking" is constructed to illustrate the tragic consequences of playing a narrow, limiting role too well. It's clear from Poncelet's first appearance on the screen that he's a performer—an actor determined to stay in character to the bitter end. As the movie goes along, though, the prisoner, weakened by the gentle pressure of Sister Helen and the more insistent pressure of his imminent fate, begins to loosen up a little, to relax his suffocating grip on his emotions. And Penn, having created in his initial scenes a lifelike portrait of a proud, fearless working-class loser, spends the rest of the picture painstakingly deconstructing it, stripping layer after layer from it until he gets down to the roughest sketch of Poncelet's true self: a spare human outline that is, mysteriously, richer than the intricate designs that covered it. What makes this performance extraordinary is that Penn seems to be exploring the very nature of acting, examining the principles of his own art with a skeptical, self-critical eye, in order to transcend them. At the harrowing climax of "Dead Man Walking," both the actor and the character appear to have broken down utterly, and to have found in naked terror an odd sense of fulfillment—a release from the prison of performance.

This is a perfect role for Sean Penn at this point in his unpredictable career, because he has shown signs over the past few years of having lost his faith in the actor's craft. It's startling to realize that Penn, who made his movie début fourteen years ago, in "Taps," and was a frequent presence on the screen

N ASCENCIOS



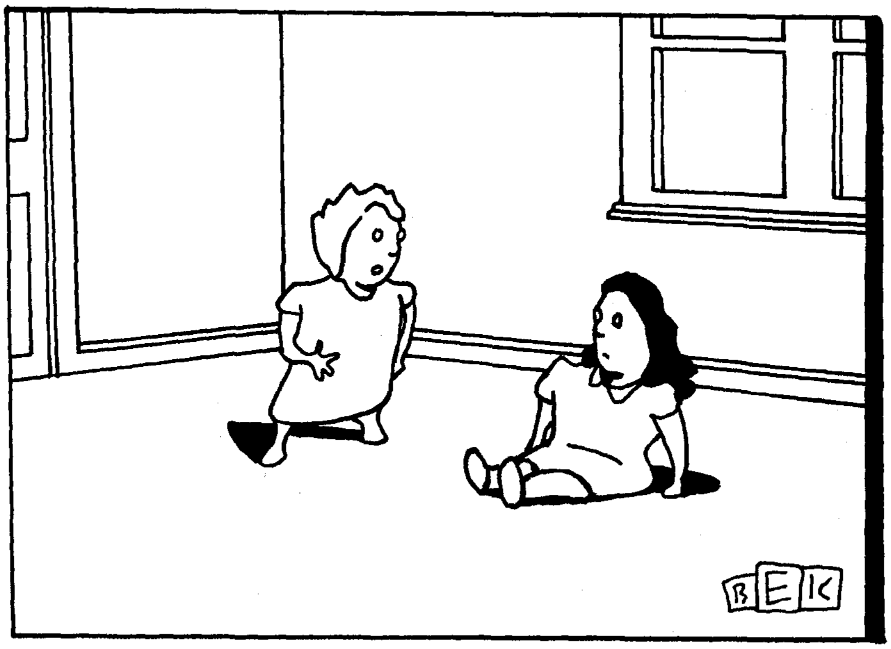
Sean Penn, rebel with a cause: He is more interested in growing as an actor than in being a star.

(and in the gossip pages) throughout the eighties, has acted in just three feature films in the nineties—precisely as many as the *éminence grosse* of reluctant actors, Marlon Brando. There's nothing unusual about an artist's becoming bored with his own gifts; the most talented and the most serious are often prone to restlessness and dissatisfaction with the brilliance that they feel they've achieved too easily. What's peculiar about Penn is that he arrived at this sort of creative impasse so quickly. Brando didn't reach it until he was in his mid-fifties; Penn was barely thirty when he began to pull away from acting and to devote most of his energy to writing and directing. His first product as an auteur, a sombre Midwestern family drama called "The Indian Runner," was released in 1991, around the time of his last starring role before "Dead Man Walking," as a sensitive tough guy in Phil Joanou's confused urban thriller "State of Grace." Between then and now, Penn's only screen appearance was a spectacular supporting performance as a weaselly cokehead lawyer in Brian De Palma's "Carlito's Way" (1993), which was essentially a vehicle for Al Pacino. The most recent fruit of Penn's behind-the-camera labors, "The Crossing Guard," was released a few weeks ago, and it's a film that is baffling both in itself and in the context of Penn's career: why would he give up acting for *this*?

In a way, though, Penn's willful detour from movie stardom isn't all that hard to figure out. Wonderful as he was in "State of Grace," his part didn't really take him anywhere he hadn't been before. In his first leading role, as a troubled juvenile-prison inmate in "Bad Boys" (1983), he already had the Steve McQueen-like charismatic loner down pat, and he refined that archetypal movie character further in "At Close Range," three years later. By the time of "State of Grace," Penn may have sensed that he was trapped in a dead-end role; it's a credit to his integrity that, rather than merely coast through the performance, he kept his foot on the gas and hit the wall at full speed. In the fast-track atmosphere of Hollywood filmmaking in the eighties, the studios pushed one young actor after another into leading roles, hoping that some future stars would break out of the pack. Penn's hilarious supporting performance as the surfing doper Spicoli in "Fast Times at Ridgemont High" (1982) immediately marked him for big things, but it should have been apparent even then that he was more interested in growing as an actor than in becoming a star—that he was a character actor blessed (or cursed) with a leading man's presence.

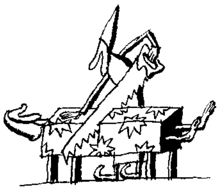
That description, of course, might also fit the dominant male actors of the previous decade: Pacino and De Niro, who are the primary models for Penn's generation of performers. But the adventurous American filmmaking of the seventies was a much more hospitable climate for young artists' development than the unforgiving corporate mind-set of eighties Hollywood. Penn learned to survive by alternating relatively conventional starring roles, in which he operated within the normal range of human behavior—in addition to "Bad Boys," "At Close Range," and "State of Grace," these included skilled but less distinctive performances in "Racing with the Moon" (1984) and "Colors" (1988)—with flamboyant character parts, in which he transformed himself so thoroughly that he seemed to disappear. "Fast Times" was the earliest example of Penn's more eccentric mode, and "Carlito's Way" the most recent; in between, he played a pair of dangerous psychos, in "The Falcon and the Snowman" (1985) and De Palma's "Casualties of War" (1989), plunging into both those deranged characters with hellbent mimetic intensity. (To variable effect, however. His performance as a creepy, manic young spy in "Falcon" is one of his few misjudged characterizations; like De Niro in "The King of Comedy," he bogs down in cataloguing the tics of a shallow, self-deluded man, and his acting becomes mannered and annoying. But in De Palma's Vietnam tragedy Penn's portrayal of the vicious platoon leader Meserve is lucid, focussed, and memorably scary.) It's evident in these out-there performances that Penn was determined not to yield entirely to the demands of the studios' star-making machinery. And he defined himself, understandably but perhaps too fanatically, as a rebel, retreating into the stubborn integrity of self-exile—refusing to do what was expected of him, even if that meant turning his back on the art he mastered so readily.

The fascination of "The Indian Runner" and "The Crossing Guard" lies in Penn's obvious—and obviously painful—struggle to express himself as fluently as a writer-director as he does as an actor. They're not negligible movies, but both are maddeningly slow, full of pointedly inarticulate dialogue and long, awkward silences of the sort that are meant to elicit (through sheer impatience?) more "truthful" reactions from the actors. There's something poignant about the earnest, Cassavetes-like tentativeness of Penn's filmmaking style, be-



"I thought I'd go slowly—maybe start with a few stuffed animals in the corner."

cause the movies, while unmistakably the products of the same exploratory sensibility that informs his acting, are so clumsy and deliberate. Penn is conspicuous by his absence from the screen: watching these pictures, you can't avoid the feeling that Penn the actor could have told us in five minutes what Penn the director takes two ponderous hours to say. Although the self-conscious rawness of "The Indian Runner" and "The Crossing Guard" may represent Penn's groping toward a different kind of artistic identity, and a brave search for a truth that is beyond acting, his filmmaking so far lacks the quick-witted expressiveness that makes his best performances so complex and so resonant. His outsider's code, however admirable its impulses may be, sometimes leads him down the wrong road. Penn's guiding principle in the past few years has been essentially the rebel ethos that Dylan celebrated when he sang, "To live outside the law you must be honest." Penn is honest to a fault, but in his filmmaking he seems to forget that to live outside the law you must also be *fast*.



IN "Dead Man Walking," though, Penn remembers who he is, and uses his astonishing acting technique in a new way: he disappears into the character, then allows it to disappear into him. Throughout the movie, Matthew Poncelet's identity is under siege, battered by the courts, the politicians, and the victims' families, all of them dedicated to ending his life, and also by Sister Helen, whose mission is to save his soul and, if possible, his skin. The irony of the situation is that Poncelet's adversaries are wholly committed to taking his wild-redneck persona at face value, because it enables them to see him as a monster, whereas Sister Helen, by force of will, remains skeptical, because it's in his interest—and hers, as a Christian who believes in the possibility of redemption—to break through that hard shell and find out what's really inside. For most of the film, Poncelet flickers in and out of the character that he has constructed for himself. (Or thinks he has. Like many self-styled bad boys, the face he puts on is also, to some extent, a reflection of society's low opinion of him and his kind—a perverse flaunting of all the qualities that might define him as poor white trash.) Every time he starts to open up to Sister Helen, he checks himself—cuts off his expressions of feeling for his mother or his late father or his daughter (whom he hasn't seen in years) before he can expose too much. It's frustrating to watch him, time and again, bring himself to the brink of self-knowledge only to snap back at the last moment, composing his features hastily, like an actor shoved suddenly into a harsh spotlight. But Penn's assurance makes the jerky, stop-and-start rhythm of Poncelet's spiritual progress seem effortless and natural; you feel as if you were perceiving, for the first time, the languid, insinuating tempo of grace invading a locked-up spirit.

Robbins's direction doesn't have that sort of flowing, confident mastery. When the action shifts from Poncelet's death-row colloquies with Sister Helen, "Dead Man Walking" sometimes turns clunky and flat, sagging a little under the weight of its good intentions. Robbins tries to explain so much about America's complex attitudes toward crime and punishment that he can't avoid tripping over his own tongue every now and then. He dilutes the force of the movie's climax—the execution itself—by intercutting flashbacks to the murders, and the effect is unreadable: the flashbacks might be images dredged from the condemned man's consciousness in the moments before death; or they might be the movie's way of acknowledging the emotional basis for the victimized families' desire for revenge; or they might be intended to suggest the moral equivalence of Poncelet's crime and the state's. But, despite the movie's flaws, Robbins (who is, of course, an actor himself) does full justice to the daring, original performance that gives the picture its meaning and its heart. Susan Sarandon's sympathetic, low-key responsiveness also serves to frame Penn's stark depiction of a man who realizes, just before it's too late, that he has been playing the wrong part. At the end, when Poncelet dissolves in honest tears, Penn manages to convey through them a luminous, abandoned joy: he looks as if he had discovered, at last, the pure, un-actorish truth he has been looking for all these years, and this truth had set him free. ♦

SAVE $22.00!

Try a Little TENDERNESS!®

One bite! That's all it takes. And you'll know you've never known better. World-famous Omaha Steaks FILET MIGNONS, aged to tender perfection, flash-frozen at the peak of flavor and delivered to your door in 3 days ... guaranteed!

INTRODUCTORY OFFER!

Order #469, 6 (5 oz.)
FILET MIGNONS *for only* **$29.95!**
Regularly $51.95 • Save $22.00!
Add $7.95 shipping/handling Limit 2 Pkgs. at Special Price!
OFFER EXPIRES 1/31/96

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED!

TO ORDER, CALL TOLL FREE, RIGHT NOW
1-800-228-9055
PREMIUM HEARTLAND QUALITY
OMAHA STEAKS
SINCE 1917
Dept. AD6010 • PO Box 3300 • Omaha, NE 68103

Mountain Top Inn
AND RESORT
Secluded estate in central Vermont with spectacular views & fine dining. Enjoy miles of cross country skiing, sledding, ice skating, snowshoeing, sleigh rides & more!
1-800-445-2100
Mountain Top Road, Chittenden, VT 05737

ADVENTURE CUBA
- 7 DAY MONTHLY CULTURAL ADVENTURE
- 7 DAY CIGAR SMOKING ADVENTURE
- 4 DAY JEWISH CULTURAL ADVENTURE
- CUSTOM MADE ITINERARY FOR INDIVIDUAL
- FULLY LEGAL AND ESCORTED BY WINGS

WINGS OF THE WORLD 1-800-465-8687
CALL US TODAY! OPEN SUNDAY

LONDON FLATS
COTSWOLD COTTAGES
FINEST STANDARD — 213 FLATS — BEST PRICES
U.S. CONTACT: MR. THOMAS MOORE III,
TEL: 801-393-4530 FAX: 801-621-4933
EUROPE CONTACT: TEL: 011-44-171-978-6464;
FAX: 011-44-171-738-1626
INTERNET: http://www.ditell.com/~london/

WHAT EVERY CAT'S BEEN HUNTING FOR
"Kitty Safari" is a video cats really watch, full of busy birds, mice, squirrels and more. Cats love it—some touch the screen, some look behind it. Great fun for kitties and their humans. 25 min. VHS.
Call tollfree **1-800-557-3378**
$19.95 + $3.95 P&H. Visa/MC.
Creative Dept. P.O. Box 69552 Portland, OR 97201

READER SERVICE VALUE PROGRAM

R.S.V.P.

AN INVITATION TO RESPOND DIRECTLY TO THE NEW YORKER'S ADVERTISERS BY TELEPHONE.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

NEW YORK CITY BALLET

Order tickets now for New York City Ballet's Winter Repertory. The season features works by Balanchine, Robbins, and Martins, as well as two world premieres. Performances run through February 25th at the New York State Theater at Lincoln Center, NYC. For tickets call Ticketmaster at **1-212-307-4100** or visit the New York State Theater Box Office.

APPAREL

Ozark Trading Co. Our complete boxer shorts collection includes a tasteful assortment of 100% cotton broadcloths, flannels, plaids, and chambrays. To order catalog call **1-800-559-8915.**

Warm Things. Surround yourself with the warmth and elegance of goose down. Our robes and matching slippers come in a variety of colors and are fully guaranteed. Call **1-415-472-2154.**

BOOKS

Books on Tape, Inc. #1 lending library in sound. More than 3,000 full-length best sellers on cassette. 25 new titles monthly. Call for free color brochure. **1-800-626-3333.**

CULTURAL ATTRACTIONS

Sylvia. A.R. Gurney's romantic comedy about Greg, Kate, and their dog named Sylvia. Now playing at the John Houseman Theatre, 450 West 42nd Street, NYC. For tickets please call Tele-Charge at **1-212-239-6200; 1-800-432-7250** if outside New York.

FINANCIAL SERVICES

Twentieth Century Mutual Funds. Our family of true no-load mutual funds can help you meet a wide range of investment goals. **1-800-345-2021.** Or visit **http://networth.galt.com/twencent**

FINE JEWELRY

Longines. *The Pioneer's Swiss Watch since 1832.* Including the venturesome Navigator Collection, the rugged Conquest Collection, the Lindbergh Hour Angle masterpiece and the elegant Golden Wing. Call **1-800-897-9477, ext. 2370.**

FURNISHINGS & ACCESSORIES

Zippo offers 3 free booklets: *Cigar Casebook, Enriching the Smoking Experience; The Zippo Lighter Collectors Guide;* and *The Zippo Consumer Folder.* Call **1-814-368-2819.**

GOURMET

Omaha Steaks International. Taste our famous corn-fed Midwestern beef naturally aged to tender perfection. Luscious, hand-trimmed steaks delivered to your door in a reusable cooler. Your satisfaction guaranteed. Call **1-800-228-9055.**

HEALTH CARE

Cancer Treatment Centers of America™. "A place that believes in treating the whole person, not just the cancer." *To speak to an oncology information* specialist or receive literature, please call **1-800-234-9082.**

ON-LINE SERVICES

E-NEWS. Look for **THE NEW YORKER** at *The Electronic Newsstand on the World Wide Web.* **http://www.enews.com/magazines/new_yorker**

TRAVEL

CRUISE LINES

Sun Line Cruises. See the Greek Islands, Egypt, Israel, and Turkey, not as a tourist but as a guest. For a 44-page tour brochure, call **1-800-872-6400.**

HOTELS & ACCOMMODATIONS

La Mancha. Experience luxury and comfort at the only 4-Diamond resort in Palm Springs, featuring villas with private pools and spas. For information, call **1-800-64-PRIVACY.**

Long Bay Beach Resort & Villas, Tortola, BVI. Our barefoot paradise features deluxe oceanfront rooms and hillside villas, overlooking a mile-long white-sand beach. Enjoy the island's finest food, tennis, and watersports. For a brochure please call **1-800-729-9599.**

Sapphire Beach Resort & Marina. Sapphire is ready! Luxurious oversized beachfront suites and villas. Free watersports, kids program, tennis, private marina. Gourmet dining. Breathtaking views. For special rates through January 31st, please call **1-800-524-2090.**

Tamarind Reef Hotel, St. Croix. Pamper yourself in a small, elegant hotel with personalized service. Oceanfront with adjoining marina. Please call **1-800-619-0014.**

TOURISM BOARDS

The Bahamas Ministry of Tourism. One sun and a myriad of ways to worship it. Discover sugar-white beaches, world-class golf, tennis, watersports, fine dining, casinos, and exciting nightlife. The Islands of The Bahamas. It Just Keeps Getting Better. For more information please call **1-800-822-4262.**

Caribbean Coalition for Tourism. The 300-page Caribbean Vacation Planner ... the most comprehensive guide to planning the best vacation to 30 sun-filled, soul-soothing, spirit-lifting Caribbean destinations. Free. Call **1-800-356-9999, ext 312.**

Cayman Islands. An elegant British Caribbean Island trio with crystal-clear waters, relaxing beaches, safe, world-famous diving, and fishing. For a free brochure call **1-800-346-3313.**

Portugal. A modern country with all the comforts that Americans require, with a proud foundation in its glorious past. Ask for our free colorful brochure. Call **1-800-PORTUGAL.**

Puerto Rico Tourism Company. Only a continent could offer so many great vacation experiences. Free brochure. Call **1-800-866-7827.**

Singapore/Malaysia. Fascinating Malaysia, Surprising Singapore—two great countries, one great holiday! For more information please call **1-800-900-7788.**

TOURS

Butterfield & Robinson Biking & Walking Trips have set the standard for 30 years. Treat yourself to a trip in Europe or a worldwide expedition. For a trip of a lifetime call **1-800-678-1147.**

Intrav. Around the world by supersonic concorde. Soar at twice the speed of sound to 8 of the world's classic destinations in just 24 days. Beyond first class all the way. For a free color catalog, please call **1-800-964-0500.**

TRAVEL GUIDES

1996 Traveler's Guide to Art Museum Exhibitions. Features 1,500 exhibitions at key museums worldwide. Ultimate source for the "art lover who travels and the traveler who loves art." For a guide or more information, please call **1-800-2-LOVE-ART.**

AT LARGE Travel Newsletter. Produced by the Marketing Department of *The New Yorker.* Each issue includes the latest news on travel, special promotions and packages, and profiles of exciting destinations. 1 year subscription (3 issues) for $10 plus a fourth issue free. To order please call **1-800-759-9838.**

UNIVERSITIES

The New School. More than 1,500 Spring adult education courses including B.A., M.A. Media Studies, M.A. Teacher Education, M.F.A. Creative Writing, and on-line programs. Call **1-800-319-4321**, fax **1-800-611-7270**, or visit **http://www.newschool.edu**

© 1996 The New Yorker Magazine, Inc.

IF UNABLE TO REACH TELEPHONE LISTINGS, SEND REQUESTS TO **THE NEW YORKER READER SERVICES**, 20 WEST 43RD ST., NEW YORK, NY 10036, 212-536-5600.

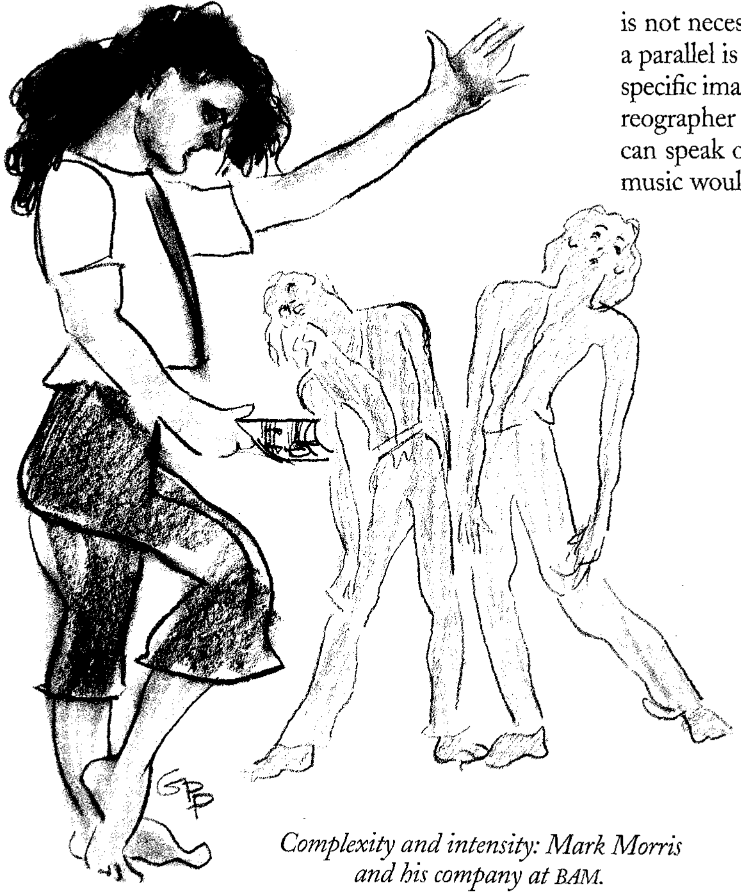
DANCING

MUSICAL OFFERINGS

Mark Morris shows how dance needs music and music needs dance.

BY ARLENE CROCE

THE Mark Morris season at the Brooklyn Academy last month was exhilarating. The Morris company hasn't performed repertory in New York for two and a half years, long enough for it to have created a whole series of new works, and that's what we saw in Brooklyn. We complain a lot about not being able to enjoy these dancers in regular New York seasons, but experiencing the unfamiliar in concentrated doses may be the best way of seeing them. Showing their most recent work means that everybody plays from strength, including Morris himself. In Brooklyn, he reaffirmed his virtuoso capacities as a choreographer and his still potent appeal as a dancer. Although it is now fifteen years since he formed his company, he shows not the slightest change in style or the slightest interest in trends that aren't of his own making. The dance scene is collapsing around him: what is left of the older generation soldiers or staggers on, while what is bearable of the younger veers this way and that, only hoping to survive from one season to the next. Morris, approaching forty, has no peers. He is still the craftsman he was at twenty-four, inquisitive as ever, undeviating in his devotion to music, generating content from form wherever he happens to find it satisfyingly deployed, whether in a Bach motet or in a Stephen Foster song. "Beauty for me is usually structure," he once said. "I'm a structure queen." He still is.



GLADYS PERINT PALMER

Complexity and intensity: Mark Morris and his company at BAM.

He is also a words-and-music man. Of the nine works on view in Brooklyn, five had texts, and the texts, which sometimes required choirs, were sung live. (This insistence on live musical accompaniment, the company's one luxury, is what keeps it consistently out of New York's drastically expensive theatres.) The proliferation of texts made me wonder again at Morris's attraction to gilded lilies. Assuming music to be already an enhancement of words, and music such as Bach's or Schubert's to be the ultimate enhancement, how can one hope to say in other words more than is already being said in other words? Isn't choreography one layer too many for Bach's "Jesu, Meine Freude" or the Schubert-Goethe "Erlkönig"? The answer to this, as I came to perceive Morris's intentions this season, is that he does not want to say *more* but wants only to reflect and, if possible, embellish the thing as it is. The transformative energy of a Balanchine—the gift that could convert whatever music it touched into ballet music—is not what Morris has. He does not absorb and re-create a musical subject so much as he accompanies, supports, explains, and comments upon what he loves in it, and it often seems that dance as such is not the first of his loves. He's like an enlightened enthusiast, whose special means of enlarging upon the beauties he hears make him inevitably a choreographer, but one whose heart really belongs to sung music. With different means, he might have been a conductor or, in another era, a Kapellmeister.

And what Morris does he does so naturally, so modestly, and so prolifically that he is easy to underrate. He has also developed certain modes or, as a performer, guises that we've come to recognize as inimitably his. The vaguely eighteenth-century, vaguely foppish, definitely androgynous solo that Morris did this season to a Mozart score is one such guise, proffered in all sincerity as the music's mirror. But an honest reflection is not necessarily an image. Establishing a parallel is not the same as developing a specific image for each score that the choreographer turns his hand to, so that we can speak of an achieved reality that his music would not have had without him.

Usually, Morris enters and exits a piece of music by the same door. On those heightened occasions when he does not do so—the Handel-Milton "L'Allegro, il Penseroso ed il Moderato," the Purcell "Dido and Aeneas," and, to name some pieces from last month's season, "Somebody's Coming to See Me Tonight" (Stephen Foster), "World Power" (Lou Harrison), and "The Office" (Dvořák)—he comes closer to what I find easier to call a work of art. In these pieces I do see an image—some unyielding true impression around which Morris's various choreographic strategies collect, and in which they are

• •

dissolved, as process into product. Since what I love in Morris is his totally unintimidated conviction—surprising in view of his professed admiration for Merce Cunningham's greatness—that dance needs music and cannot stand alone, I have no real criticism of those other pieces in which he demonstrates that need. But when Morris makes a piece that shows how music needs dance I am overjoyed. Here the craftsman becomes the master builder, the enthusiast becomes an inventor.

In his suite of dances to Stephen Foster songs, Morris springs two surprises, to begin with: the first is that his attitude toward the music is unironic; the second is that the music is dance music. And Morris doesn't use the great dance tunes—"Camptown Races" or "Oh! Susanna." Nor does he use "My Old Kentucky Home," the ballad in which Foster touched heaven with the part that goes "Weep no more, my lady." Foster stock is very high these days, and I have no quarrel with his standing as the first master of American popular song; but to me his musical ideas are weak compared with what came later, and the beery Victorian sentiment is impossible. In Morris's hands, though, Foster is everything he's not by himself—original, charming, truly high-spirited, truly bardic, deeply evocative of his place and time. For every song, Morris has a complement in dance—a nuggety little step, a shape, an ingenious twist of staging—that helps build a picture of Foster's America as we feel it must have been. The cast of nine dancers shows off its chameleon style. It is by means of this style, incidentally, that Morris projects a Whitman-like metaphor of mid-nineteenth-century racial and sexual relations: dancing is the fundament of democracy; we can be anything we want to be.

It's possible that Mark Morris achieved a triumph with Stephen Foster because he's the stronger artist. But it wasn't an easy triumph: part of Morris's job was making Foster seem better than he is. With modern composers, Morris is on different terms. In his Lou Harrison pieces you feel that Morris has something of his own on his mind that he wishes to express and that the music grants him permission to express. "Grand Duo" and the newer "World Power" are both major statements by a Morris whom we see nowhere else: something primitive in him comes out. Comes out and utterly possesses the music, like King Kong's paw closing on Fay Wray. In "Grand Duo," the company looks like islanders or castaways. The dancers have their slow rituals of isolation and communication, and their galvanically fast group rituals. They have rituals that lie outside the music (a sure sign that Morris has possessed it), the most mysterious of which involves sticking two fingers skyward and rotating them. But "Grand Duo" is altogether a very mysterious ballet. Scored for two instruments, violin and piano, it is one of the largest and heaviest of Morris's works: his whole company is on the stage, weighing two tons. Yet his handling of line and mass is so deft that you barely register the discrepancy. Morris has banked on the fact that Lou Harrison's rhythms actually weigh more than his instrumentation. When the company gets going in the cross rhythms of the second section (which is called "Stampede") or, better still, in the finale ("Polka"), the effect is volcanic.

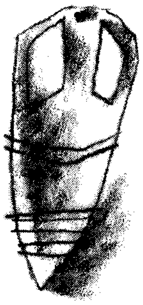
"Grand Duo," which Morris constructed piecemeal, beginning with the polka, remains a work of sections, but "World Power" is a whole organism, a thing of essences. Morris starts with the basic turned-out silhouette of Balinese dance and builds it into unison squads of dancers sidestepping with linked elbows. Shuttling laterally or on the diagonal, they are the ground bass for movement patterns that are as delicate and complex as a Balinese headdress. A peak of complexity and intensity is reached toward the end, with the company in contrapuntal ecstasy to the sound of trumpet and gamelan. And the peak is sustained. "World Power" could easily stand to be longer than its nineteen minutes; it lacks the resolution that would have made it the major success of the season. (Morris may have run into a "text" problem. I hope he's not in doubt that the strength of the piece lies in dance rhythm, not in the anti-imperialistic passage from Mark Twain that Harrison set for chorus and that gave Morris his title.)

As a general rule, the more complicated the rhythm the more complicated Morris's response. He has a tendency to answer four-bar phrasing with a four-bar phrase of his own. And his command of the stage is hampered by his overuse of entrances and exits. In Brooklyn, the number of times that dancers flew on or ran to place, then vanished, then returned, and so on, got to be excessive before the repertory was half shown. I suspect that Morris is aware of this. He has picked up some cues from Twyla Tharp about using the space adjacent to the wings for effect, but he hasn't solved what may be the main problem in modern-dance technique: transitions in space by an ensemble. He may even have made "The Office" for this very reason.

In "The Office," everybody is on when the curtain goes up, and nobody leaves unless summoned. That is the rationale of the piece, which Morris has adapted to the form of a parable. At first, it may seem that the power of the parable is all in how Morris has staged it, and that the sextet of dancers losing a member with each dance until only one dancer is left acquires symbolic force from an extramusical device: the woman with the clipboard who keeps coming in and taking somebody away. This device, plus the Central European "folk" music of Dvořák (Five Bagatelles for String Trio and Harmonium), made critics think of Bosnia or Communist Czechoslovakia.

But, whether or not Morris intended to make a political point (he hasn't spoken), he has clearly made an aesthetic one. Tina Fehlandt's presence takes the place of a text that Dvořák doesn't provide; her comings and goings function much as the words do in the songs that Morris uses elsewhere, as a clue to what is going on. But, again, the imagistic power of "The Office" is actually in the dancing—in the passion with which Morris expands on his communitarian theme even as the community disappears. The repetition of movement motifs, as dependable as it is unpredictable, gradually draws the web of the dance tighter, and the meaning only gets bigger. This dance is no diversion for people whose fate awaits them in some outer office; this dance is their life—it is *communitas* itself. The sextet dwindles to a trio, and Morris, who is one of the dancers, leaves the stage. It is then that, as a choreographer, he reaches his climax, for the duet that follows is not a conventional man-woman pas de deux but the last, fullest, and most tragic of the variations, danced unmistakably by a community of two. The woman, who is left alone as the curtain falls, faces the gravest fate of all: to be the one who remembers.

Morris also appeared in "A Spell," to songs by John Wilson, a near-contemporary of Purcell, and as the Elf King in the Schubert-lieder piece "Bedtime." I liked him better as the Elf King than as the Isadora Duncanesque Cupid bringing two awkward souls together in "A Spell," but that could be because the Cupid wasn't on long enough. In "Rondo," the Mozart solo, Morris was on a long time. (The Rondo in A Minor lasts twelve minutes.) Morris's Mozart taught me something about the anguish of the "salon" Mozart who was the father of Chopin, and, of course, it taught me something about Morris himself. How I wish I could have shared his meditative rapture! But the structure queen won out. Tracing the music, providing the closest imitation of its line and development, he came up with a kind of parallel dance track or EKG in movement. Paradoxically, this every-jot-and-tittle way of choreographing keeps the dance outside the music, and if I weren't reasonably sure that that's where Morris wants to be in relation to Mozart I would call the result parody. In this solo, Morris escorted the composer around the stage with such reverence that many people were moved. Many were moved, too, by the Bach "Jesu, Meine Freude." The choreography has a heavy mime base, with static groups of dancers angling their arms in poses oddly suggestive of holy figures in both Eastern and Western religious art. As a kind of contemplation of Bach's architecture, the piece works very well; each dance is beautifully composed. But no image accumulates. And none, for me, accumulated from Morris's Schubert songs, for all the wit and glee and tenderness that he poured into them.



In "Lucky Charms," Morris's score is the manic-depressive Divertissement of Jacques Ibert, by turns raucous and gloomy. Morris brings on the cheerleaders and the drum majors and the fun, then shows the underside of all that. There's usually something in a Morris season that reminds me of Paul Taylor, and this was it; the giddy brights and baleful darks are Taylorish, and so are the bits of weirdo behavior. (A woman rolling a man's body into the wings finds something on him or under him to eat.) But where Taylor (in such a piece as "Cloven Kingdom") can express a bright/dark duality, Morris seems uncertain which way to go: to laugh or to leer, to camp or not to camp, to end or not to end. I don't want to sound ungrateful; "Lucky Charms" is one of the most entertaining pieces Morris has made, and I prefer it to his Stephen Foster ballet. But the Foster ballet adds up—it leaves a residual impression, a feeling of objectivity and completion and unity—and "Lucky Charms" doesn't.

When a work of Morris's seems less than complete, it's often because it really is unfinished. Morris has gone as far as the music will take him. He either needs more music or needs to retrench and be less ambitious. In "World Power," the Harrison score (from his "Homage to Pacifica" and "Bubaran Robert") dies just as we need a clincher, and we need it badly, because "World Power" is potentially a great piece. It isn't often that a choreographer leaves you wanting more, especially a choreographer showing two overloaded programs in one week. But here, at last, was Morris, and here we stand, yelling "Encore!" ◆

There's
Delectable fine dining
no such
Candlelight tours
thing as
Galleries
the dead
Concerts Theatre
of winter
Romantic getaways
here.

Don't hibernate. Come to Rhode Island this weekend. For more information, call 1-800-556-2484.

RHODE ISLAND
America's First Resort

MEN'S WIDE SHOES
EEE-EEEEEE, SIZES 5-13
- High quality
- 150 styles
- Free catalog

Name
Address
City State Zip

HITCHCOCK SHOES, INC.
Dept. 69A Hingham, MA 02043
1-800-992-WIDE

"Steve Martin is the most exciting new playwright in town!"—Newsday
Picasso at the Lapin Agile
Tix By Phone: 580-1313 • Tele-Charge®: 239-6200
Promenade Theatre • 2162 Broadway

THE POKE BOAT®
IT'S EVERYTHING A CANOE ISN'T.
It weighs only 22 pounds. You can buy more than a canoe.
606-986-2336

BOOKS

FOURSOME

The art of Fernando Pessoa.

BY GEORGE STEINER

It is rare for a country and a language to acquire four major poets on one day. This is precisely what occurred in Lisbon on the eighth of March, 1914.

Fernando António Nogueira Pessoa was born in that inward and somewhat morose capital on June 13, 1888. The Army, the civil service, and music figured in his family background. Already, in January, 1894, after the deaths of his father and his infant brother, Pessoa started inventing "heteronyms"—imaginary personae to people an "intimate theatre of the self." The six-year-old exchanged letters with a fictive correspondent. His mother remarried, and the family moved to South Africa, to Durban. In Natal appeared one Alexander Search, a dreamed-up Scot for whom Pessoa created a biography, cast a horoscope, and in whose calmly transparent name he wrote English-language poetry and prose. Seventy-two other characters in search of their author were to follow. At the outset, they tended to write in the wake of Shelley and Keats, of Carlyle, Tennyson, and Browning.

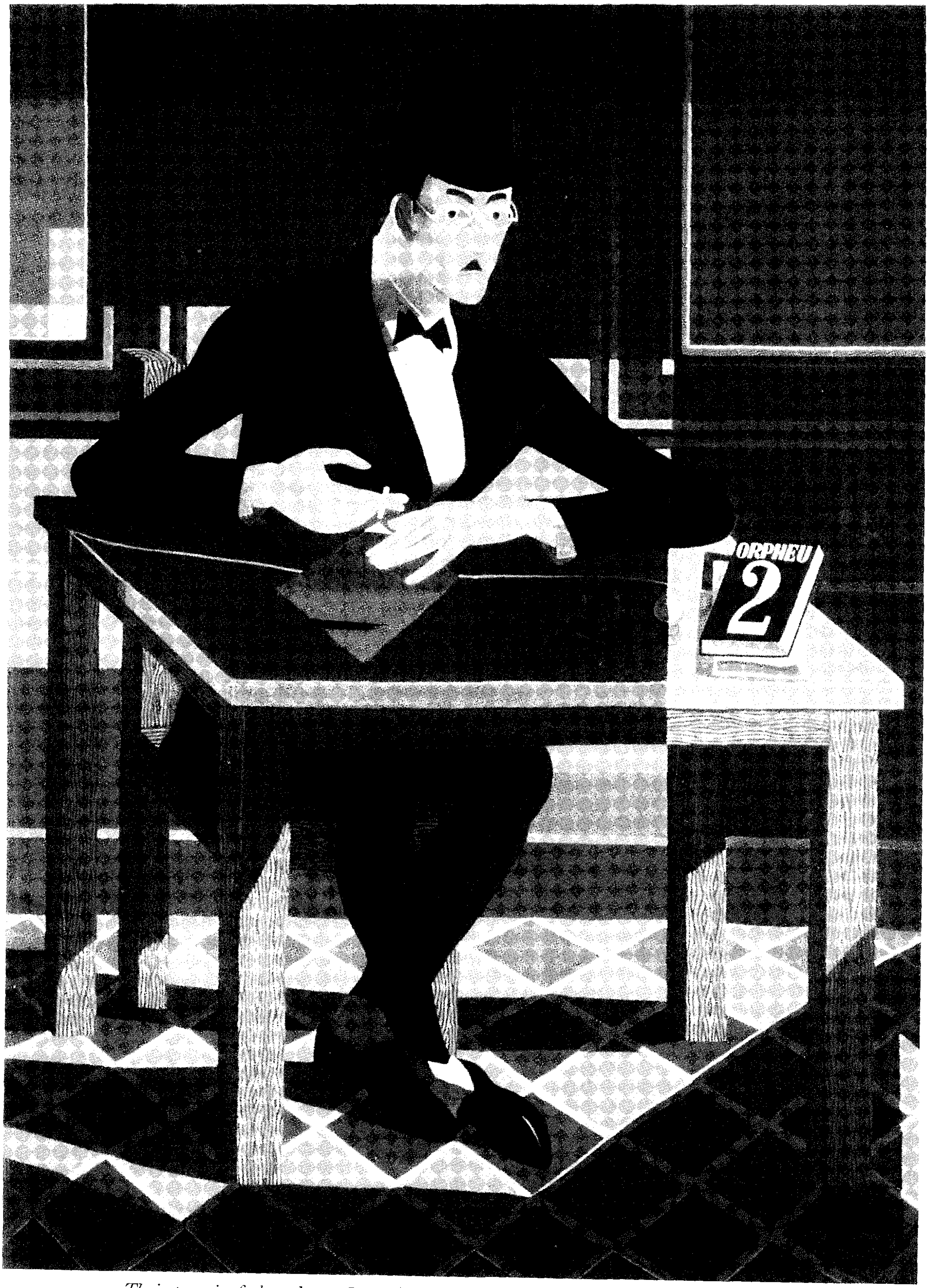
In 1905, the young impresario of selves returned to Lisbon. He soon abandoned the university and became an autodidact. For the rest of his life, Pessoa chose to earn a modest living by working part time. He served as a commercial foreign correspondent, translating and composing letters in English and French. On occasion, he would translate a literary anthology. This marginal, autonomous existence relates Pessoa to other masters of urban modernity, such as Joyce, Svevo (Trieste and Lisbon share a certain vivid ghostliness), and, to a degree, Kafka. Up to 1909, the poetry ascribed to Alexander Search continues in English, except for six Portuguese sonnets. The year 1912 marked something of a turning point. Pessoa became involved in the numerous literary-moral-political-aesthetic coteries, covens, and ephemeral publications that arose out of Portugal's deepening social crisis. (Seventy-seven thousand people emigrated in that one year.) Pessoa's inner life—the alternance of the Lisbon café world and radical aloneness—found expression in a private "Book of Disquietude" and the first draft of a long English poem. The fission into fourfold incandescence took place on that March day in 1914. It remains one of the most remarkable phenomena in the history of literature.

Looking back on the event (in a letter of 1935), Pessoa tells of "a trance whose nature I cannot define. . . . My master had appeared inside me." Alberto Caeiro wrote thirty-odd poems at commanding speed. These were followed, "immediately and totally," by six poems by one Fernando Pessoa. But Caeiro had not sprung into being alone. He had two principal disciples. One was Ricardo Reis, and then:

> Suddenly, in antithesis to the appearance of Ricardo a new individual burst impetuously onto the scene. In one fell swoop, at the typewriter, without hesitation or correction, there appeared the "Triumphal Ode" by Álvaro de Campos—the ode of that name and the man with the name he now has.
>
> I created, therefore, an inexistent coterie. I sorted out the influences and the relationships, listened, inside myself, to the debates and the difference in criteria, and in all of this, it seemed to me that I, the creator of it all, had the lesser presence. It seemed that it all happened independently of me. And it seems to me so still.

Pseudonyms, noms de plume, anonymities, and every mode of rhetorical mask are as old as literature. Motives are manifold. They extend from clandestine political writing to pornography, from playful obfuscation to deadly serious personality disorders. The "secret sharer" (Conrad's familiar), the supportive or threatening "double," is a recurrent motif—witness Dostoyevski, Robert Louis Stevenson, and Borges. So is the theme, ancient as the Homeric rhapsode, of poetry "taken under dictation," under the literal and immediate onrush of the Muses, which is to say the voices of the divine or the departed. In that sense of "inspiration," of "being written rather than writing," the techniques of automatic writing far predate Surrealism. A number of major writers have turned utterly against themselves, against their earlier work or style, to the point of seeking its destruction. Multiplicity, the ego made legion, can be festive, as it is in Whitman, or darkly self-ironizing, as it is in Kierkegaard. There are disguises and travesties that the most minute scholarship has never pierced. Simenon was unable to recall either how many novels he had begot or under what early and multiple pseudonyms. In late age, the painter de Chirico stormed through appalled museums and art galleries declaring famous pictures long attributed to him to be fakes. Did he do so because he had grown to dislike them or because he could no longer identify his own hand? As Rimbaud proclaimed, in his instauration of modernity, "*'Je' est un autre*": "'I' is another."

Nonetheless, the Pessoa case remains sui generis. It has no close parallel not only because of its quartet structure but because of the trenchant differences between the four voices. Each has its own detailed biography and physique. Caeiro is blond, pale, and blue-eyed, Reis's complexion is dark and sallow, and "Campos somewhere between fair and dark, vaguely the type of the Portuguese Jew, straight hair, however, side parting, eyeglass," Pessoa tells us. Caeiro has scarcely any schooling and lives at home off a small income. Reis is a Jesuit-educated doctor, self-exiled to Brazil in 1919 because of monarchist convictions. Campos is a naval engineer and a Latinist. Their interrelations, in attitude and literary manner, are of a Jamesian density and finesse, as are their several orders of kinship with Pessoa himself. The Caeiro in Pessoa produces poetry out of immediate, unsolicited impulse. The work of Ricardo Reis is the fruit of abstract, almost analytic deliberation. The



The impresario of selves: the poet Pessoa (and Alberto Caeiro, Ricardo Reis, and Álvaro de Campos).

affinities with Campos are the most shadowy and intricate: "He is a semi-heteronym because, while his personality is not my own, it is not different from mine, but merely a mutilated version of it. He is myself but without the same powers of reasoning or the affections." Campos's language is very like Pessoa's; Caeiro writes careless, sometimes erroneous Portuguese; whereas Reis is a purist whose at times recherché idiom Pessoa regards as exaggerated. Pessoa adds a fascinating observation: it is the prose of Reis and of Campos that he finds most difficult to "simulate." The poetry of his heteronyms, being more spontaneous, is easier to compose.

THE labyrinth is explored in Octavio Paz's introduction to the beautifully produced "A Centenary Pessoa" (Carcanet; £25), an anthology edited by Eugénio Lisboa and L. C. Taylor. Paz sees Caeiro, Reis, and Campos as "the protagonists of a novel which Pessoa never wrote." But Pessoa is "not an inventor of character-poets but a creator of poets'-works," Paz argues. "The difference is crucial." The imaginary biographies, the anecdotes, the "magic realism" of the historical-social-political context in which each of the masks evolves are an accompaniment to, an elucidation of, the texts. Such is the enigma of autonomy that Reis and Campos will, on occasion, treat Fernando Pessoa with irony or condescension. Alberto Caeiro, in turn, is, as we have seen, the master whose brusque authority and leap into generative life trigger the entire dramatic construct. Paz distinguishes acutely between these animate ghosts.

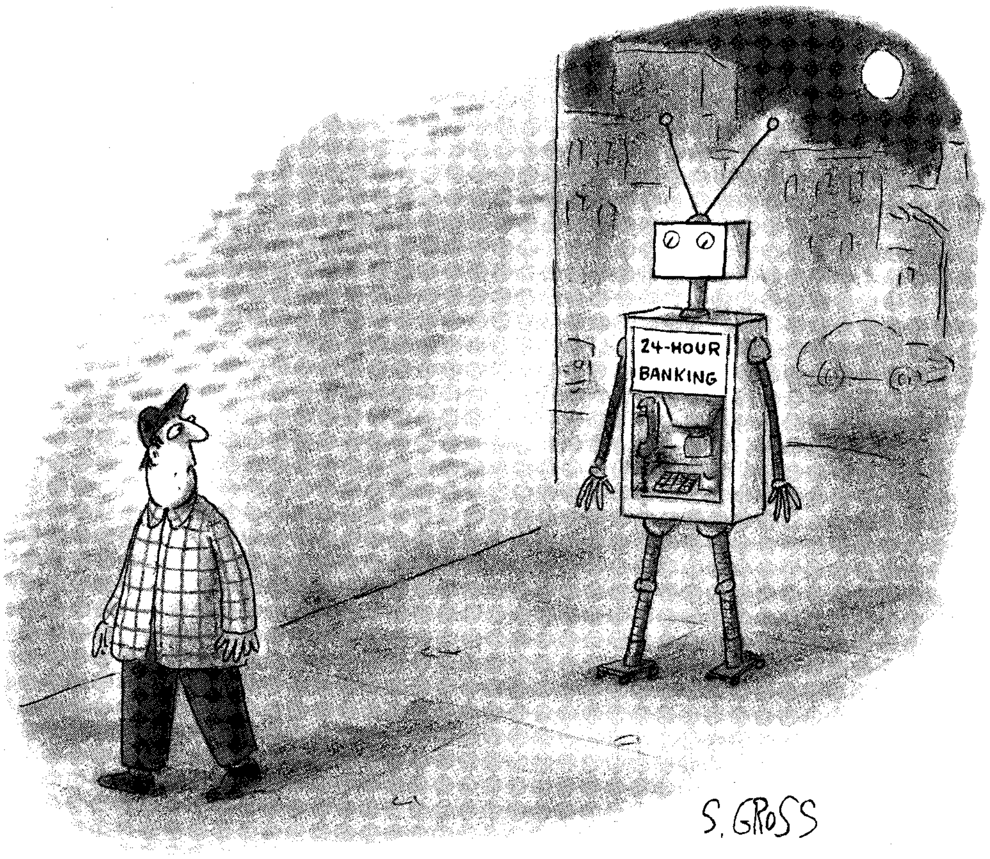
Caeiro is an agnostic who would annul death by denying consciousness. His stance is one of existential paganism. There are in his writings and his persona touches of Oriental quietude and sagacity. His weakness, Paz suggests, is the wispy, blurred quality of the experience that he claims to embody. He dies young. Like Caeiro, Campos practices free verse and proceeds irreverently with standard or classical Portuguese. Both men are pessimists, amorous of concrete reality. But whereas Caeiro is an innocent, cultivating philosophic abstinence and withdrawal, Campos is a peregrine dandy. Again, Paz puts it incisively: "Caeiro asks himself: what am I? Campos: who am I?" For Campos, this question is almost drowned out by the clamor of the machine, by the howl of modern technology in the factory and in the streets of the modern metropolis. Having started out by declaring that the sole reality is sensation, Campos will end by wondering whether he is real at all (an ironic modulation, in view of his first and most celebrated poem, the "Triumphal Ode").

Ricardo Reis is the most complex of these disguises. A recluse, he favors highly wrought neoclassical genres such as the epigram, the elegy, and the ode. He is that rarest of composites a stoic aesthete (is there here an echo of Walter Pater?), the technical perfection of whose short poems seeks tranquil accommodation with fate. Pessoa draws attention to Reis's unpublished works; they include "An Aesthetic Debate Between Ricardo Reis and Álvaro de Campos" and critical notes on Caeiro and Campos which Pessoa characterizes as "models of verbal precision and aesthetic misunderstanding." (So enchantingly devious are Pessoa's labyrinth and chamber of mirrors that even a Borges or a Paz, each a master of mazes, appears straightforward by comparison.) What of the puppeteer himself (though that simile is crass)? Octavio Paz envisions him as essentially absent:

> He will never appear: there is no other. What does appear, insinuates itself, its otherness, which has no name, what is not said and our poor words invoke. Is it poetry? No: poetry is what is left and consoles us, the consciousness of absences. And again, almost imperceptible, a rumour of something: Pessoa or the imminence of the unknown.

Paz's silhouette of Pessoa, being so subtle a valediction, runs the risk of obscuring a central fact. Out of the spectral play of heteronymity emerges poetry of the very first strength. Pessoa is justly listed among the twenty-six central figures in the current somewhat juvenile but suggestive form sheet of "the Western canon."

Portuguese is a resistant tongue. Its gutturals make of it something like a Slavic member of the Romance-language family. In the absence, moreover, of any adequate translation into English of Camões's "Lusíadas," that great epic of exploration and tragic empire, to most of us Portuguese litera-



ture (which, of course, includes that of Brazil) remains foreign. One is the more grateful to the selections and translations here from our foursome, by Keith Bosley. First, Pessoa's voice: "I don't know who I dream I am . . ."; "Blessed who see the wave / Of farewell handkerchiefs!"; "She surprises just by being." Or the characteristic "What most pleases / Is Christ Jesus, / Who had no knowledge of finance / Nor, it is said, a library. . . ." There is that ironic, misty register, with its constant call to the sea, to a Portugal almost loosed from its European moorings:

O bitter sea, how much of all your gall
Is bitter tears of Portugal!
That we crossed you, how many mothers wept,
How many sons vain vigil kept!
How many maids betrothed remained unwed
That you, sea, might be ours instead!

Was it worth while? Anything is, if
A soul of man is great enough.
He who would round the Cape must not give up
But in its Storms see his Good Hope.
Danger and depth God to the sea has given
But in it he has mirrored heaven.

We hear next Caeiro's philosophic sensuality:

I don't bother with rhymes. Seldom
Are there two trees alike, one beside another.
I think and write as flowers blush
But express myself less perfectly
Because I lack the divine simplicity
To be all on the outside only.

There are unforgettable concisions (a distant chime of Emily Dickinson): "Today I read nearly two pages / Of a book by a mystical poet, / And I laughed like one who has wept a lot." Caeiro hails the transitory. For him "memory is a betrayal of Nature," itself always changing. He bids birds in flight to teach him the art of passing without a trace. The quest for oneness, for absolute truths—the platonic model so peremptory in Western poetry—is merely "a disease of our ideas." Caeiro's reflections on death and the posthumous have a wry pride, for he was "heathen as the sun and water" and, at the close, "fell asleep like some child."

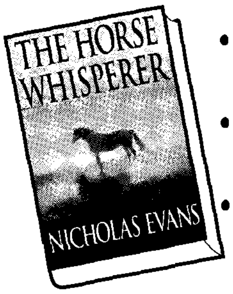
Utterly different is Ricardo Reis: bookworm, connoisseur of ancient mythology, practitioner of elaborate metrical forms and mandarin style. In some ways, a more austere version of Swinburne and Gautier, listening to, miming "The ancient rhythm of unsandalled feet, / That rhythm still repeated by the nymphs." A fin-de-siècle aesthete who prefers "roses to my country" and sees in Christ "but one eternal god too many." Yet a lyricist capable of that rare epigrammatic poignancy which we know also from Walter Savage Landor (perhaps Reis's true model):

Lydia, when our autumn comes along
With winter in its pocket, let us spare
A thought, not for the spring to come, for that
Belongs to someone else,
Nor for the summer, which will kill us off,
But for that which remains of what is passing—
The present yellow which the leaves live now
And turns them otherwise.

Campos is the loquacious rhetorician, the bard in the high manner. Yet he can mock himself with confident gusto. His "Triumphal Ode" can be set beside Hart Crane's "The Bridge" as one of the key texts of the industrial landscapes of modernity. "Hi there, streets, hi there, squares, hello, *la foule!*" How the fastidious, ghostly Pessoa must have shied from Campos's robust democracy. How Reis, the allusive Victorian Hellenist, must have flinched:

Ah, and ordinary dirty people who always look the same,
Who swear as a matter of course,
Whose sons shoplift from grocers
And whose eight-year-old daughters—and I find this beautiful and I love it!—
Masturbate decent-looking men in staircase wells.

"Tobacco Shop" is among the most celebrated poems in the language. (Pessoa was a loving smoker.) It is not cynicism but a kind of bracing disenchantment that commands the little girl to "eat chocolates," for "there is no more metaphysics in the world than chocolates," after which the poet casts the silver paper wrapping "on the ground, as I have thrown life." As "everybody knows that bad colds / Upset all the system of the universe / Make us sneeze to the point of metaphysics," the poet counsels only one remedy: "I need truth and aspirin." Hazlitt speaks in awe of a sensibility that could imagine and give articulacy to an Iago and a Cordelia. The sheer span of Pessoa's

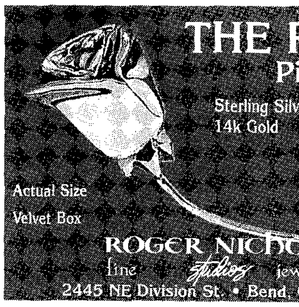
BOOKS ON TAPE® #1
World's Largest Selection


• Best Sellers on Cassette
• Full-length Readings
• Call for Free Brochure
Box 7900-N, Newport Beach, CA 92658
Reg. U.S. Pat. & T.M. Off.
(800) 626-3333

Free
Video Catalog
PBS
PBS HOME VIDEO
Dept. 6A189, P.O. Box 4030
Santa Monica, CA 90405

Rolls Royce Armoured Car
7 3/4" long • 2 3/4" wide • 3 1/2" high
Rivet detail, rotating turret with hatch, searchlight and machine gun, two spare tires. Used by Lawrence of Arabia.

Military Mites
Box 2324,
Rockville, MD
20847-2324
Catalog-TNY: $4.00
Visa - Mastercard
$235.00
WWI Handmade tinplate vehicles and Aircraft by HECO of England
For serious collectors
(301) 770-1135 • Fax: (301) 770-6254


THE ROSE
Pin
Sterling Silver $45.00
14k Gold $220.00
VISA, MC, AMEX
1-800-235-0471
24 hrs. 7 days
S/H $3.50
Actual Size
Velvet Box
ROGER NICHOLS
fine *studios* jewelry
2445 NE Division St. • Bend, OR 97701

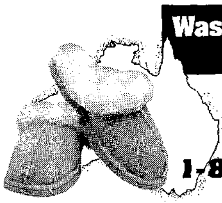
Archaeological Tours
LED BY NOTED SCHOLARS
1996 TOURS: EGYPT; GUATEMALA; TUNISIA; TURKEY; BURMA, LAOS & CAMBODIA; SYRIA & JORDAN; SICILY & SO. ITALY; CHINA SILK ROAD; INDONESIA; CENTRAL ASIA; PERU & BOLIVIA; CHILE & EASTER ISLAND; VIETNAM & CAMBODIA; MINOAN GREECE; CLASSICAL GREECE; ETRUSCAN ITALY; SACRED MTS OF CHINA; MALTA, SARDINIA & CORSICA; MOROCCO; SINAI TO NUBIA; ISRAEL & JORDAN
archaeological tours
271 Madison Ave., 904E, NY, NY 10016 (212) 986-3054

OXFORD UNIVERSITY
Cambridge University
EDINBURGH UNIVERSITY
University of Leiden
University of Bologna
UNIVERSITY OF PARIS-SORBONNE
HARVARD UNIVERSITY
University of Prague

Live and dine during one and two week literature, history and art programmes at the world's great universities.

**FREE BROCHURE, CALL
1-800-792-0100**
University Vacations
Est.'d 1981
10461 NW 26th Street, Miami, FL 33172

Press
poetry • short fiction
Now accepting
manuscripts for our
first issue.
Suite 323
2124 Broadway
New York, NY 10023



Washable Sheepskin Slippers & Boots
Write or Call:
Aussie Connection
135 NE Third Avenue
Hillsboro, OR 97124
1-800-950-2668
for a FREE Catalog

CHAPEL HILL, NORTH CAROLINA
Retire to Fearrington, a Country Village full of bluebirds, hollyhocks, and fascinating people of all ages. Please write, call or come and see us.

2000N Fearrington Post, Pittsboro, NC 27312. 1 800-277-0130

alternate voices and temperaments, the hivings off from himself, is hardly less striking.

This handsomely illustrated centenary tribute offers representative extracts from Pessoa's prose together with criticism, profiles, and documents. Omitted is the leviathan philosophic drama "Faust." Pessoa began work on this summa in 1908 and—in analogy with Goethe—continued laboring at it until 1933. There are critics, notably in France, who hold it to be a key work, an archipelago yet to be discovered. The editors have included two imaginary posthumous interviews, but the finest in that vein seems to have eluded them. José Saramago's "The Year of the Death of Ricardo Reis," which was translated into English in 1991 by Giovanni Pontiero, is among the great novels in recent European letters. It tells of Ricardo Reis's homecoming from Brazil, of eros and Fascism in Lisbon, and of the encounter between Reis and his dead begetter. Nothing more perceptive has been written about Pessoa and his contrary shades. In Fernando Pessoa's words:

> If things are splinters of
> The knowing universe,
> Let bits of me be me,
> Unfocused and diverse.

They were, and they were not. ♦

UNDER THE INFLUENCE

The dangerous life of an Englishman.

BY MARK RUDMAN

Malcolm Lowry

IN Gordon Bowker's "Pursued by Furies: A Life of Malcolm Lowry" (St. Martin's; $29.95) there is scarcely a page on which Lowry is not in danger; it's like one of those old serial cliff-hangers with the girl tied to the railroad tracks—or like the Grand Guignol, to which he used to drag his unwilling wife when they lived in Paris. How will Malc survive *this* binge, *this* home-and-manuscript-consuming blaze, *this* attack of plagiarism tremens, *this* fall onto rocks or plunge, fully clothed, drink in hand, into a pool at a party in Haiti, shouting, after a rebuff by a "man-eating" American woman, "You have killed my heart, I die!"

Clarence Malcolm Lowry was born in 1909, the son of a successful and teetotalling Liverpool cotton broker, crowned England's Best Developed Man of 1904. His mother, remote and unaffectionate, was roused to interest in her son's eventual success, but not enough to read any of his work. At seventeen, inspired by the sea stories of Joseph Conrad and Eugene O'Neill, Lowry shipped out on the S.S. Pyrrhus on a voyage to the Far East. (Against his protestations, he was chauffeured to the docks in the family's Minerva and relentlessly ragged for it throughout the voyage.) This disappointing journey, which taught him another form of the very snobbery he was trying to escape—it was rampant aboard ship, infecting everyone from cook to boatswain to carpenter—supplied the material for his brilliant but derivative first novel, "Ultramarine." Apart from this stint as a deckhand, the Leys-and-Cambridge-educated Lowry never had a job; he survived on an allowance until he was almost forty.

Drawn irrevocably by the spirits of D. H. Lawrence, Ambrose Bierce, and Hart Crane, Lowry travelled from England via the United States to Mexico, where he arrived in 1936 on the Day of the Dead, the day on which "Under the

Volcano" takes place. In the novel, which is one of the high points of twentieth-century fiction, Lowry managed to fuse Romanticism with such modernist techniques as stream of consciousness and montage. He constructed an idiosyncratic, contrapuntal prose that was true to the nature of consciousness itself, reflecting both a fierce inner life and the pressure of reality. Lowry was a lover of Bix Beiderbecke's music—he once described "a break by Bix" as communicating "the most pure spontaneous happiness"—and he more than once referred to his novel as "hot music." The exacting standard set by this fugal prose, wild but controlled, has influenced talents as large and as disparate as those of Julio Cortázar, William Gass, and Robert Stone.

An obsessively cinematic writer, Lowry absorbed the camera's tactility. It's no accident that the book's leisurely and exquisite opening chapter, which also functions as its epilogue, is filtered through the consciousness of an out-of-work film director, Jacques Laruelle. And Lowry claimed that nothing he had read influenced his writing "more than the first twenty minutes of Murnau's 'Sonnenaufgang' or the first and last shots of Karl Grüne's 'The Street.' " It's not surprising that Karl Freund's "The Hands of Orlac," the movie that is playing throughout the novel, provides a better window into it than John Huston's pedestrian adaptation.

Lowry settled in Western Canada and spent many productive years there, from 1939 to 1954. He loved the natural world—the birds, the open air, the sea—and dived every morning off the dock of his squatter's shack to swim in the cold waters of Deep Cove, barking like a seal, but he rivalled the Consul, his dark fictional alter ego, in his dipsomania.

Bowker draws a convincing and chilling portrait of the two main relationships in Lowry's life. His second wife, Margerie Bonner Lowry, herself a writer, is seen partly as an opportunistic parasite, keeping Lowry afloat but feeding off the aura of his genius—a decidedly darker view than that given in an earlier Lowry biography, by Douglas Day, who had Bonner's coöperation. The poet and novelist Conrad Aiken, whose novel "Blue Voyage" inspired the young Lowry to seek him out, and with whom he went to live in loco parentis when he was twenty, is here portrayed as a malevolent and unscrupulous man in constant need of money, who was at first charmed by Lowry's hero-worship, then was willing to abide him, but finally poisoned the relationship between Lowry and his first wife, Jan Gabrial (already too coltish and independent to play caretaker and nurse forever). Aiken, in his fictional autobiography, "Ushant," characterizes Lowry as a cuckold, and gives him the rather unflattering name Hambo. He was central in Lowry's life, and Bowker strongly suggests that he toyed with Lowry's psyche in a damaging way.

The sordid story of Lowry's complicity in the suicide of a homosexual Cambridge classmate, Paul Fitte, is explored in the many versions Lowry himself put forward. He was tormented by a memory of his own drunken assistance in sealing up the room of an equally gin-besotted Fitte and then telling him, "Now, do it!" In conversation and letters, "that fatal day"—November 15, 1929, the day of Fitte's death by asphyxiation—became a dreaded anniversary.

But the blow from which Lowry never fully recovered was the destruction, in a fire, of the drafts of his magnum opus "In Ballast to the White Sea"—a circumstance that had been weirdly foreshadowed when the manuscript of his first novel, "Ultramarine," was stolen from his editor's car in 1932. (Fortunately, a carbon copy was found.) His death by "misadventure" (the verdict that his wife persuaded the coroner to hand down) occurred on June 27, 1957, when he choked on his own vomit from an overdose of alcohol and barbiturates in a rented cottage in Sussex. It was Paul Fitte's birthday.

Despite his unerring talent for trouble, Lowry's levity rarely left him, and it is hard not to see him as he is in a famous photograph, holding a ukulele on his knee, a mischievous grin on his face. When asked what he was working on after the success of "Under the Volcano," he drolly replied, " '*Under* Under the Volcano.' " Even the poem that Lowry thought could serve as his epitaph was graced with a spirit of play:

Malcolm Lowry
Late of the Bowery
His prose was flowery
And often glowery
He lived, nightly, and drank, daily,
And died playing the ukulele. ♦

BRIEFLY NOTED

The Chess Garden, by Brooks Hansen (Farrar, Straus & Giroux; $23). At the turn of the century, in the garden behind Dr. Gustav Uyterhoeven's house in Dayton, Ohio, a series of chess pieces and figurines miraculously appears. They accompany letters full of fabulous tales sent by Uyterhoeven to the people of Dayton from South Africa, where he is volunteering his medical services to prisoners in the Boer War. These tales form an allegory not only of the Doctor's exemplary and moving life but also of the wisdom that he has gained in it—a quietude and a benevolence that in today's world really do seem fabulous.

Longitude, by Dava Sobel (Walker; $19). For hundreds of years, sailors were lost at sea because no method existed for finding the correct longitude. Scientists sometimes demonstrated heroic inventiveness (Galileo's *celatone*, worn on the head in order to observe four Jovian moons, had an especially winning design), but they never quite worked out the puzzle. In time, as this charming narrative reveals, the solution came not from an astronomer but from an obsessed eighteenth-century watchmaker named John Harrison, whose ingenious chronometer emulated the clockwork of the stars.

The Empire State Building, by John Tauranac (Scribner; $27.50). Although the Empire State Building is no longer the tallest building in the world (or even in New York City), it remains mythical, iconic. This entrancing book is at once an appreciation of the structure as a practical work of art and an exploration of the building's role in the city and the world. New York readers will see the familiar tower in a new light, and prospective visitors will be assured that, on every conceivable count, the Empire State Building *vaut le détour.*

See Naples, by Douglas Allanbrook (Houghton Mifflin; $22.95). Allanbrook first saw Naples in 1944 as part of an invading army, and returned after the war to study music and to try to comprehend the city and its people. The horrors of the war and the privations of the early postwar years are ever present, yet this is not a gloomy book, because the vitality of Italy and Allanbrook's sympathetic imagination are always in play. The author is a harpsichordist and a composer, and the elliptical, balanced structure of the book is distinctly musical. It is fine music indeed.

Mr. Wilson's Cabinet of Wonder, by Lawrence Weschler (Pantheon; $21). Inside a tiny Los Angeles storefront is the Museum of Jurassic Technology, where one may encounter exactly the kinds of exhibits that were long ago weeded out of the world's great museums: horns sprouted from human heads, bats embedded in lead, a perfectly baked "mouse pie" (a remedy for stammering). The museum's curator, David Wilson, has reëstablished the pre-Enlightenment tradition of *Wunderkammern*—"wonder cabinets," brimming with exotic oddities—and embarked on a venture that is part Ripley and part Borges. In this little book stuffed with curiosities Weschler has created a wonder cabinet of his own.

IMAGE WORLD

FEMME FATALE

A documentary portrait of Warhol's most haunting superstar.

BY HILTON ALS

NICO, the late German-born chanteuse, performer, and Warhol-dubbed Pop Girl of '66, who still resonates in the avant-garde's consciousness as a woman of ferocious if idiosyncratic allure, is the subject of Susanne Ofteringer's compelling documentary "Nico Icon" (at the Film Forum, January 3rd through January 16th). Nico had a nearly twenty-year reign as a model of European cool, but her chilly, aristocratic affect was first widely imitated after her appearances in Fellini's "La Dolce Vita" (1960) and Warhol's "The Chelsea Girls" (1966), movies that all the fags, dykes, trust-fund babies, and dopers who came to New York in the seventies to participate in the city's underground social life could hang their fantasies on. And if you go down to St. Mark's Place in the East Village today, you can still see Nico's blond inimical sheen and predilection for black pants suits exercising its influence on the kind of young women who prefer to be seen but not held. The marginal "careers" of many of the women who floated through Warhol's Factory in the early sixties depended on their association with Andy, but Nico's fame was sui generis. Besides appearing to superb effect in those two sixties films, Nico, who was born in 1938, won early success as a fashion model in postwar Berlin; was worshipped for her unique beauty and style in Paris, where she lived for several years; changed her name from Christa Päffgen to that of a man beloved by one of her mentors; studied acting with Lee Strasberg in New York (along with Marilyn Monroe, she claimed); became the lover of the French idol Alain Delon, and bore him a son, named Ari, who inherited her taste for a vagabond existence; recorded with the Velvet Underground (she is the haunting lead vocal on the seminal art-rock songs "Femme Fatale," "I'll Be Your Mirror," and "All Tomorrow's Parties"); was the lover of a number of musicians, including Jackson Browne and Jim Morrison; produced fourteen albums as a solo act whose distinctive singing style and use of the harmonium influenced singers ranging from Yoko Ono to Cindy Wilson, of the B-52s; and became a prodigious heroin addict.

While Nico's life is the stuff of myth, myth doesn't necessarily make good documentary film. Part of the peculiar power of "Nico Icon" is Ofteringer's ability to leave Nico alone, along with the myths she created to hide behind—myths that resonate with aspects of the real woman. But Ofteringer's lyrical approach doesn't sacrifice the hard questions she raises in the course of the film: Why should a woman who assumes her right to independence be considered "mythic"? Was Nico's talent bigger than herself? And what are we looking at when we look at Nico? Ofteringer begins by showing Nico at work in front of the camera, being willingly crawled over by the bug-eyed lens. Ofteringer then contrasts the popular sixties image of Nico—blond, mute, her eyes heavy-lidded—with images of Nico recorded in the early eighties, when she could pass as her own dark-haired, ugly older sister; she is fat, dispossessed, with her pupils dilated, and more dead than alive as she performs "live." In between these two periods, a life occurred, but Ofteringer is less interested in spelling out the facts that made it up than in reassembling Nico for the audience watching "Nico Icon" unfold in present time.

Nico's resonance for her fans in the late seventies, in the eighties, and now (she died, in Ibiza, of a cerebral hemorrhage, in 1988) has to do with her ability to turn away from what her time and place had to offer—the rubble of postwar, anesthetized Germany—and to reinvent herself. One reason that "Nico Icon" works is that Nico herself was "film perfect": lovely to look at in her youth, arresting in middle age, and capable of a thousand transformations while projecting a persona that conveyed ennui, chances missed, and the sense that she was stunned by her own enigmatic arrival.

In order to leave Germany behind—and, with it, the always hovering ghost of her father, a soldier who may have been killed by his compatriots for being a Jewish sympathizer—Nico used what she had: her beauty, her distinctive speaking and singing voice, and her innate grasp of the self-discipline it takes to remain silent about your life. This allowed film directors and, in the end, rock audiences to project their dreams across her face, which she kept more often than not immobile as a screen, unmoved by their projections.

Nico "had everything it takes—the beauty, the intelligence," Edith Boulogne, Alain Delon's mother, says in "Nico Icon." "That's what makes the whole story so sad. To have all the assets and still fail." Nico's "failure" is a judgment levelled against her most vociferously by the four women whom Ofteringer interviews, including Nico's aunt Helma Wolff, who says, while listening to "I'll Be Your Mirror," "That's what she was like. Dreaming and boundless, seeing something that isn't really there." Another is the writer and former Warhol superstar Viva, who says, "She had no inner life. What inner life she did have was always strictly kept inner." The fact that Nico disavowed bourgeois comfort and the conventional tenets of motherhood is clearly regarded as a failure by the women in the film. But even at her most violent and selfish she was adored by her male admirers, and this provides material for the emotional contrasts that Ofteringer draws alongside the visual ones. Most of the men Nico worked with or loved are still in thrall to what she represented—an infinite capacity, as the writer James Young puts it, for being "queen of the bad girls."

While Ofteringer's heavy use of Warhol's "The Chelsea Girls" split-screen device during certain interviews may be a bit pretentious, it is effective. But it doesn't work nearly as well as her layering both still and moving images of Nico with voice-overs. Nico's palpable isolation cuts through the banal commentary. ("She was like a marble sculpture. Like a goddess.") Ofteringer's gift for narrative suspense, however, keeps the audience attentive to

Nico, especially as the film moves closer to examining the meaning Nico's beauty had for others and the will she applied to dismantling it. One reason Nico stopped being blond and beautiful as the sixties came to an end was that she had never cultivated that appearance to please herself. Being Nico the Pop Girl was never part of her aesthetic. She gained control of her image by destroying it. Young recalls, "She was almost proud of the fact that her teeth were rotten, and her hair was gray and her skin was bad and she had needle tracks all over. I mean she liked that. That was her aesthetic." Would Nico's physical deterioation from Fabulous to Worse have been iewed with less disdain and pity if she had been a man? Probably. "Regrets? I have no egrets," she said in an interview two years before her death, at forty-nine. "Except hat I was born a woman instead of a man. That's my only regret."

Nico, in fact, was decidedly masculine in her attire. "Nico wore pants suits," the photographer Billy Name recalls. "She was nlike what girls were like" in the sixties nd, as such, she became a figure of authory for many of the gay men at Warhol's Factory. She established a new Warholian woman—the opposite of the chatty, showy fag hag. She was a butch goddess.

Her heroin addiction, which lasted until two years before her death, was the price she paid for becoming something other than merely beautiful or strange. A friend recalls that before Nico became obsessed with romantic degradation she had been "some sort of an object, and she didn't want to be an object, but she knew she was an object and she didn't know how to control the whole thing."

The operative word here is "control." Again and again in Ofteringer's film, we get the sense that Nico's distinctly Teutonic and tyrannical will and her need to control all aspects of her dissemination were, literally, the object lesson that her fans, her lovers, and the members of her backup band would have to contend with before they could get to her and get what they needed—a touch, some smack, comfort. She was a heroine in the manner of Gertrude Stein and Céline, neither of whom would have tried to persuade her to do things differently, or charm her into not being so resolute in her silence. "She spoke no language articulately," her friend Carlos de Maldonado-Bostock recalls. "She was unrooted and she was alone." While many feminists have built convincing arguments about how women artists have been silenced by patriarchy, little has been made of those women who choose silence as a way of refusing to be socialized as "girls," as creatures who talk and ask questions of their male companions as a way of deflecting attention from themselves while screaming to be noticed.

Ofteringer makes much of Nico's views of her Prussian ancestry, which she hated. (She thought her given name, Christa, was awful, because it was "so German.") But it was her Germanness that accounted for some of her allure, at least in the American imagination. Before Nico, young Americans had perhaps confined their image of the German woman to the actress Elke Sommer, with her oversized bust, or to switchblade-wielding Lotte Lenya in "From Russia with Love." Nico refused to become a caricature of the blowsy but cold German woman, but that's the woman her remarkable singing voice conveyed at times. It was a genuflecting voice, which inspired xenophobic fantasies about whips, about a masochist's need to be dominated—or maybe kept distant. Hearing Nico's rendition of "Deutschland über alles," and watching "Nico Icon," one senses one's own fear of her—a fear that is about our response to a woman's aging alone, living without the security of an established domestic life, living outside the comfort zone. As long as Nico continues to live onscreen, she'll be as beautiful and as ugly and as distant as any of us are or need to be. ♦

"Nico Icon" works because Nico herself was "film perfect."

SHOUTS AND MURMURS

1996: THE YEAR IN HEADLINES

BY CHRISTOPHER BUCKLEY

BUCHANAN CALLS FOR
"DEFIRMATIVE ACTION"

Women, Minorities Would
Surrender Their Jobs to
"Least Qualified White Man"

* * *

OKLAHOMA BOMBER SUES
TIMING DEVICE MANUFACTURER

Client "Should Have Been in Canada"
When Bomb Went Off, Says Lawyer

* * *

GINGRICH TO GIVE
REPUBLICAN RESPONSE TO CLINTON
STATE OF UNION SIMULTANEOUSLY

Speaker Will Mostly Use
Hand Gestures

* * *

DISCOVERY OF EARLY SKULL
IN MONGOLIA MAY PROVE MAN
DESCENDED FROM PIGS

* * *

FRENCH EMBASSY IN ALGIERS
IS TORCHED BY MOB

* * *

FRANCE ANNOUNCES IT
WILL CONDUCT ABOVEGROUND
NUCLEAR TESTING IN ALGERIA

* * *

DISNEY ACQUIRES
UNITED STATES TREASURY

Move "Merely Completes"
Buyout, Says Eisner

* * *

FEDEX AND EX-LAX TO MERGE

Guaranteed Overnight Physic
to Be Called "FedEx-Lax"

DORNAN ACCUSES FORMER SEN.
RICHARD LUGAR OF MAKING W.W. II
PISTOL FOR GERMAN ARMY

* * *

DOLE PICKS COLIN POWELL
AS HIS RUNNING MATE

* * *

CLINTON HINTS THAT
GORE IS BLACK, TOO

* * *

WHITE HOUSE ADMITS FINDING
BLACK GORE ANCESTOR "MIGHT
CHALLENGE" GENEALOGISTS

But Insists V.P. Is "Technically"
African-American, and Proud of It

* * *

COLORADO MILITIA BLOWS UP
NEW DENVER AIRPORT

* * *

DENVER AIRPORT BOMBERS
ARE GIVEN TICKER-TAPE PARADE
THROUGH DOWNTOWN

Mayor Hails "Heroes" and Presents
Them with Keys to Old Airport

* * *

WOODWARD BOOK ALLEGES LIDDY
DOLE SELLING RED CROSS BLOOD TO
RAISE $$ FOR HUSBAND'S CAMPAIGN

* * *

POLL: 63% OF AMERICANS SAY
LUGAR SHOULD APOLOGIZE FOR AIDING
GERMAN ARMY DURING W.W. II

* * *

PHILIP MORRIS UNVEILS
"MARLBORO WOMAN" CAMPAIGN

Aimed at Independent Females
Who Want to Lose Weight
While Shortening Life Span

AMEX TO ISSUE "PLUTONIUM CARD"

Will Have $5 Mil Line
of Credit: Drawback—Makes
Users' Hair Fall Out

* * *

MICROSOFT ROLLS OUT
WINDOWS 96

Multi-Tasking Software
Will Allow Users to Make Toast
While Surfing the Net

* * *

PEROT PICKS IDEAL
RUNNING MATE: HIMSELF

* * *

TO FIGHT NAGGING CONTROVERSY
LUGAR TO CHANGE NAME TO COL

* * *

SCHWARZKOPF ENDORSES CLINTO

* * *

SCHWARZKOPF SAYS
ENDORSEMENT "NOTHING
PERSONAL" AGAINST POWELL

Clinton Promised Him
Bigger Ambassadorship

* * *

ELIZABETH TAYLOR
ANNOUNCES SHE WILL HOLD NEX
EIGHT WEDDINGS ALL AT ONCE

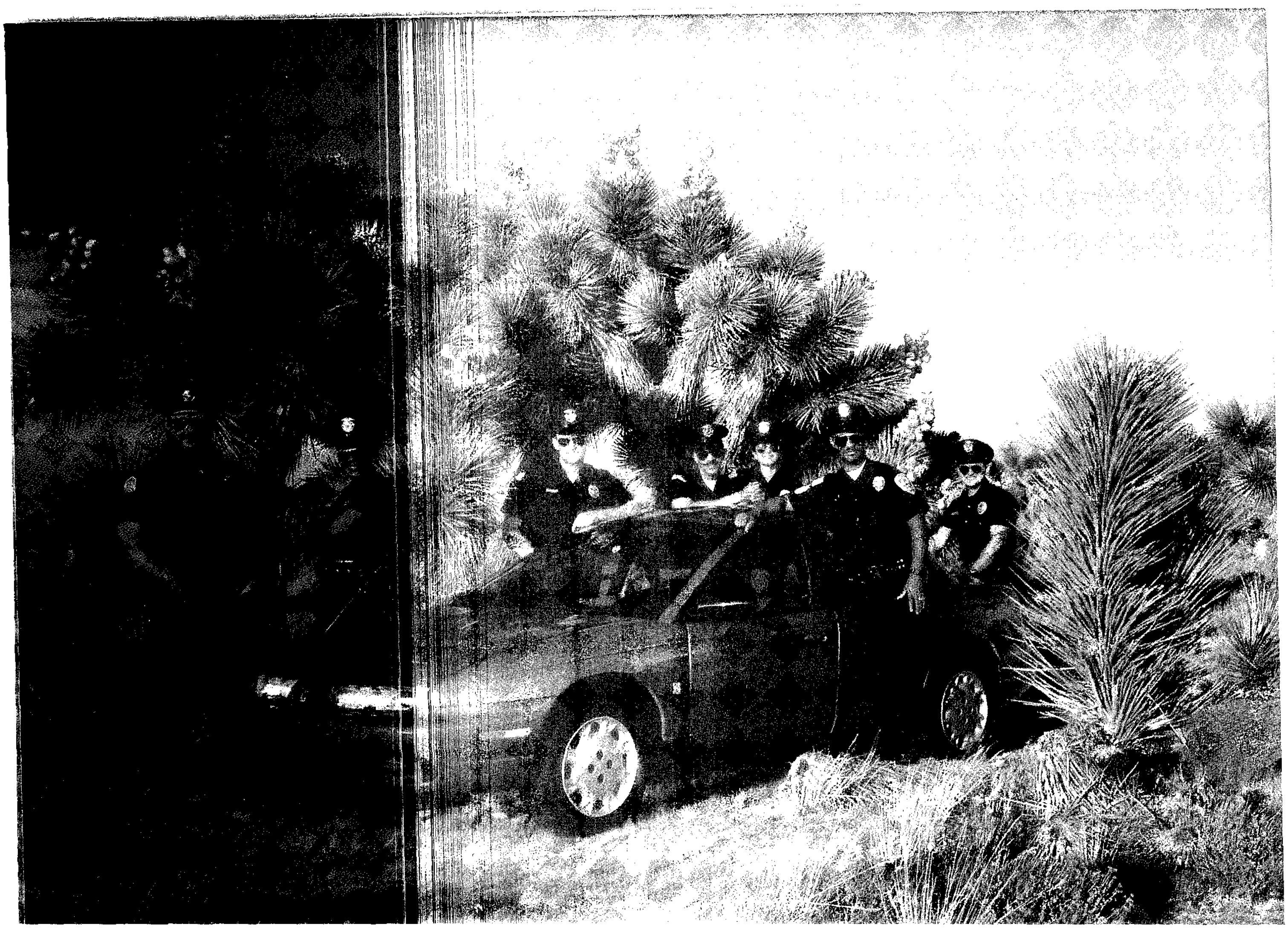
Multi-Nups Will Save
Time, Lawyers' Fees

* * *

McVEIGH WINS $50 MILLION
IN SUIT AGAINST DETONATOR
MANUFACTURER

* * *

INTERNATIONAL COURT
IN HAGUE INDICTS RICHARD
LUGAR FOR WAR CRIMES ♦



"The fastest color is red."

*C*ops w[illegible] a sport[illegible] what catches their eye. But everyone knows that it's what's under the hood that counts. And technically speaking, the new Saturns have something called torque-heavy tuning, which, to the average law-abiding driver, translates into: they're pretty darn quick off the line. ⊙ Now, we could go into all the nuts and bolts of how this happens, but that would be kind of like someone going on at length about how your toaster makes toast. It's just not all that [illegible] when all you really want is just [illegible] piece of toast, which, in this case, we're calling performance. And trust us, this new Saturn has got plenty of it. ⊙ With our much lauded 124-horsepower, dual-overhead-cam engine, optional traction control system and anti-lock brakes — oops, are we getting into the toaster thing a little too much here? Sorry. Maybe Saturn owner Cheryl Weigle of Lynchburg, VA summed it up best: "It's not a putt-putt." ⊙ Yeah, there you go.

SATURN.

SPRING HILL
POLICE

Police Chief Steve Thomason says, "I sure wouldn't mind having one as a patrol car. I've already got the decal."

A DIFFERENT KIND *of* COMPANY. A DIFFERENT KIND *of* CAR.

This 1996 Saturn SL2 has an M.S.R.P. of $13,480, including retailer prep, transportation and ABS/traction control. Of course, the total cost will vary seeing how other options are extra, as are things like tax and license. We'd be happy to provide more detail at 1-800-522-5000 or look for us on the Internet at http://www.saturncars.com. ©1995 Saturn Corporation.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

REMY MARTIN

Remy Martin Fine Champagne cognac. Exclusively from grapes of the Cognac region's two best areas.

"Hey, hello down there."
"Hey, hello down there."
REMY MARTIN

Sole USA Distributor, Remy Amerique, Inc., NY, NY. 80 Proof, 40% Alc./Vol. © 1995